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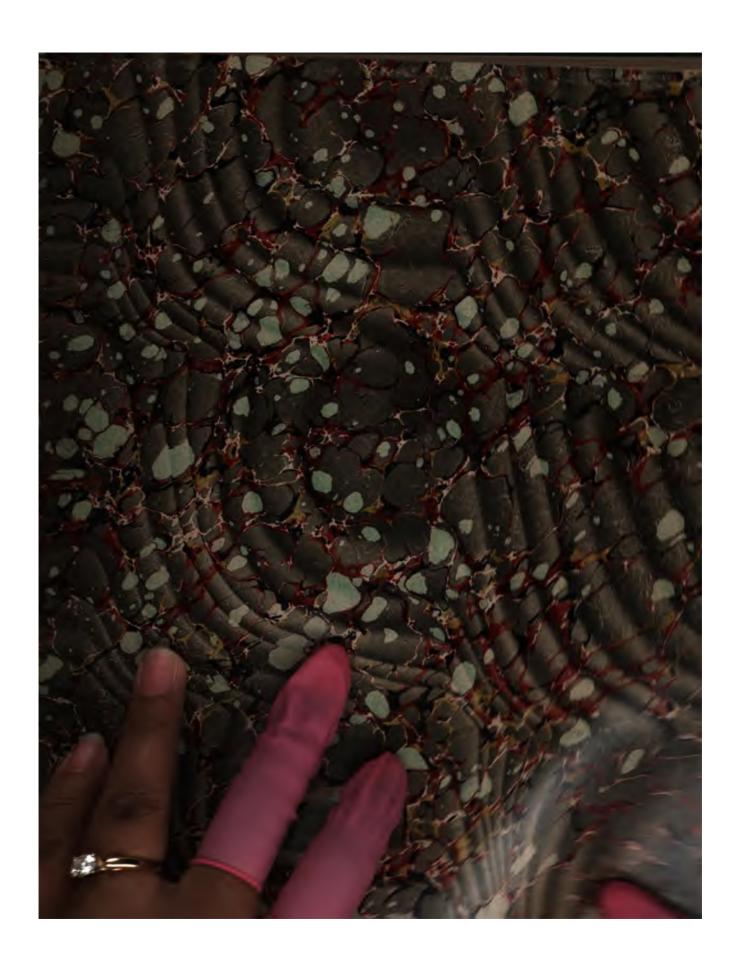
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THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OΕ

SAMUEL ROWLANDS



GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY ROBERT ANDERSON.

22 ANN STREET.

Thinks and work, I want in

#### THE

### COMPLETE WORKS

OF

## SAMUEL ROWLANDS

1598-1628

NOW FIRST COLLECTED

VOLUME FIRST



PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB
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#### PREFATORY NOTE.

In completing for the Members of the Hunterian Club the first collected edition of the Works of Samuel Rowlands, the Council begs to thank the Right Hon. the Earl of Ellesmere, Mr. S. Christie-Miller, and Mr. J. Payne Collier for lending for reproduction or collation the very rare, in some cases unique, originals in their possession. The Council would also express its grateful sense of the help which in this respect it received from the late Mr. Henry Huth.

The principle steadily kept in view in the reproduction of the several pieces now brought together has been to preserve, as far as could be done with a uniform type, the appearance and character of the originals. The typographical ornaments, initial letters, and woodcuts have been given in fac-simile, while the same exactness has been followed in the text, which has been rendered page for page, line for line, and word for word. Misprints have therefore been retained, but a number of these will be found corrected in the Notes and Glossary, while others are too obvious to require explanation, further than the remark that they are not due to the modern printer, whose part has been done with judgment and skill.

Excepting in one or two cases the tracts have been reprinted from First Editions, as a rule, considered by bibliographers more valuable than later impressions. Rowlands is one of the very sew amongst the many writers of his time whose works had an extraordinary popularity. To meet this popular demand they were frequently reprinted, in some instances with additional matter.

#### PREFATORY NOTE.

The textual differences between the first and subfequent editions it has not been thought necessary to point out in detail. Setting aside the monetary outlay this would have involved, without any corresponding advantage, there was the almost insuperable difficulty of access to the rare and widely scattered originals. The additional matter, however, it is believed, has been all included with the "Miscellaneous Poems."

Although Sir Walter Scott's short sketch of Rowlands and his Works—which will be found embodied in the Bibliographical Index—might possibly have sufficed, it was thought that one more extended would be appreciated. The Council therefore asked Mr. Edmund W. Gosse to write an Introductory Memoir, and it will be understood that he was left entirely free to form his own unbiassed estimate of Rowlands' place in our early literature.

The Notes and Gloffary by Mr. Sidney J. H. Herrage will be found helpful in explaining many of the more obscure words and phrases in Rowlands' text. They might have been considerably increased, but there was less need for this as many admirable parallel helps are now accessible to the student.

As a matter of bibliographical interest, it may be stated that only Two Hundred copies have been reprinted, exclusively for Members of The Hunterian Club, with ten additional copies for presentation by the Council.

GLASGOW, July, 1880.

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MEMOIR

ON

SAMUEL ROWLANDS





#### MEMOIR

ON

#### SAMUEL ROWLANDS.



N an age when the newly-awakened tafte for letters had fuddenly thrown open to men who could wield a pen every door that led to the arena of literary publicity, SAMUEL ROWLANDS made less effort than most of his

contemporaries to gain the plaudits of the cultivated, or to fecure the garland of lasting fame. name appears in no lift of honoured poets in his own generation; in the next, his writings found no editor, and his life no biographer. He comes down to us merely as a voluble pamphleteer, of whose numerous works fome are altogether loft, and others, become nearly unique, are purchased by the curious at fuch prices for a fingle copy as the author never made by a whole edition. Of the minor masters of the Greek stage, of Ion or of Iophon, we have plentiful record, though their works are gone; but in the case of the lesser stars of the Elizabethan galaxy the work of oblivion has been reverfed—we have their works, but not the record of their lives. In no case has history been more persistent in silence

than when fummoned to give us news of Sanuel Rowlands. Of almost every other writer we have succeeded in discovering something; but of him nothing. We do not know when he was born, or when he died, whether he was a scholar of either university, whether he had taken orders, or whether he had married a wife. It is left to us, therefore, as to those who map the heavens, to draw an approximate outline of his life by the conjunction of those works or stars that form his constellation. They are very numerous, they extend over a period of thirty years, and they give some, but very slight, internal evidence of their author's personality.

In all probability SAMUEL ROWLANDS was born foon after 1570. We may roughly conjecture that 1573, the year that faw the birth of Donne and of Ben Jonson, saw his also. Should this be correct, he was from fix to eighteen years younger than the five famous friends in whose steps he was to walk, with a gentler, tamer tread than theirs. When he was about ten years old, Lodge, Peele and Greene began to write, and it was not long before Nash and Marlowe joined the company of the penners of lovepamphlets. These men, united rather by their profligate habits than any innate similarity of genius, were among the first professional men of letters in England. Lodge and Greene began as Euphuists, at the feet of Lyly: they were drawn by the example of Nash into the practice of fatire, and into the compilation of catch-penny pamphlets on passing

They very quickly ran through their brief careers, and had already died or retired from public life before Rowlands began to write. But their influence had been immense; they had inaugurated a new epoch in popular literature; and though the main current of fuch writing proceeded to flow in the channel of the drama, they still counted their followers in the younger generation. followers Rowlands, and fifteen years later Braithwait, were the most important, and to both of these authors, entirely neglected for more than two centuries, public interest has of late returned. either the one or the other was a writer of much merit, or deferved in any strict fense the name of poet, may eafily and fafely be denied, but neither lacks that quality of force that renders an author worthy of more than mere antiquarian attention.

Like Drayton, and other fecular poets of that age, ROWLANDS commenced his career with a volume of devotional pieces. The Betraying of Christ, which bore the more apt sub-title of Poems on the Passion, appeared in 1598, and went through two editions within that year. We have guessed the age of the author at twenty-five, and certainly the style of his verses gives us no sign of precocity or extreme youth. The poems are indeed remarkably smooth, with the even grace and monotonous polish of a writer to whom the art of verse presents no difficulties and contains no surprises. They are composed in an heroic stanza of six lines, rime royal with the fifth

line omitted, and this form, one of the simplest that can be devifed, remained a favourite with Rowlands until he ceased to publish. But it was not with nerveless paraphrases of the New Testament that he was destined to catch the popular ear. In 1600 he produced two works which greatly extended his reputation, and made him, if not famous, at least widely notorious. The first of these, entitled A Merry Meeting, or tis merry when Knaves meet, was fuccefsfully fuppreffed by the authorities, and has only come down to us in an expunged edition of 1609. It was fo offensive in its personality, so acrid in its fatire, that it was ordered to be burned publicly, and in the Hall Kitchen of the Stationers' Company. A month later the poet hurried through the prefs another collection, The Letting of Humour's Blood in the Head Vaine, and this has fortunately come down to us in at least four copies. It is a very creditable production, full of the animation of the time, with none of its pedantry, and a little of its genius. The greater part of the book is occupied with fmall fatirical pieces, called Epigrams, describing, mainly in the fix-line stanza, those fantastic figures of the day which the poets delighted to caricature. These are very well written, clear, pointed, and even, never rifing to the incifive melody of a great poet, but never finking below a fairly admirable level, while for the student of manners they abound in picturesque detail and realiftic painting. The following lines from an address to the poet's contemporaries, stripped

of their antique spelling, give a fair notion of the modern tone of the book, and its easy elegance:—

"Will you stand spending your invention's treasure
To teach stage parrots speak for penny pleasure,
While you yourselves, like music-sounding lutes,
Fretted and strange, gain them their silken suits?
Leave Cupid's cut, women's face-stattering praise,
Love's subject grows too threadbare nowadays,
Change Venus' swans to write of Vulcan's geese,
And you shall merit golden pens apiece."

The diflike of the theatre here fo strongly expressed continued to the last, and Rowlands seems never to have been tempted to try his skill in the lucrative field of the stage. It is not improbable that his facile pen and experience in the humours of low life would have enabled him to develop a comic talent which might have ranged between that of Dekker and that of Heywood; but he would have miffed the tenderness of the former, and the flowery fancy of The end of the volume called The Letting of Humour's Blood is composed of satires in the Roman style, in heroic couplets. Here again ROWLANDS shows rather his quickness in seizing an idea than his faculty for originating one, fince the trick of writing these pieces had been invented by Lodge in 1595, and had been imitated by Hall, Guilpin and Marston before Rowlands adopted it. He is, however, in some respects the superior of these preceding writers. In all probability he was not, as they were, men of any classic learning, and he was

feduced by no defire of emulating Persius into those harsh and involved constructions which make the satires of Donne and Marston the wonder of grammarians.

The early works of Rowlands gave promife of much greater attainment than their author ultimately achieved. His fourth book, 'Tis Merry when Gossph's Meet, published in 1602, is an admirable piece of comedy, bright, fresh, and limpid, and composed in a style only too dangerously smooth and rapid. opens with a fine tribute to Chaucer, "our famous reverend English Poet," and proceeds to give a valuable piece of contemporary manners in a conversation between a gentleman and a bookseller, in profe. The gentleman has no taste for new books: he prefers the old ones. He fays, "Canst help me to all Greene's Books in one volume? But I will have them every one, not any wanting." The modern book-hunter starts at the idea of a volume containing all Greene's works in the original quartos; even the bookseller of 1602 finds that he has some half-a-dozen lacking. Then the gentleman is urged to buy a book of Nash's, but he has it already; at last he is perfuaded to buy the very poem to which this converfation is a preface, and we are interested to learn that he pays fixpence for it, lefs than one-thousandth part of the fum that would be asked to-day for a clean copy. The poem is in Rowlands' usual fixline stanza, but it is singular among his works as being in a dramatic form. It is in fact a dialogue

between a Widow, a Wife, a Maid, and a Vintner. The Widow meets the Wife, whom she has not seen for a long time, outfide a tavern, and while they stand talking the Maid goes by. The Widow stops her, and vows that they must all three drink a glass together before they part. The Wife and the Maid object, but their objections are overruled by the boisterous joviality of the Widow, who drags them into the tavern. They are shown upstairs into a private room, and the Vintner brings them claret. Over their wine they discuss old times and their prefent fortunes in a very humorous and natural way. The Widow is a coarfe, good-humoured woman, full of animal spirits, and still rebellious with the memory of her red-haired husband, who used her ill; the Wife, on the other hand, praises her husband, an eafy foul who lets her have her way; the Maid talks very little at first, but as she warms with the wine, she describes the fort of husband she means to have. Presently they finish the claret, and the Wife and the Maid wish to go, but the Widow will not hear of it, but bids the Vintner burn fome fack and fry fome faufages. Over this feaft they linger a long while goffiping, till the Maid has burning cheeks, and the Widow becomes indifputably drunk. She talks fo broadly that the Vintner's boy laughs, and then she becomes extremely dignified, infifting on an apology. In the end she patronises the Vintner, and makes him drink with them; and when at last her friends rife to go, she insifts on paying the whole reckoning.

It will be feen that the poem has no plot, and that the contents are very flight; but the workmanship is admirable, and the little realistic touches combine to form an interior as warm and full in colour as any painted by Brouwer or Ostade. It is one of the best studies of genre we possess in all Elizabethan literature. 'Tis Merry when Gossips Meet went through at least seven editions before the end of the century.

Simultaneously with this humorous poem, Row-LANDS published, in 1602, a collection of profe stories of fmart cheating and cosening under the title of Greene's Ghost Haunting Coneycatchers, adopting this popular name to attract public notice. As a catcher of rabbits, or conies, trades upon the stupidity of his victims, fo it was reprefented by the pamphleteers of the day that knaves took advantage of the credulity of fimple citizens, and hence the popularity of a title that Greene had invented, but which found a fcore of imitators. Rowlands' tales are lively, but for us the main interest of the book centres in its preface and in its address to the reader, in which ROWLANDS comes forward diffinctly as a pamphleteer, difclaiming any pretension to learning or an ambitious style. From this time forth he appears folely as a caterer for the frivolous and cafual reader, and demands notice rather as a journalist than as an author. His little books are what we should now term social articles; they answer exactly to the "middles" of our best weekly newspapers. Our curiosity is excited by the lapfes in his composition, and we wonder

how fuch a man fubfifted in the intervals between the publication of his works. His familiarity with the book-trade, and his cunning way of adapting his titles and subjects to the exact taste of the moment, fuggest that he may have found employment in one of the bookfellers' shops. In this connection we turn in hope of confirmation to the imprints of his volumes, but in vain. He published with a great variety of bookfellers, and rarely more than twice with the same. From 1600 to 1605 he was, however, in business with William White, in Pope's Head Alley, near the Exchange, and for ten years his tracts were fold by George Loftus, in Bishopsgate Street, near the Angel. As Loftus would feem to have fucceeded White, or to have removed from his employment into a separate business, it is within the bounds of legitimate speculation to guess that Row-LANDS spent fifteen of his busiest years in the employment of these City booksellers.

In 1604 he published, under the sensational title of Looke to it, or I'll Stab You, a fresh collection of satirical characters in verse, in form and substance precisely like the epigrams in his Letting of Humour's Blood. His style had by this time reached its highest refinement and purity, without the slightest trace of elevation. The character of the Curious Divine forms a good example of his fluent and prosaic verse:—

"Divines, that are together by the ears, Puffed up, high-minded, feedsmen of diffention,

Striking until Christ's seamless garment tears, Making the Scripture follow your invention, Neglecting that whereon the soul should feed, Employed in that whereos souls have no need.

Curious in things you need not stir about,
Such as concern not matter of salvation,
Giving offence to them that are without,
Upon whose weakness you should have compassion,
Causing the good to grieve, the bad rejoice,
Yet you, with Martha, make the worser choice,
I'll stab you!"

From this time forward every year faw one, at least, of his facile productions. In 1605 it was *Hell's Broke Loose*, one of the poorest things he ever wrote, a mean kind of epic poem in his favourite six-line stanza, on the life and death of John of Leyden. In the same year he returned to his first love, and published *A Theatre of Divine Recreation*, a collection of religious poems, sounded on the Old Testament. This book, which was in existence as late as 1812, has disappeared.

The best of all Rowlands' works, from a literary point of view, is the rarest also. A Terrible Battle between Time and Death exists only in a single copy, which has been bound in such a way that the imprint and date are lost. There is little doubt, however, that the latter was 1606. The dedication is odd; Rowlands inscribes his book to a Mr. George Gaywood, whom he does not personally know, but who has shown more than fatherly kindness to a friend of the author's. We wonder if the "friend" may have

been the author's wife, by a concealment not unprecedented in that age, and Mr. Gaywood her godfather or patron. At any rate, fome fingular chain of circumstances feems hinted at in this very cryptic dedication. The poem itself contains the best things that Rowlands has left behind him. It opens in a most solemn and noble strain, with a closer echo of the august music of the tragic Elizabethans than Rowlands attains anywhere else.

"Dread potent Monster, mighty from thy birth,
Giant of strength against all mortal power,
God's great Earl Marshal over all the earth,
Taking account of each man's dying hour,
Landlord of graves and tombs of marble stones,
Lord Treasurer of rotten dead-men's bones,"

thus Time addresses Death, whom he has met wandering over the world on his dread mission. But Death cannot stay to talk with him; he has to mow down proud kings and tender women, gluttons and atheists and swaggering bullies, all who live without God, and take no thought of the morrow. Yet Time beguiles him to stay awhile, since, without Time, Death has no lawful right or power, and so they agree to converse together while half the sand runs through the hour-glass of Time. Their conversation deals with the obvious moralities, the frivolity of man, the solemnity of eternity, the various modes in which persons of different casts of character meet the advent of death. The dialogue is dignissed, even where it is most quaint, and the reader is reminded

of the devotional poetry of a later time, fometimes of Herbert, more often of Quarles. But ROWLANDS has not the strength of wing needed for these moral slights; his poem becomes tedious and then grotesque. At the close of Time's pleasant conversation with Death, they fall out, and the latter, who prides himself on his personal beauty, is extremely disconcerted at the rudeness with which Time compares his arm and hand to a gardener's rake, and his head to a dry empty oil jar. After these amenities the reader prepares for that "terrible bloody battle" promised on the title-page, but he is disappointed, for the pair make up their quarrel immediately, and proceed together to their mortuary labours.

The year 1607 was one of great literary activity with ROWLANDS. He published no less than three books, though, fingularly enough, we posses the first edition of but one of these. A work of 1607, of which the first edition has been lost, is Doctor Merryman, a feries of bright fallies in verse, describing and ridiculing the popular affectations or "humours" of the day. In this book a flight change of tone is apparent; the fun becomes broader, the style more liquid, and Rowlands reminds us of a writer the very opposite of an ordinary Elizabethan, namely Peter Pindar, and fometimes of the younger Colman. That the fmartness and voluble wit have not entirely evaporated vet accounts for the immense popularity enjoyed by such a work as this when it was new; yet fuch writing

can hardly be admitted to a place in literature. Another humorous volume of 1607, Six London Gossips, has absolutely disappeared, and the only first edition of that prolific year which we still posses is Diogenes' Lanthorn. In 1591 Lodge had used the name of Diogenes for the title of a prose satire, and Rowlands' is but a feeble copy of that quaint and witty book. Lodge brings out the venom of Diogenes in a dialogue, Rowlands makes him soliloquise, and after his cynical monologue in the streets of Athens, abruptly drops his hero, and closes the volume with a series of sables, put into easy popular verse with his customary facility.

In The Famous History of Guy, Earl of Warwick he showed very plainly the limitation of his powers. This poem, printed in 1608, as if in heroic couplets, but really in the fix-line stanza, was spoken of by Mr. Utterson as a travesty, intended to bring chivalric literature into ridicule, but this was entirely a mistake. Nothing could be more serious than the twelve heavy cantos of Rowlands' tedious romance, which seems to have been written in imitation or emulation of Fairsax's Tasso, published a few years earlier.

The year 1608 also saw the publication of Humour's Looking-Glasse, a collection precisely similar in character to The Letting of Humour's Blood. As before, we find no spark of poetic sancy, but plenty of rhetorical skill, a picturesque and direct style, and much descriptive verve. The boassful traveller was a frequent and savourite subject with the poets of

Elizabeth; he was a product of their showy and grandiloquent age, and, while they laughed at his bravado, they were half inclined to like him for his impudence. But not one of them has drawn his portrait better than Rowlands has in *Humour's Looking-Glasse*.

"Come, my brave Gallant, come, uncafe, uncafe!
Ne'er shall oblivion your great acts deface:
He has been there where never man came yet,
An unknown country, aye, I'll warrant it;
Whence he could ballast a good ship in hold
With rubies, sapphires, diamonds and gold,
Great orient pearls esteemed no more than notes,
Sold by the peck, as chandlers measure oats;
I marvel, then, we have no trade from thence?
'Oh! 'tis too far, it will not bear expense.'
'Twere far, indeed, a good way from our main,
If charges eat up such excessive gain.

\* \* \*

I heard him swear that he,—'twas in his mirth,—Had been in all the corners of the earth;
Let all his wonders be together stitched,
He threw the bar that great Alcides pitched;
Yet he that saw the Ocean's farthest strands,
You pose him if you ask where Dover stands."

It would be difficult to quote a more favourable example of ROWLANDS' verification, and there are lines in this paffage which Pope would not have difdained to use. It might, indeed, be employed as a good argument against that old heresy, not even yet entirely discarded, that smoothness of heroic verse was the invention of Waller. As a matter of sact,

this, as well as all other branches of the univerfal art of poetry, was understood by the great Elizabethan masters; and if they did not frequently employ it, it was because they left to such humbler writers as Rowlands an instrument incapable of these noble and audacious harmonies on which they chiefly prided themselves.

In 1609, unless I am wrong in my conjecture that the Whole Crew of Kind Gossips of that year was but a new edition of the Six London Gossips of 1607, Rowlands confined himself to the reprinting of several of his tracts, and to this fact we owe the possession of one or two of the earlier books already described. His first book of satires, which had been condemned to be burned in 1600, he now brought out anew, under the title of The Knave of Clubs, and as in this later form it contains nothing which could reasonably give offence, it is to be supposed that the peccant passages had been expunged. It is not a very clever performance, rather dull and ribald, and inferior in vivacity to the Fables at the close of Diogenes' Lanthorn.

• The Whole Crew of Kind Gossips is a fairly diverting description of fix citizens' wives, who meet in council to denounce their husbands, the latter prefently entering to address the public, and turn the tables on their wives. This humble fort of Lyssipata has nothing very Aristophanic about it; it is, indeed, one of Rowlands' failures. Seldom has he secured a subject so well suited to his genius for low humour,

and never has he so completely missed the point of The writing flows traces of rapid and the fituation. careless composition, the speeches of the wives are wanting in variety and character, and those of the hulbands are dragged on without rhyme or reason, unannounced and unexplained. The language, however, it must be confessed, is admirably clear and modern. It is to be feared that our poet had fallen upon troublous days, for his works about this time are the merest catch-penny things, thrown off without care or felf-respect. Martin Mark-all, his contribution to 1610, is an arrant piece of book-making. It professes to be an historical account of the rife and progress of roguery up to the reign of Henry VIII., as stated to the Bellman of London by the Beadle of It has this special interest to modern Bridewell. fludents, that it contains a very curious dictionary of canting terms, preceding by more than half-a-century that in the English Rogue. Moreover, buried in a great deal of trash, it includes some valuable biographical notes about famous highwaymen and thieves of the fixteenth century. It is entirely in profe, except fome queer Gipfy fongs. The wrath of Dekker, it is supposed, was roused by a charge of plagiarism brought against some author unknown in this book, and he attacked Rowlands in his Lanthorn and Candlelight. This very flight rencontre is the only incident that affociates Rowlands with any of his contemporaries, and even this might fairly be disputed on the ground of dates.

The fuccess of the Knave of Clubs induced Row-LANDS to repeat his venture with the Knave of Harts in 1612 and The Knaves of Spades and Diamonds in These works are in no way to be distinguished from those that preceded them; their author was perhaps growing a little coarfer, a little heavier, but for the rest there is the same low and trivial view of life. the same easy satire, the same fluency and purity of language. The increasing heaviness of his style is still more plainly seen in his next work, A Fool's Bolt is foon Shot, though this is far from being the worst of his productions. In this volume, sure of a large body of readers, he disdains the artifices of a dedication, and fimply infcribes his poem "to Rash Judgment, Tom Fool and his fellows." It confifts of a feries of tales, in heroic verse, concerning the practical blunders of all forts of foolish people, and these stories happen to be particularly rich in those personal details that make the works of ROWLANDS fo valuable to antiquarians.

By far the best written and most important of his late works is the *Melancholy Knight* of 1615. The title-page of this pamphlet is adorned by a most curious woodcut, faithfully rendered in facsimile in our present reprint. This represents a gentleman, apparalled in the richest gala-dress of that period, with his hat pulled over his eyes, and his head deeply sunken in his capacious ruff of point-lace. His arms are folded before him, and he lounges

### MEMOIR ON

on, loft in a melancholy reverie. It is he who is fupposed to indite the poems. He fays:—

"I have a melancholy skull,
That's almost fractured 'tis fo full!
To ease the same these lines I write;
Tobacco boy! a pipe! some light!"

His reflections upon the follies and knaveries of the age, its vices, its affectations, and its impertinencies, are full of bright and delightful reading, but most of all when it is found that the Knight is a book-worm, and fpends his time in devouring old folio romances and chivalric tales "of ladies fair and lovely knights," like any Don Quixote; and most of all when he ventures to recite a very touching ballad of his own about Sir Eglamour and the Dragon. No doubt the fame of Cervantes' masterpiece, published just ten years before, had reached the English pamphleteer, and he had certainly feen The Knight of the Burning Peftle, performed in 1611; Rowlands was never original, but he was very quick in adopting a new idea. In fome of the descriptions of oddity in the Melancholy Knight he shows a greater richness in expression than in his early works. He had probably read the fatires of Donne.

The remaining works of Rowlands need not detain us very long. In 1617 he published a poem called The Bride, but it is lost. In 1618 he brought out A Sacred Memory of the Miracles of Christ, remarkable only for the preface, in which he exhorts "all faithful Christians" with such a consident unction as

### SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

to fuggest that he may possibly by this time have found a fphere for his energies within the Church of England. In the poems themselves there is nothing important; they present all the features of conventionality and effete piety which are to be met with in English poems on facred narrative subjects before the days of Ouarles. With The Night Raven, in 1620, and Good News and Bad News, in 1622, the long feries of Rowlands' humoristic studies closes. These two books, exactly like one another in style, confift of the usual chain of stories, lefs ably told than before, but still occupied, as ever, with knavery and fimplicity, the endless joke, now repeated to satiety, at the ease with which dulness is gulled by roguery. According to all probable computation, Rowlands by this time was at least fifty years of age; and after producing this fort of homely poetry for more than a quarter of a century, he possibly found that the public he once addressed had abandoned him. At all events. Good Newes and Bad Newes is the last of his comic writings.

Six years later there appeared a little duodecimo volume of facred verse and prose, entitled *Heaven's Glory, Seek it; Earth's Vanity, Fly it; Hell's Horror, Fear it.* Under this affected title a writer who signs himself Samuell Rowland issues a collection of sufficiently tedious homilies, interspersed with divine poems. That this book was written by Samuel Rowlands has been freely affirmed, and as freely denied; but I do not think that any doubt on the subject can remain on the mind of any one who care-

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fully reads it. The profe pages, it is true, have all that dogged insipidity and absolute colourlessness of style which marks the minor theological literature of the feventeenth century, but the poems are not fo They are printed in a delusive undecipherable. way, fo as to feem to be in a short ballad metre; but they are really, in all cases, composed in that identical fix-line stanza which Rowlands affected throughout his life. Nor is there more fimilarity to his authentic poems in the form than in the style of these religious pieces. There is precifely the fame fluid verification, the same easy and sensible mediocrity, and the same want of elevation and originality. At the end of the hortatory work there is found a collection of Prayers for use in Godly Families, and appended to these latter a collection of poems entitled Common Calls, Cries and Sounds of the Bellman, confifting of religious posies and epigrams, very poorly written, but still distinctly recognisable as the work of ROWLANDS. I do not think there can be the flightest doubt that this miscellaneous volume is rightly included among his veritable works.

From this year (1628) he passes out of our sight, having kept the booksellers busily engaged for exactly thirty years. His books continued to find a sale for another half century, and were reprinted at least as late as 1675. But they were considered as scarcely above the rank of chap-books, and Rowlands is included among the English poets in not one of the lists of contemporary or former authors. In 1630 he wrote a sew verses of congratulation to his loving

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friend John Taylor, the Water Poet, and in earlier life he had paid the same compliment to two still more obscure writers. In 1612, W. Parkes, of whom absolutely nothing is known, quoted a short poem by Rowlands in his Curtain-Drawer of the World. Such, and such alone, are the minute points of connection with his contemporaries which the most patient scholarship has succeeded in discovering, and they show a literary isolation which would be astounding in so sertile an author if we were not to consider the undignished and ephemeral nature of Rowlands' writings, which the passage of time has made interesting to us, but which to his cultivated contemporaries must have scarcely seemed to belong to literature at all.

In an age when newspapers were unknown and when poetry was still the favourite channel for popular thought, fuch pamphlets as those of Samuel ROWLANDS formed the chief intellectual pabulum of the apprentice and of his master's wife, of the city shopkeeper and of his less genteel customers. When we confider the class addressed, and the general licence of those times, we shall be rather inclined to admire the reticence of the author than to blame his occasional coarseness. Rowlands is never immoral. he is rarely indecent; his attitude towards vice of all forts is rather indifferent, and he affumes the judicial air of a fatirist with small success. He has neither the integrity nor the favagery that is required to write fatire; he neither indulges in the fenfual rage of Donne, nor the clerical indignation of Hall; he is

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always too much amused at vice to be thoroughly angry with it. His favourite subject of contemplation is a sharper; to his effentially bourgeois mind nothing feems fo irrefiftibly funny as the trick by which a shrewd rascal becomes possessed of the purse or the good name of an honest fool; and no doubt it was this that peculiarly endeared his mufe to the apprentice and to the ferving-maid. As a purely literary figure he has little importance fave what he owes to those details which were commonplace in his own time, but which are of antiquarian importance to us. Yet, however accidental the merit may be, we cannot refuse to Rowlands the praise of having made the London of Shakespeare almost more vivid to us than any other author has done. In his earlier works, and especially in his 'Tis Merry when Gossips Meet, he has displayed the existence in him of a comic vein which he neglected to work, but which would have affured him a brilliant fuccess if he had had the happy thought of writing for the stage. In comedy those bright and facile qualities of style which are wasted in the frivolous repetitions of his later tales and fatires, might have ripened into a veritable dramatic talent. As it is, he is a kind of fmall non-political Defoe, a pamphleteer in verse whose talents were never put into exercise except when their possessor was pressed for means, and a poet of confiderable talent without one fpark or glimmer of genius.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.1

[By SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

THE curiofity of the prefent age has been much directed towards the fugitive pieces of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. both as illustrating obscure passages of Shakspeare, and of our earlier dramatists, and as containing an authentic record of the private life of our forefathers. The following poems will be found to gratify, in no common degree, the curious antiquary who investigates these subjects; and as the original volume is rare, and bears a high price among collectors, it is hoped that the present very limited impression may render the knowledge which it contains accessible to some who have not an opportunity to consult the original edition. A very sew notes

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [To "The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine, &c., by S. Rowlands. Edinburgh: Reprinted by James Ballantyne & Co. for William Laing, and William Blackwood. 1815."]

<sup>\*[&</sup>quot;What an oddity, and non-descript compound, was that Samuel Rowlands!—and why do I notice him here? Simply, because I firmly believe that a complete collection of his pieces, low, queer, comical, and contradictory, as they may be, could not be procured under the sum of 300 sovereigns. Judge for yourself, candid reader. New and clean Packs of Cards are usually procurable for 4s. 6d.: but if you only want the Knave of Clubs—together with the Knave of Spades and Diamonds and Knave of Hearts, of Master Rowlands (poems, published by him in 1611-1612, 4to) you must pay £35 3s. 6d.—according to the text of

are added, less with the purpose of illustrating the epigrams and satires, than of shewing, in some degree, their connection with the literature and domestic history of the age in which they were written.<sup>1</sup>

The fantastic title which the author has chosen ferves to explain the purpose of his fatire. The prefent age is diffinguished by an uniformity of fashionable folly. The more ambitious coxcombs of our forefathers' day, affected to distinguish themselves, not only from the fober-minded public, and from the vulgar, but from each other, for which purpose each assumed a strain of peculiarity, however absurd and fantastic, and, in the phrase of heraldry, bore his folly with a difference. Thus every fashionable gallant varied in mien and manner from his companions, as widely as all did from fober demeanour and common fense. Ben Jonson, who piqued himself upon delineating with comic accuracy, and with fatirical force, the peculiar strains of thought and manner called humours, observes, with some indignation, that those who could make no pretention to that original strain of thought and action to which he would willingly

the priced catalogue of Bindley's Library!! And again? for his Betrayal of Christ, 1598, 4to, £21: opposed to his Doslor Merrie-Man, 1609, 4to, £15. These two prices are taken from the Bibl. Angl. Poet. where, to the Night Raven, 1634, 4to, the ominous sum of £30 is attached, the pages of this work are rich in Rowlandiana; and Mr. Thorpe's well-surnished catalogue, p. 127, presents us with three other pieces of the poet, for £14 14s. collectively."—Rev. T. F. DIBDIN: The Library Companion, p. 711, second edition, London, 1825.]

<sup>1</sup>[These Notes will be found incorporated in the "Glossarial Index and Notes."]

restrict the term, affected some distinction or peculiarity in dress or manner, in order to establish their title to be called humourists. The real humour he defines to be

—When fome peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their constuctions, all to run one way;
This may be truly said to be a Humour.
But that a rook, by wearing a pyed seather,
The cable hat-band, or the three-piled russ,
A yard of shoe-tye, or the Switzer's knot
On his French garters, should affect a Humour;
O, it is more than most ridiculous!

Cor. He speaks pure truth; now if an idiot
Have but an apish or fantastic strain,
It is his Humour.

Our poet has given us numerous inftances both of the real and of the pseudo-humourist; and as he described the scenes in which he lived, and the sollies which were acted before his eyes, it is interesting to observe, that the various affectations of the retainers of Sir John Falstaff, as well as those of the Bobadil, Stephen, and Master Matthew of Jonson, and of the various comic characters pourtrayed by Beaumont and Fletcher, were not, as modern readers might conceive them, the fantastic creatures of the poet's imagination, but had in reality their prototypes upon the great scene of the world. The author has indeed pourtrayed examples of every species of affectation, from the bombastic vein of Ancient Pistol to

the melancholy and gentleman-like gravity of Master Stephen.

The book was first published in 1600, and met but a rude reception; for 26th October, 1600, occurs the following order upon the records of Stationers' Hall:— "Yt is orderd, that the next court-day two bookes lately printed, thone called The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head Vayne; thother, A Mery Metinge, or 'tis Mery when Knaves mete; shal be publiquely burnt, for that they conteyne matters unfytt to be published; then to be burnd in the hall kytchen, with other popish bookes and thinges that were lately taken."1 From the severity of this sentence it would feem that the characters drawn by the author were understood to have reference to living persons. Mr. Ames, who quotes the order, tells us, that feveral [twenty-nine, fee Mr. Arber's Transcript, vol. ii., pp. 832-3] of the trade were [March 4, 1600-1,] fined two shillings and fixpence a-piece for buying these obnoxious works; but that it does not appear whether any penalty was imposed on the printer and publisher. He supposes the book had been reprinted after the destruction of the first edition, which gave rise to this See Typographical Antiquities, fecond fentence. edit. 1786, vol. ii., p. 1266.

It would feem that, in confequence of the prohibition, and fines imposed on the trade who purchased this little volume, the title was altered; for there are

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [No fuch entry appears under this date in Mr. Arber's Transcript.]

two [three] editions under the title of "Humours Ordinarie, where a Man may be verie merie and exceeding well used for Sixpence," one [two] without date, and one in 1607. But in 1611, William White adventured to republish the work under its original title, a few years having made such changes as removed the original objections, or perhaps the licence of the press having become more extended. With the addition of this preliminary advertisement, and a few trifling notes, the present edition is an exact factimile of that of 1611.

The literary merit of a rare work is a postponed object of enquiry to the Bibliomaniac; but even in this point of view fomething may be faid for the credit of our author. He anatomises in his rugged numbers the follies of the time in which he lived with a satirical force not inserior to that of Hall or Donne, and may even boast with old Ben himself,

Was made to feize on vice, and with a gripe Squeeze out the *humour* of fuch fpongy natures As lick up every idle vanity. 1

"I" A prolific and very able writer of fugitive pieces during the reign of James I. He commenced authorship, however, as it here appears, while Elizabeth was still on the throne; and in 1598 his maiden effort, a volume of facred poems, entitled The Betraying of Chriss, &c., passed through two impressions."—Warton's History of English Poetry, edit W. C. HAZLITT, 1871, vol. iv., p. 417.

"He [Rowlands] was, in fact, more of a humourist than of a satirist, and in the latter department he is not to be compared with his immediate contemporaries, Donne, Hall, or Marston; but his epigrams and lighter performances are seldom without point, spirit, and pleasantry, and most of his pieces were often reprinted in consequence of the

The author, Samuel Rowlands, was a prolific pamphleteer in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I, and wrote many fugitive pieces, fome few religious, but for the most part local and personal satires. The industry of Ritson (see Bibliographia Poetica). p. 316) has mustered a numerous catalogue of his works, yet there are feveral omissions which have been fupplied by more recent refearch. Sir Egerton Brydges has made fome addition to the lift, in the Censura Literaria, vol. ii., p. 150. And specimens of two curious fatires, entitled "The Knave of Clubs," and "The Knave of Hearts," are given in the [British] Bibliographer, vol. ii., p. 103. The first of these had the fate of the following work, being condemned to the kitchen of the Stationers' Company in the year 1600. At p. 549 of the same volume, the ingenious and industrious bibliographer analyzes briefly two other treatifes of Rowlands, "The Melancholy Knight," namely, and a collection of religious tracts, entitled "Heaven's Glory," &c.

Excepting that he lived and wrote, none of these industrious antiquaries have pointed out any par-

popular demand for them. If they are now and then a little coarse or indecorous, the blame, if any, belongs to the period at which they were written: Rowlands was not more faulty in this respect than most of his jocular rhyming rivals."—Mr. J. Pavne Collier: Introduction to "Humors Looking Glass," 1608, Vellow Series, No. 10.

"Though a rapid and careless writer, he occasionally exhibits confiderable vigour, and has often satirized with spirit the manners and sollies of his period. He may be justly classed as surmounting mediocrity."—Drake's Shakespeare and his Times, 1817, vol. i., p. 700.]

ticulars respecting Rowland[s]. It has been remarked, that his muse is seldom found in the best company; and, to have become so well acquainted with the bullies, drunkards, gamesters, and cheats, whom he describes, he must have frequented the haunts of dissipation, in which such characters are to be found.

1["Who or what he was, beyond the fact that he wrote no fewer than about thirty fmall tracts for his subsistence, and that nearly all of them were extremely popular, we know not."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: Introduction to "Good Newes and Bad Newes," Yellow Series, No. 14.

"Supposed to have died about 1634, was the author and supposed author of many poetical tracts."—Allibone's Critical Dictionary of English Literature, 1870, vol. ii., p. 1883.]

<sup>2</sup>["The muse of Rowlands," says Joseph Haslewood, "is seldom found in good company. Her best characters are generally picked up by the way side among the idle and vicious; sometimes on benches of tippling houses, and too often the precincts of Bridewell; or from the crowd that usually waited upon a delinquent wearing 'Tyburne-tissany.' Her only interest is sounded upon locality of description, which may be presumed a faithful, if not a stattering copy of the times."—British Bibliographer, vol. ii., p. 105, London, 1812.

Thomas Campbell, author of the *Pleafures of Hope*, questions the foregoing conclusion of Haslewood:—"The history of this author [Rowlands] is quite unknown, except that he was a prolific pamphleteer in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. Ritson has mustered a numerous catalogue of his works, to which the compilers of the Censura Literaria have added some articles. It has been remarked by the latter, that his muse is generally found in low company, from which it is inserred that he frequented the haunts of dissipation. The conclusion is unjust—Fielding was not a blackguard, though he wrote the adventures of Jonathan Wild. His descriptions of contemporary follies have considerable humour. I think he has afforded in the following story of Smug the Smith [see 'The Night-Raven,' p. 26] a hint to Butler for his apologue of vicarious justice, in the case of the brethren who

But the humorous descriptions of low-life exhibited in his satires are more precious to antiquaries than more grave works, and those who make the manners of Shakspeare's age the subject of their study may better spare a better author than Samuel Rowlands.

The following Collection appears to have been the most popular of his numerous effusions, having, as has been shewn, run through four [five] editions between 1600 and 1611.

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Abbotsford, \
Ist April, 1814.
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hanged a 'a poor weaver that was bed-rid,' instead of the cobbler who had killed an Indian,

'Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Because he was an Insidel.'
HUDIBRAS, Part II., Canto ii. l. 420."

Specimens of the British Poets, p. 123: London, 1844.]

I. THE BETRAYING OF CHRIST. IVDAS in despaire. The seuen Words of our Sauior on the Crosse. WITH other Poems on the Passion. LONDON. Printed by Adam Islip.

1598, 4to, 30 leaves.

Three copies known: one in the Bodleian Library (bought in the fifth portion of the Corfer fale for £5 10s.); another in the possession of Mr. S. Christie-Miller, Britwell, Buckinghamshire; and a third of a different issue, formerly in Heber's Library.—See Mr. W. C. HAZLITT'S *Handbook*, 1867, p. 521.

"He [Rowlands], possibly, originally tried his skill upon a facred subject, 'The Betraying of Christ,' but not succeeding, he resorted to satire and epigram, and put forth his 'Letting of Humours Blood' in 1600. To this style he adhered, as we apprehend, with one exception, for the rest of his career, because not only is 'Heaven's Glory, seeke it; Earths Vanitie, slye it,' quite in another vein, but the author's name (a circumstance not hitherto noticed) is there printed Rowland, and not Rowlands."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: Introduction to Humors Looking Glasse, 1608, Yellow Series, No. 10.

"Neither Lowndes nor any of our bibliographers have noticed the fact, that there were two editions of this work printed in the fame year—the present one being the first. The copy of the same date described in the Bibl. Ang. Poetica, 598, differs very materially from the one now under notice (which we believe to be the first edition of this very rare sacred Poem) in having a dedication 'To his deare affected Friend Maister H. W. Gentleman,' and some stanzas addressed 'To the Gentlemen Readers,' and also a poem in four line verses entitled 'The highway to mount Calvarie,' which are not in

this edition. The title is ornamented with curious woodcut reprefentations or emblematic allusions to the betrayal of Christ and his crucifixion, the crown of thorns, the reed, the fcourge, the cock, the lanthorn and fword, the nails, the crofs, and other implements of torture and of death. On the reverse of the title is a woodcut representation of the arms and crest of Sir Nicholas Walsh, Knight, 'Chiefe Justice of her Maiesties Court of Common Pleas in Ireland and of her Highnesse counsaill there,' to whom the work is dedicated. This was Rowlands' earliest publication, and, with the exception of one other piece, is the only one on a fubject of a facred nature. As one of the minor poets of his day, Rowlands was not without merit, and on fome grounds it is to be regretted that he was afterwards induced to turn his talents to pamphleteering and works of a more humorous and fatirical, but less reputable nature, probably from finding them more popular and more eafily faleable; but the latter are fo extremely curious for the numerous allusions to the manners and customs of the times, that their literary merit and moral tendency need fcarcely enter into confideration. . . . . . . It is possible that the religious poems of Robert Southwell, Breton and others, which had just then appeared, may have fuggested to Rowlands the style and subject of these facred themes, which he afterwards abandoned for lighter and more profane subjects, and which, as far as we know, were not again reprinted by him."-From Rev. THOMAS CORSER'S unpublished MS. of Collectanea Anglo-Poetica.

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II. THE LETTING OF HVMOVRS BLOOD IN THE HEAD-VAINE. VVith a new Morissco, daunced by seauen Satyres, vpon the bottome of Diogines Tubbe. AT LONDON, Printed by W. White for W. F.

1600, 8vo, 43 leaves.

Four copies of this tract are known: three in the Bodleian Library (one in the Malone, one in the Wood, and one in the Crynes collection), and the fourth in the British

Museum. Which of these first appeared it would be hard to say. The probability is that it was the Wood and Malone copies, from the sact that the line reading (B 2, line 1):—

"I scorue to meete an enemie in feeelde,"

is corrected in the Crynes copy to

"I fcorne to meete an enemie in fielde."

Leaf A 3 in the Malone copy is wanting. The one now reprinted is the Wood copy. In the Crynes copy there are lines "To his very good freend M. Hvgh Lee, Esquire," which are reprinted in the Miscellaneous Poems. In the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. Arber's Transcript, vol. iii., p. 174) the following entry occurs:—

## " 16 Octobris [1600]

In the "Stationers' Registers" we have this entry (Mr' ARBER'S Transcript, vol. ii., pp. 832-3):—

# "4to marcij [1601]

"Receased of these persons followinge [twenty-nine Stationers] the sommes insuringe [two shillings and sixpence each] for their Disorders in buyinge of the bookes of humours lettinge blood in the vayne beinge newe printed after yt was first forbydden and burnt."

"When the work was first published in 1600, 'Printed by W. White,' it gave fuch offence, on account of the feverity of its fatire, and the obviousness of its allusions, that an order was made that it should be burned, first 'publicly,' and afterwards in the 'Hall-kitchen' of the Stationers' Company. The bookfeller therefore changed its title to 'Humours Ordinarie,' and published an edition of it without date; but, after the feeling against the work had subsided in 1611, it again appeared as 'The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-vaine,' although the printer, as we fee, thought it prudent not to put his name at length upon the title-page. The Epigrams are thirty-feven in number, with fix lines to introduce the 'feven Satires' mentioned on the title-page. The temporary and perfonal allufions are extremely numerous and often curious; but fometimes feigned Latin names were employed to defignate private individuals, who feem otherwife to have been pretty clearly pointed out. Public characters are not treated with the same referve: thus Pope and Singer, the comic actors, are spoken of by name, and as living when the first edition appeared in 1600; but, as they were both dead when that of 1611 came out, an alteration was made according with that circumstance. ( See Shakespeare's Actors, p. 124 [Shakes. Soc. 1846]) "-Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: Bibliographical Account, vol. ii., p. 284.

Seven editions of this tract, at least, under its different titles, appeared between 1600 and 1613. The edition of 1611 was reprinted by Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh in 1815.

III. Tis Merrie vvhen Gossips meete. At London, Printed by W. W. and are to fold by George Loftus at the Golden Ball in Popes-head Alley.

1602, 4to, 23 leaves.

Only one copy of this first edition of 1602 is known to exist, and is in the library of Mr. S. Christie-Miller. It is, however, impersect, wanting Sig. B: this latter has been supplied from the third edition of 1609, and is distinguished in

the present reprint by being enclosed within square brackets. It is entered in the "Stationers' Registers" thus (Mr. Arber's Transcript, vol. iii., p. 216):—

# "15 Septembris [1602]

"William whyte.—Entred for his Copie vnder th[e h]andes of master Hartwell and master waterson warden A booke Called Tis merry when gossips meete . . . vjd

We have a contemporary reference to this poem in the "Diary of John Manningham, of the Middle Temple, and of Bradbourne, Kent, Barrister-at-Law, 1602-1603," which was printed for the *Camden Society* (from the original MS. in the British Museum) in 1868, and edited by the late Mr. John Bruce. The passage exactly stands thus, under date October, 1602 (p. 61):—

- "Out of a Poeme called 'It is merry when Goffips meete.' S. R.
  - "Such a one is clarret proofe, i. e. a good wine-bibber.
  - "There's many deale vpon the score for wyne, When they should pay forgett the Vintner's syne.
  - "A man whose beard seemes scard with sprites to have bin, And hath noe difference twixt his nose and chin, But all his hayres haue got the falling sicknes, Whose forestront lookes like jack an apes behind.
  - "A goffips round, thats every on a cup."

To the initials "S. R." Mr. Bruce notes:—"These initials, inserted by a later hand, indicate 'Samuel Rowlands,' the author of this very popular little volume. The first edition bears the date of 1602, and had probably just been published when it attracted the attention of our diarist."

"A discussion in verse between a Wife, a Widow and a Maid forms the body of Rowlands' 'Tis merry when Gossips meet:' it is clever and humourous, but certainly not fo clever, though more broad and droll, than the debate between a Wife, a Widow and a Maid by Sir John Davys, in 'The Poetical Rhapfody,' which came out in the same year, 1602, and which, perhaps, gave the author of 'Tis merry when Gossips meet' the first hint for his more familiar, and less refined production. The authorship of the last has been given to three writers:—1. Simon Robson, a clergyman, who began his career as early as 1585, whose style is altogether different; 2. Nicholas Breton, whose initials do not correspond with those of, 3. Samuel Rowlands, which are attached to the tract, and to whom, we feel confident, it belongs. It is very true that at least three of Breton's pamphlets are mentioned above by the Apprentice, under the titles of Pasquil's 'Mad-cap,' 'Foolscap,' and 'Melancholy,' to fay nothing of 'Moral Philosophy,' of which, under that name, as a work by Breton, we know nothing. If Breton had written 'Tis merry when Gossips meet,' he would hardly have thus puffed his own pieces. On the other hand, S. R. are the initials of Samuel Rowlands; and although he published feveral humourous and fatirical tracts relating to Knaves, we are not aware of the existence of any one called 'Tis merry when Knaves meet,' or 'Tis merry when Maltmen meet.' Besides, 'Tis merry when Gossips meet' is much more in the style of Rowlands than of Breton; fo that, on the whole, we feel no difficulty whatever in affigning the production to him. It enjoyed great popularity, went through feveral impressions, and all but the first have the name of Deane on the title-page, who was the publisher of several other pamphlets by Rowlands. This circumstance in favour of his authorship seems never to have been taken into account. In fo much general favour was 'Tis merry when Gossips meet' even in 1625, that Ben Jonson mentions it in the Induction to his 'Staple of News:' 'They fay its merry when Goffips meet: I hope our Play will be a merry one.' It had been reprinted in 1619, and to that edition various fongs were added by the author to increase its novelty. It may be worth while to note that the

impression of 1602 contains almost the proverbial words of Shake-speare, Two Gent. of Verona, A. v. sc. 2:—

'The old faying is,

Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.'"

Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: Biblio. Account, vol. ii., pp. 281-82.

The Songs added to the edition of 1619 will be found included with the Miscellaneous Poems. It may be worth while to remark that the very curious "Conference between a Gentleman and a Prentice" "never afterwards appeared in print: the reason for its omission being, probably, that in 1605 the prevailing interest regarding the tracts, even of 1602, had somewhat subsided: on this very account it possesses the more attraction for modern readers." In the first volume of the Shakespeare Society's Papers this "Conference between a Gentleman and a Prentice" is reproduced as a testimony to the early rarity of the works of Robert Greene. Between 1602 and 1675 seven editions of this tract appeared. The third edition of 1609 was reprinted at the Chiswick Press in 1818.

IV. GREENES GHOST HAVNTING CONIE-CATCHERS. Wherein is fet downe,

The Arte of Humouring.
The Arte of carrying Stones.
Will. St. Lift.
Ia. Foft. Law.
Ned Bro. Catch. and
Blacke Robins Kindneffe.

with the conceits of Doctor Pinch-backe a notable Makeshist. Ten times more pleasant then any thing yet published of this matter. Non ad imitandum, sed ad euitandum. LONDON, Printed for R. Iackson, and I.

North, and are to be fold in Fleetstreete, a little aboue the Conduit. 1602, 4to, 26 leaves.

Black letter. Several copies known: one in the possession of Mr. Henry Huth, and another in the British Museum. It is entered as follows in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. Arber's *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 216):—

## "3. Septembris [1602]

"Roger Jackson John northe.—Entred for their copie vnder the handes of master Passelld and master Waterson Warden. A booke called GREENES gooste [i.e. ghost] hauntinge Convecatchers . . . . . . . . . . vjd"

And again (vol. iv., p. 149):—

# "16° Januarij 1625 [i.e., 1626]

"Francis Williams.—Affigned ouer vnto him by miftris Jackson wife of Roger Jackson Deceased, and by order of a full Court holden this Day, all her estate in the Copies here after mencioned ... xiiijs

[Thirty separate articles of which the first is]

GREENES ghost ha[u]nting Cun[n]y catchers./"

Under date "29 Junij, 1630," this work, with many others, was affigned over by Francis Williams to Master Harrison.

—(Vol. iv., p. 237).

A fecond edition appeared in 1626. The latter was reprinted by Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps in 1860 (the impression limited to twenty-fix copies) with the following Preface:—

"This tract has been attributed, but apparently on uncertain grounds, to Samuel Rowlands. It was first printed in 1602, and Lowndes also records an edition of the date 1606, but I can find no other notice of the latter. The edition of 1602 is of fingular rarity,

and has not been accessible to me. If we may believe the editor, S. R., 'this little pamphlet came by chance to my hands, adding somewhat of mine owne knowledge, and upon very credible information;' but statements of this kind are received with hesitation by those acquainted with the literature of the period. That any portion of it was written by Greene himself may well be questioned; but it may have been intended as a kind of supplement to his first and second parts of Coneycatching, originally printed in 1591."

V. Looke to it: FOR, Ile Stabbe ye. Imprinted at London by E. Allde for W. Ferbrand, and George Loftes, and are to be folde in Popes-head Allie.

1604, 4to, 24 leaves.

Two or three copies known: one in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere (the edges rough as it was issued from the press), and another in the Bodleian Library. There were two issues slightly differing. It is entered in the "Stationers' Registers" as follows (Mr. Arber's Transcript, vol. iii., p. 246):—

## "19th. Novembris [1603]

"William fferbrand.—Entered for his Copie vnder th[e h]andes of Master Hartwell to the Wardens. A booke called Looke to it for Ile stable yee vjd"

"It is an interesting piece, full of allusions to contemporary manners and persons."—Mr. W. C. HAZLITT: Handbook, p. 521.

"The author's name, as was most common with him, is not to this satirical and moral production, only his well-known initials S. R. appended to an introduction."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: Biblio. Account, vol. ii., p. 284.

It was "Reprinted at the Beldornie Press, by J. N. Lydall for Edwd. V. Utterson, in the year MDCCCXLI;" the im-

pression being limited to fifteen copies. Mr. Utterson appended the following note:—

"Samuel Rowlands, the Author of this rare tract, has exercised, with considerable truth and some power, his poetical lash in the castigation of the reigning vices and sollies of the early part of the 17th. century,—which indeed do not appear to have differed much from those of the present day.

VI. HELL'S BROKE LOOSE. LONDON Printed by W. W. and are to be fold by G. Loftus in Popes-head Allie neare the Exchange. 1605, 4to, 24 leaves.

Two copies are known: one in the possession of Mr. Henry Huth, and the other in Mr. S. Christie-Miller's library. The first named copy was sold in the fifth portion of the Rev. Thomas Corser's sale (July, 1870) for £16.

It is thus entered in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S Transcript, vol. iii., p. 281):—

"29 Januarij [1605]

"William white.—Entred for his copy vnder the handes of the Wardens. a booke called Hell broke loofe. or the notorious life and Deferued Deathe of FOHN LEYDEN A notable Rebellious traitour against the Citie of Munster in Germany. vjd"

"An account of the life of John of Leyden. It has been faid that it is not by Rowlands, but by fomebody who usurped his popular initials. It certainly has those initials at the foot of the argument, and it was published by the stationer whom Rowlands chiefly employed."—Mr. W. C. HAZLITT: Handbook, p. 522.

VII. A Theatre of delightful Recreation. London, Printed for A[rthur] Johnson. 1605, 4to.

In verse. This piece is not known now to exist.—See Mr. W. C. HAZLITT'S *Handbook*, p. 522. It was at one time in the possession of the editor of Percy's *Reliques*, 1812, who thus notes (vol. iii., p. 161):—

"A Theatre of delightful Recreation, Lond., printed for A. Johnson, 1605, 4to (penes editor). This is a book of poems on subjects chiefly taken from the Old Testament."

The title of this tract is probably more correctly given in the following entry in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 303):—

# "8 octobris [1605]

"Arthur Johnson.—Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]andes of Master PASFEILD and the Wardens A booke called. A Theatre of divine Recreation & vjd"

VIII. A Terrible Battell betweene the two consumers of the whole World: TIME, and DEATH. By Samuell Rowlands. Printed at London for Iohn Deane, and are to be fold at his shop at Temple barre vnder

[1606?] 4to, 22 leaves.

The only copy known is in the Bodleian Library.

In the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S Transcript, vol. iii., p. 328) is the following entry:—

## "16 Septembris [1606]

"John Deane.—Entred for his copie vnder the handes of Master wilson and the warden master whyte A booke called *The bloodie battell betwixte Tyme and Deathe/!* vid R"

"We know of no piece by Rowlands more scarce than this: we have only heard of one copy, and the precise date of that can not be ascertained, as the figures have been cut off by the binder: there is a large woodcut on the title-page, and it occupies fo much space that the imprint, followed by the date, is driven out of its place. We may guess that it came out late in 1602; but there is nothing in the contents of the poem to show at what precise period it was written, beyond the mention of the plague which began in London in the autumn: we are fure, therefore, that the tract did not appear before that year, although Rowlands had commenced author in 1598, if he really wrote 'The Betraying of Christ.' . . . The dedication prefents a novel point, for Rowlands tells Mr. George Gaywood that he does not know him, and does not expect any reward—'my pen never was and never shall be mercenary'—but that he has inscribed the work to him, because Gaywood had been kind to a friend of his. This forms a fort of unprecedented claim to a dedication. . . . There is no great originality, but a good deal of cleverness, in the poem, and, as in point of date, so in point of subject, it may be said to hold a middle place between Rowlands' ferious and comic productions."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: Biblio. Account, vol. ii., pp. 276-79.

IX. Six London Goffips.

1607.

Not known now to exist. See Mr. W. C. HAZLITT'S *Handbook*, p. 522.

#### X. DIOGINES LANTHORNE.

Athens I feeke for honest men; But I shal finde the God knows when. Ile fearch the Citie, where if I can see One honest man; he shal goe with me.

LONDON Printed for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be folde at his Shop in Popes-head Pallace, neere the Royall-Exchange. 1607, 4to, 24 leaves.

Partly in Black Letter, and partly in Roman. The only copy known is in the Bodleian Library. It is thus entered in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. Arber's *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 334):—

# "vto Decembris [1606]

"Thomas Archer.—Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of Master Hartwell & Master Whyte Warden A Booke called *Diogenes Lanthorne* vid R"

And again (vol. iv., p. 164):-

## "4° Augusti 1626

"Edward Brewster Robert Birde.—Assigned ouer vnto them by Mistris Pavier and Consent of a full Court of Assistantes all the estate right title and Interest which Master Thomas Pavier her late husband had in the Copies here after mencioned xxviij\*./

[A long transfer list follows, of which one of the articles is]

"DIOGENES Lanthorne."

"It is one of the best of the many pieces Samuel Rowlands lest behind him."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: Biblio. Account, vol. ii., p. 294.

It was at one time exceedingly popular, and between 1607 and 1659 it went through no fewer than ten editions.

XI. HVMORS LOOKING Glasse. LONDON. Imprinted by Ed. Allde for VVilliam Fere-brand and are to befold at his Shop in the popes-head Pallace, right ouer against the Tauerne-dore. 1608, 4to, 16 leaves.

Two copies known: one in the University Library, Edinburgh, and the other in the Bodleian Library. There is no entry in the "Stationers' Registers" licensing this edition; but at a later date there is the following (Mr. Arber's *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 419):—

# " 12 Octobris [1609]

"Thomas archer.—Affigned ouer vnto him from Helen ffayrbrand Widowe . . . [two bookes] . . . . And another copie of humans lookinge glasse . . . vjd whiche were william ffayr tundes copies.

PROVYDED that this entrance shalbe voyd yf any other man haue right to any of these copies."

"Only two, or at most three, copies of this comic production are extant, and little or nothing has been said of it in any of our bibliographical miscellanies. It is dedicated by Samuel Rowlands, in his own name at length, 'to his verie loving Friend Master George Lee,' and consists of what the author denominates Epigrams."—Mr. J. PAVNE COLLIER: Biblio. Account, vol. ii., p. 287.

It was reprinted by Mr. Collier in his Yellow Series of "Miscellaneous Tracts," Temp. Eliz. and Jac. 1. (No. 10), and in the Introduction he remarked:—

"The fmall publication we have here reproduced is at least of average merit, and it is one of the very rarest of its class: there are but two, or, at the utmost, three, extant copies of it. It is full of amusing illustrations of the manners and opinions of the times."

XII. DOCTOR Merrie-man: OR, Nothing but Mirth.

Written by S. R. AT LONDON, Printed for Iohn

Deane, and are to [be] fold at his Shoppe at Templebarre vnder the gate.

1609, 4to, 12 leaves.

As no clue could be got to the first edition of 1607, the present reprint has been made from the second edition of 1609, the original of which is in the possession of Mr. Henry Huth, and was sold in the fifth portion of the Rev. Thomas Corser's sale in July, 1870, for £21 10s. The licence for the first edition is thus entered in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. Arber's Transcript, vol. iii., p. 362):—

## " 24 octobris [1607]

"John Deane.—Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]andes of Th[e] wardens A booke called. Doctor Merry Man his medecines against Melancholy humours . vid"

## It has been thus described:-

"This is the first edition (and essentially different from those which followed it) of an extremely popular work of drollery, and no other copy of so early a year is known. The subsequent editions of 1609, 1618, 1623, 1631, and 1637, together with one reprint, if not more, without date, are all called on the title-page 'Doctor Merry-man, or Nothing but Mirth.' They also omit five pages of preliminary, humorous, and satirical verses; and the tale which, in the first edition, is last in the volume, is placed second in the other impressions.

"After the title the author addresses 'Honest Gentlemen' in verse, recommending the infallible prescriptions of three physicians, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman: next, Rowlands inserts a short poem, entitled 'Flatteries Fawne,' followed by the usual heading of 'Doctor Merryman,' and a satirical production of two

pages. None of these are in the copies of 1609, 1618, &c. and the last may be quoted as a fair sample of the author's vein:—

"Hypocrifie was kind, and us'd me well So long as I had any land to fell. Many a 'God fave you, loving Sir,' I had 'For your good health I am exceeding glad. What is the cause you are a stranger growne? The meate doth me no good I eate alone Without your company: pray, let me have it: Of all the kindnesse in the world I crave it. When will you ride? My gelding's yours to use. The choyfest chamber that I have come chuse, And lodge with me. Commaund what ere is mine. Shall we two part without a quart of wine? That were a wonder: give it, fure, I will: Your presence glads me, I do wish it still.' This usage I had daylie at his hand, Till he had got an intrest in my land; And then I try'd his welcomes in my want To be, 'Sir, I assure you come is scant. I would do fomewhat for acquaintance fake, If you but some security could make; But, fure, to wast my wealth I know not how Were folly. What you have bin is not now. I wish you were the man I knew you late: Faith, I am fory y'are in this estate. You should have thought upon this thing before: Patience is all; and I can fay no more. My business now doth hasten me away; I would fain drink with you but cannot stay. Urgent occasions force me take my leave. I wish you well, and so I pray conceive."

"The body of the tract confifts of a medley of droll tales and fatirical observations: few of the stories are original, and some of them have gone through most of the languages of Europe; as that where one man gave advice to another how to avoid falling when climbing, by not making more haste down than up. This forms the point of an epigram in French, Spanish, and Italian."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: Biblio. Account, vol. ii., p. 286.

In a "Catalogue of books fold by J. Blare on London Bridge," among others the following is priced two-pence:—

"Doctor Merryman or Nothing but Mirth. Being a Posse of pleasant Poems and Witty Jests. Fitted for the recreation and pastime of youth. Written by S[amuel] R[owlands]. 4to."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: Biblio. Account, vol. ii., p. 241.

XIII. A whole crew of kind Gossips, all met to be merry. LONDON, Printed for Iohn Deane, and are to be fold at his shop under Temblebarre. 1609, 4to, 18 leaves.

The only known copy is in the Bodleian Library. In the *Academy* for September 29th, 1877, Mr. F. J. FUR-NIVALL points out a Shakespearian allusion in this tract on p. 33:—

"The chiefest Art I haue I will bestow,
About a worke cald taming of the Shrow."

"For the sake of distinctness we will briefly describe the three impressions we have used [1609, 1613, and 1663], noticing the differences between them. At the back of the title-page of the copy of 1609 is an address 'To the Maids of London,' signed S. R., followed by—

### ' Their Husbands Resolution.

'With patience we will heare our owne difgraces,
Then proue the lying hufwiues to their faces:
Proceed good tatling Gossips, do not spare,
And Maids beare witnesse what kind wives these are.'

On the next page is an address to men, beginning—

'My Maisters that are married looke about;'

And which ought to end-

'And turne her to her tale, which thus goes on.'

However, it does not so conclude because, by a gross blunder, the speech of 'the first Gossip' is made part of the address to men.

This error only exists in the first impression of 1609, for in that of 1613 the speech of the first Gossip (so headed) begins at the lines,—

'Kind Gentlewomen, though I sport and jest, I have small cause to do it, I protest.'

The accufations of the fecond, third, fourth, fifth and fixth Goffip come in regular fuccession, and after them we have what is headed—

' Sixe Husbands.

'Pray, Maisters, give us leave a while, Now you have heard our wives: Wee'le overthrow them, horse and soote, Or else wee'le loose our lives.'

'Six honest Husbands give their wives the lye,' as we are politely told, in the subsequent order:—

' The first accused by his wife to bee miserable.

The fecond charged by his wife to croffe her in her humour.

The third charged by his wife to bee hard and cruell.

The fourth complained on by his wife to be a common Gamester.

The fift complained on by his wife to be a common Drunkard.

The fixt complained on by his wife to be unconftant to her and haunt Whores'

With these speeches by the Husbands in reply (how they overhear the accusations, and to whom they address their answers does not distinctly appear) the tract in the 4to of 1609 terminates."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: Biblio. Account, vol. ii., pp. 289-90.

XIV. THE KNAVE OF Clubbes. Printed at London for W. Ferebrand, and are to be fold at his shop in Popeshead Pallace. 1609, 4to, 24 leaves.

It was originally entered in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. Arber's *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 171):—

"2. Septembris [1600]

"Master Burbye.—Entred for his copye vnder the handes of master vycars and the Wardens, A booke called A merrye meetinge: Or t'ys mer[r] y When knaues meete: Sonnettes Compyled by the famous ffraternities of knaues... vjd"

Another entry (vol. iii., pp. 420-21) is as follows:-

" 16. Octobris [1609]

"Master Welby.—Assigned over vnto hym by mistres Burby in full Court [&c. 38 books, of which one is] 33. yt is merry when knaues mete."

No edition earlier than that of 1609 is known to exist: a copy is in the possession of Mr. Henry Huth.

"The oldest exemplar known of his [Rowlands'] 'Knave of Clubbs,' is in 1609; but it is certain that it had appeared in or before 1600, under the title of 'Tis merry when Knaves meet' see 'A conference betweene a Gentleman and a Prentice' in Rowlands' 'Tis Merrie when Gossips meete,' 1602], because in that year a public order was iffued for burning that book, the name of which forms the fecond title to the 'Knave of Clubbs:' being forbidden as 'Tis merry when Knaves meet,' Rowlands altered the title, and printed the tract as the 'Knave of Clubbs.' This, as far as existing evidence goes, was in 1609, and the series was completed (if it can be called complete without the 'Payre of Spy-Knaves,' to which we would assign the date of 1613 [see below]) by 1612, in which year both the 'Knave of Hearts' and 'Knaves of Spades and Diamonds' made their appearance. However, each of them was popular and often reprinted, and it is impossible, at this distance of time, to speak with certainty as to the numbers or dates of editions."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: Biblio. Account, vol. ii., p. 297.

"The first, 'The Knave of Clubbs, Tis merry when Knaves meste,' upon its appearance, in 1600, gave such offence, on account of the severity of its satire, and the obviousness of its allusions, that an order was made that it should be burnt, first publicly, and afterwards in the Hall Kitchen of the Stationers' Company."—[See above, under "Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-vaine," 1600.]—Dr. E. F. RIMBAULT: Introduction to "The Four Knaves:" a Series of Satirical Tracts by Samuel Rowlands, reprinted for the *Percy Society*, 1843.

"This appears to have been the first of the three rare tracts of Samuel Rowlands, published by him under the title of "Knaues."

"It is in fact, a poetical Jest Book, to which any other title would have been almost equally applicable. Notwithstanding, however, that many of his Jokes are stale and vapid, we owe much of our knowledge of the morals and manners of his times, to Rowlands, whose hints and allusions have perpetuated many little circumstances illustrative of the period in which he wrote. Such is the fact which is to be gleaned from this volume, that Allen [Edward Alleyn] played Faustus in Marlowe's Tragedy; and we also learn from it, the costume which he adopted. Wolner the glutton is alluded to here, as well as in Rowlands' Satire of 'Looke to it for Ile Stabbe ye.'

"The late Mr. Heber purchased the three tracts of 'Knaue of Clubbs,' 'Knaue of Harts,' and 'More Knaues yet,' bound in one volume, for £35 3s., at the sale of Mr. Bindley's collection."—Mr. E. V. UTTERSON: Note to "The Knave of Clubbs. Tis merry when Knaues meete," 1611. "Reprinted at the Beldornie Press, by G. E. Palmer, for Edwd. V. Utterson, in the year MDCCCXLI."

The edition of 1611 was reprinted by Mr. E. V. Utterson in 1841, and by the *Percy Society* in 1843; the impression of the former being limited to sixteen copies.

XV. Martin Mark-All, Beadle of Bridewell; His defence and Answere to the Belman of London. Discouering the long-concealed Original and Regiment of Rogues, when they first began to take head, and how they have succeeded one the other successively vnto the sixe and twentieth years of King Henry the eight, gathered out of the Chronicle of Crackeropes, and (as they terme it) the Legend of Lossels. By S. R.

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore, Oderunt peccare mali formidine pænæ.

LONDON Printed for *Iohn Budge* and *Richard Bonian*. 1610, 4to, 30 leaves.

Black Letter. Six copies are known to exist: two in the British Museum; one in the Bodleian Library (it is, however, deficient of Sheet B or 4 leaves); the fourth is in the possession of Mr. Alexander Young of Glasgow (a very fine copy, formerly in the Corser collection, and subsequently priced in Messrs. Ellis & White's Catalogue, a few years ago, £21); the fifth, in the Guildhall Library, London, wants the last leaf; and the sixth was sold at the sale of the Rev. C. H. Crausurd's books on July 13, 1876.

The following entry appears in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. Arber's *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 430):—

## " 31mo Martij [1610]

"John Budge. Rychard Bonion.—Entred for their Copy vnder th[e h]andes of master John Willson and master Waterson warden A booke called, 'Martyn Marke all his defence' beinge an answere to 'the bellman of London' vjd/."

"Samuel Rowlands, in his 'Martin Mark-all Beadle of Bridewell,' 1610, accuses the unknown author of the 'Belman of London' of stealing from Harman's book ['A Caueat or warening for Common Cursetors,' &c., 1573; reprinted by Bensley in 1814, and again by the Early English Text Society in 1869]. 'At last up starts an old Cacodemicall Academicke with his frize bonnet, and gives them al to know that this invective was set foorth, made and printed above fortie yeeres agoe, and being then called a Caveat for Cursitors is now newly printed and termed the Belman of London.' This exposure roused the ire of Dekker in his 'Lanthorne and Candle-light,' but he made no sufficient reply."—Mr. J. Payne Collier: Biblio. Account, vol. i., p. 205.

"From an address 'To my owne Nation,' it is evident that Samuel Rowlands' 'Martin Mark-all the Beadle of Bridewell,' though dated 1610, had been published before 'Lanthorne and Candle-light' [1609]. 'You shall know him (says Dekker, speaking of a rival author whom he calls 'a Usurper,') by his habiliments,

for (by the furniture he weares) hee will bee taken for a Beadle of Bridewell.' No earlier impression than 1610 is, however, known of Rowlands' production."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: Biblio. Account, vol. i., p. 208.

XVI. THE KNAVE of Harts. Haile Fellow. well met. LONDON: Printed by T. S. and are to be folde by George Loftus, at his shop vnder S. Sepulchers-Church. 1612, 4to, 24 leaves.

The only known copy is in the Bodleian Library. It is thus entered in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S Transcript, vol. iii., p. 484):—

# "Ultimo Aprilis [1612]

"Thomas Snodham.—Entred for his copy vnder th' [h]andes of master ffrancis Smithe and Th' wardens, A booke called, The knaue of hartes or hayle fellowe well mett. vjd."

And again (vol. iv., p. 152):-

# "23° ffebruarij 1625 [i.e. 1626]

"Master Stansby.—Assigned ouer vnto him by vertue of a note vnder the hand of Mistris Snodham shewed vnto a Court holden this Daye all her estate in the said Copies following vizt./

[A long transfer lift, of which one of the articles is] "The Knaue of Harts."

"In accordance with a promife given at the end of 'The Knave of Clubbs,' Rowlands went on with his feries of *Knaves*, and in 1612 gave to the world 'The Knave of Harts, Haile Fellowe, well met.' That this was the fecond of the feries, we have fufficient evidence in the following lines from the address of 'The Knave of Harts to his three Brethren Knaves:'—

'The Knave of Clubs hath first begunne, And I am next, now he hath done.

His tale of Knaves hath thrice beene tolde, And he is printed, bought, and folde, Which made me hafte againe to presse, Lest Dimond should my place possess.'

The expression in the third line, that the Knave of Clubs hath thrice told his tale, alludes to the tract having passed through three editions; viz., the first in 1600, the second in 1609, and that from which our reprint is made, in 1611."—Dr. E. F. RIMBAULT: Introduction to "The Four Knaves," Percy Society, 1843.

"This was one of a numerous family of fatirical works written by Samuel Rowlands, an author whose poetical powers were not equal to his caustic humour and biting censure. He appears to have visited the haunts of profligacy and vice in search of subjects for his farcastic Muse, and the result of such enquiries, communicated in his various pieces, is productive of amusement as well as instruction to modern readers. The follies and vices of his day were painted with a coarse but vigorous pencil; his sketches were the issue of strong and accurate observation; and our knowledge of the domestic usages, the opinions, and ever-varying sassions of the times of Elizabeth and the first James is consequently much enlarged from the sources which Rowlands has opened to our view.

"All his productions are now become very rare, although most of them went through repeated editions. Amongst other works, mostly characterised by quaint titles, he published three several volumes of 'Knaves,' viz.—'The Knave of Harts,' 'The Knave of Clubs,' and 'More Knaves Yet.' Ritson in the list which he has given of Rowlands' publications (a list somewhat increased by later enquiry) has noticed only one of this series, the 'Knave of Clubs'; stronger evidence probably of the rarity of the works so omitted, than of the inaccuracy of that sastidious critic.

"There are copies of the three several volumes of 'Knaves' in the Malone Collection in the Bodleian Library; in the British Museum are the Knaves of Harts and Clubs; and the three works bound together were in Mr. Heber's collection, having been purchased by him at Mr. Bindley's sale.

"The late Sir Walter Scott gave to the world, in the year 1814, a very limited edition of one of Rowlands' satirical effusions, entitled 'The letting of Humor's Blood in the head-vaine, &c., London, 1611,' to which an advertisement was prefixed, from which the following passage is extracted: 'The humorous descriptions of low life exhibited in his satires are more precious to Antiquaries than more grave works, and those who make the manners of Shakespeare's age the subject of their study may better spare a better author than Samuel Rowlands.'

"Of Rowlands himself, little or nothing beyond what appears occasionally in his works, has been hitherto discovered by modern biographers."—Mr. E. V. UTTERSON: Note to "Knave of Harts," 1613. "Reprinted at the Beldornie Press, by George Butler, for Edwd. V. Utterson, in the year MDCCCXL."

The fecond edition of 1613 was reprinted by Mr. E. V. Utterson in 1840 (the impression limited to fisteen copies), and by the *Percy Society* in 1843.

XVII. More Knaues yet? The Knaues of Spades and Diamonds. LONDON Printed for Iohn Tap, dwelling at Saint Magnus. [1613?] 4to, 22 leaves.

The only known copy is in the Bodleian Library.

It is entered as follows in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. Arber's Transcript, vol. iii., p. 534):—

### " 27 Octobris 1613

"John Tapp.—Entred for his Coppie vnder the handes of master

John Taverner and the wardens a booke called *The*knaues of Diamondes and spades. . . . . vjd"

And again (vol. iv., pp. 258-9 and 312):-

### "1° Augusti 1631.

"Joseph Hurlocke.—Assigned ouer vnto him by Elizabeth Tapp late the wife of John Tapp deceased and by order of a full Court all that her Estate right title and interest in the Coppies hereaster mencioned vijs

[fourteen books, of which 14] The Knaues of Diamonds and Spades.

" 16 Januarij 1633. [i.e. 1634]

"George Hurlocke.—Affigned ouer vnto him [&c. fourteen books of which the fourteenth is] The Knaves of Diamonds and Spades."

"The last of the series of Rowlands' Knaves was 'More Knaves yet? The Knaves of Spades and Diamonds.' It was printed without date; but in all probability (from allusions to Ward and Dansikar, two samous pirates, whose story was then popular) about the same period as the preceding tract."—Dr. E. F. RIMBAULT: Introduction to "The Four Knaves," Percy Society, 1843.

"This is the third of S. Rowlands' poetical tracts, published under the quaint title of 'Knaues &c.' and of which the original is at least equally scarce with his other volumes. As has before been remarked, his object seems generally to have been, to invite the public notice by the singularity of his title, which frequently has little or no connexion with the work itself. Such is the case with the present volume, which possesses little poetical merit, but occasionally illustrates the morals and manners of the author's Age."—Mr. E. V. UTTERSON: Note to "More Knaues Yet? The Knaues of Spades and Diamonds." "Reprinted at the Beldornie Press, by G. E. Palmer, for Edwd. V. Utterson, in the year MDCCCXLI."

Reprinted by Mr. E. V. Utterson in 1841 (the impression limited to sixteen copies), and by the *Percy Society* in 1843.

XVIII. Sir Thomas Overbury, or The Poyfoned Knights Complaint. *Imprinted at London for John White.* 

[1614]

A broadfide, of which the only known copy is in the Collection of the Society of Antiquaries, London. It will be found printed with the Miscellaneous Poems.

XIX A Problem Both in foone flott. Imprinted at London for George Loftus, and are to be fold at the figne of the White Horse at the Steps of the North doore of Paules.

1614, 4to, 20 leaves.

I'he only known copy is in the Capel Collection, Trinity College, Cambridge.

It is thus entered in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. Annua's Transcript, vol. iii., p. 545):—

## "quarto Maij 1614

"Andrew Mantell Kintred for his Coppie under the handes of matter Taxakson's and matter ffeild warden a booke called Assia Asy a constant." "Video Asy a constant."

VV 2775 Melancholic Knight. A) S. R. ¶Imprinted at London In K. B. and are to be fold by Garge Leftus, in Birthyurgate threete, never the Angel!

1613, 480, 22 leaves.

On with himmory in an the Radician Library. It is then convert to the Examiner's Regularies (Mr. Arberts Company) and the convert in the convertible of the convertib

### . S introvers : .

in estimate the tribute trapped and to install, space which the estimate tributes to that has a copiest to space the tribute to the copiest of the copiest to the copiest of the copiest to the copiest t

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upon the fantastic behaviour of the Gallants in that day, who affected to appear melancholy, and abstracted from common objects.'

"Few minor poets of the period in which he wrote possessed a more fluent vein, as adapted to the nature of his subject, than our author; satire was his object, and he follows the chase, sometimes attacking general vices, sometimes pursuing individual sollies, with considerable success, in a strain of forcible, though rough humour. Many of his allusions are curious and amusing; and some of his ideas appear to have surnished hints to modern writers (the first sive or six lines at page 4 [p. 10], appear to have been concentrated by Goldsmith, in that beautiful passage,

'Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.')

His occasional attempts at wit are not without point, and his references to old ballads, and parodies on Tales of Chivalry, then rapidly falling into neglect and ridicule, attest his acquaintance with that once fascinating study. This probably suggested his Travestie of the romance of Guy, Earl of Warwick, which went through several editions in the 17th century.

"The prefent work is extremely rare, and is not one of those enumerated in Ritson's list of Rowlands' pieces."—Mr. E. V. UTTER-SON: Note to "The Melancholie Knight." "Reprinted at the Beldornie Press, by George Butler, for Edwd. V. Utterson, in the year MDCCCXLI."

"The ludicrously extravagant vein in which the writers of the old romances were burlesqued in an anonymous book called The Heroicall Adventures of the Knight of the Sea, 1600, 4to (before Cervantes had published his great work), by Rowlands in ballad of Sir Eglamore, inserted in The Melancholie Knight, 1615, 4to; and again, by Samuel Holland in his Don Lara Del Fogo, 1656. But Chaucer's Rime of Sir Thopas is the first thing of this kind."—Warton's Hist. of English Poetry, edit. W. C. Hazlitt, 1871, vol. iii., p. 360.

The impression of Mr. Utterion's reprint was limited to fixteen copies.

XXI. The Bride.

[1617?]

Nothing is known of this piece but what is to be found in the following entry from the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. AREEK'S Transferies, vol. iii, p. 609):—

### " 22° Maij 1617

"Mafter Pamer.—Entred for his Copie vider the handes of mafter Taylerner and both the wardens, A Poeme initialed The Bride written by Sanuell Rowlands "Fe"

XXII. A SACRED MEMORIE OF THE MIRACLES wrought by our Lord and Sautour Iefus Christ. Written by Samuel Rowlands. IOHN. 10: If you believe not Mee, believe the works that I doe. LONDON, Imprinted by Bernard Alfop, and are to be fold at his house by Saint Annes Church neere Aldersgate.

1618, 4to, 26 leaves.

Four copies known: one in the possession of Mr. Henry Hurir another in the library of Mr. S. Christie-Miller: the third in the Bodleian Library: and the fourth in the Bonnir Museum.

In a entered in the "Stationers' Registers" Mr. ARBER'S Transform vol. III. p. for as follows:—

### · 151 Aprīlis 1618

Bernant salope — Laured for his Copie voice the handes of Maden Salveton and Maden Swinhow warden. A Rooke Talent A Santa memory of the miradis urought in our Link and leasure for a Copies.

XXIII. THE NIGHT-RAVEN. By S. R.

All those whose deeeds doe shun the Light, Are my companions in the Night.

LONDON, Printed by G: Eld for Iohn Deane and Thomas Baily. 1620, 4to, 18 leaves.

Two perfect copies known: one in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere, and the other in the Bodleian Library. It is thus entered in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. Arber's Transcript, vol. iii., p. 657):—

## "18° Septembris 1619

"Thomas Bayley John Deane.—Entred for their copie vnder the handes of Master Doctor Goade, and Master Jaggard warden A booke Called, *The Night rauen* made by S. R[owlands]. . . . . . . . . vjd"

"The author calls this tract 'The Night Raven,' because he professes to disclose scenes, and to describe characters, chiefly observed in London after dark—

'Those evil actions that avoyde the Sunne And by the light of day are never done'—

but he does not keep strictly to his purpose. It was popular, and, having been first published, as far as we know, in 1618, it was reprinted in 1620, and 1634, each time with a woodcut of a raven on the title-page. The present is, therefore, the second edition. [See entry from "Stationers' Registers" already quoted.] Some of the humorous pieces of which it is composed must have been written long before they were published, as where the author makes a young 'Night Swaggerer' say:—

'Then third degree of Gentleman I clayme Is my profession of a Souldiers name. Looke but your Chronicle for eighty eight, And turn to Tilbury you have me straight.'

Referring of course to the camp at Tilbury in 1588, which was thirty years before the tract was first printed. On the other hand,

fome poems are of confiderably later date, as Mrs. Turner's yellow starch is spoken of in one of them. Others are mere jests, and one or two of them, such as 'The Tragedy of Smug the Smith,' from the Italian: on sign. D4b, Chaucer surnishes a short production. . . . . . . . The tract seems to have been hastily got up and published, to supply some temporary necessity on the part of the writer."—Mr. J. Pavne Collier: Biblio. Account, vol. ii., p. 294.

"The Night-Raven" was "Reprinted at the Beldornie Press, by G. E. Palmer, for Edwd. V. Utterson, in the year MDCCCXLI." Mr. Utterson appended to his reprint (limited to fixteen copies) the following note:—

"This is one of Samuel Rowlands' productions, which, in spite of occasional indelicacy of language, and coarseness of allusion, possesses some claims on our attention from its illustration of contemporary manners, and reference to ancient literature.

"Ritfon mentions it in his list of Rowlands' productions in the Bibliographica Poetica, but speaks only of the edition of 1618. Common enough as such a work probably once was, it is now become very rare."

## XXIV. A Payre of Spy-Knaves. [1620?] 4to, 12 leaves.

Only known to exist in a unique fragment, in the possession of Mr. J. Payne Collier, F.S.A. The following entry is from the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. Arber's Transcript, vol. iii., p. 660):—

### "6° Decembris 1619

In a subsequent entry (vol. iv., p. 91) this piece is erroneously assigned to Samuel Rowley:—

### "7° ffebruarij [1623]

"Roberte Birde.—Affigned ouer vnto him by Phillip Birch with the Confent of Master Pavier warden theis two Copies following . . . . . . . . xij<sup>d</sup> vizt. A fermon called DIUES and LAZARUS. by R. F.

A Paire of Spy knaues. by SAMUEL ROWLEY

"This is the fequel to Rowlands' 'Knave of Clubs,' 'Knave of Hearts,' and 'Knaves of Spades and Diamonds:' unfortunately it is only a fragment, beginning with an address 'To the World's Blinde Judgement' on fign. A 3, and ending with an 'Epigram' on fign. D 3,—in the whole 12 leaves. No other copy, perfect or imperfect, has ever been heard of, the initials of the writer, Samuel Rowlands, (who in the fame way claimed the authorship of the rest of the knavish pieces) being at the end of the . . . lines to the Reader. . . . On the whole the 'Payre of Spyknaves' (fuch is the running title, in default of a title-page) may be held fuperior to any of the other three productions by the fame author under corresponding names. We apprehend that it was the last of the feries, but the prolific author, far from having run himfelf dry, is here even pleafanter, more lively, more fatirical, and even more informing, as to manners and opinions in his day, than in his earlier performances. . . . Some of the poems are a little coarfe but highly humorous, particularly one entitled 'As wife as John of Goteham's Calfe; or This fellow brought his Hogges to a faire Market.' Not a few of the titles are droll and descriptive, as 'Courteous complements betweene a Traveller and a Hangman,' 'A Roaring Boyes Description,' 'A Marriage Merchant,' &c. Several of them are in flowing pleasant rhyme, as for instance:-

> 'The boording of the Alehouse Ship, sought so Till Smug, the Smith, could neither stand nor goe.'

- 'Instructions given to a Countrey Clowne
  To take Tobacco when he comes to Towne.'
- 'Such Oast such ghest, the Proverbe sayes: Ill Servants chuse bad Masters wayes.'

Our copy of this curiosity seems to have been rescued (possibly from the slames) in sheets, which are uncut and only three in number."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: Biblio. Account, vol. ii., pp. 296-98.

XXV. GOOD NEWES and BAD NEWES. By S. R. LONDON, Printed for *Henry Bell*, and are to be fold at his Shop within the *Hofpitall* gate in *Smith-field*.

1622, 4to, 23 leaves.

Three copies known: two in the Bodleian Library, and the third in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere.

"This is little more that a jest-book in verse, and it is one of the rarest of Rowlands' later pieces, who acknowledges it by his initials on the title-page, and at the end of an address of sixteen lines 'to the Reader.' On the title-page is a woodcut of a Londoner and a countryman (from Robert Greene's tract) in conversation. . . . The words 'Good Newes' and 'Bad Newes' are placed at the heads of different pages, without much application to the story related; and this is carried through seventeen leaves, when we arrive at nine pages of Epigrams, as they are called, rather for variety of appellation than for any marked difference in the style or subjects. The enumeration of the sights of London in 1622, which Hodge comes to town to visit, is amusing."—Mr. J. Payne Collier: Biblio. Account, vol. ii., pp. 295-296.

"Although S. Rowlands appears to have commenced his poetical labours in a ferious strain, the bent of his inclination led him, more especially in his later years, to subjects of merriment and satire. Such is the work which is here reprinted, one of his numerous rhyming jest Books, all of which are now become very rare. Rit-

fon includes 'Good newes and bad newes' in his enumeration of S. Rowlands' productions.

"The wood-cut in the title-page of the original work, is the fame as that used in Greene's 'Quip for an upstart Courtier or a quaint dispute between Velvet breeches and Cloth breeches. Printed for G. P. 1620.'"—Mr. E. V. UTTERSON.

"Good Newes and Bad Newes" was "Reprinted at the Beldornie Press, by G. E. Palmer, for Edwd. V. Utterson, in the year MDCCCXLI." (the impression limited to sixteen copies); and by Mr. J. Payne Collier in his Yellow Series of Miscellaneous Tracts, Temp. Eliz. & Jac. I. (the impression limited to sifty copies).

XXVI. HEAVENS GLORY, SEEKE IT. EARTS VANITIE, FLYE IT. HELLS HORROR, FERE IT. LONDON, printed for Michaell Sparke. A°.

1628, fm. 8vo, 141 leaves.

Two copies known: one in Dulwich College, London, and the other in the Bodleian Library. The latter copy is, however, deficient of the folding plate facing p. 133. The following entry appears in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. Arber's *Transcript*, vol. iv., p. 192):—

## 10 Januarij 1627 [i.e. 1628].

"Michael Sparkes.—Affigned ouer vnto him by Adam Islip All the estate right title and Interest which he hath in the Copie hereaster mencioned viz Heavens glorye seeke it, Earthes vanitye stye it, Hells horror feare it by Samuell Rowland[s]//

Octavius Gilchrist, referring to the third edition of 1639, remarks as follows:—

"This is the fecond of two titles, either of which might have alone ferved the purpose of a sign at the door; the former is how-

ever too elaborate to be overlooked, it being very neatly engraved (the artist's name needlessly concealed) and divided into various compartments; the sides graphically describing the effects and consequences of intemperance, gluttony, and other vices. At the top is the eye of Heaven encircled by the Sun and Moon, and angels sounding trumpets; at the bottom is depicted the mouth of Hell pouring forth its winged and sable inhabitants, wheeling amid stames

'In many an airy gyre.'

In the upper part of the centre are two figures, the one holding a coronet, the other a burning heart, both fupporting a fcroll, on which is inscribed

'Heaven's glory, feek it. Earth's vanity, fly it. Hell's Horror, fere it.'

"Below these is a very neat representation of a Square illumined by the Moon, in which is seen The Bell-man, accompanied by his dog, with his lanthorn in one hand, ringing a bell with the other, having his Bill, a fort of Pole-axe, the usual companion of watchmen in the elder James's reign, hanging over his shoulder.

"Of the author of this 'most excellent Treatise,' it may justly be regarded as extraordinary, that no account is discoverable (at least as far as my researches have extended); and though his pamphlets almost rival in number those of Greene and Prynne their prefaces, those fruitful sources of information, throw no light upon the life or circumstances of the author. From the present and other of his volumes that I have read, (and those not a sew) I judge he was an Ecclesiastic by profession; and, inferring his zeal in the pulpit from his labours through the press, it should seem that he was an active servant of the church.<sup>2</sup> The present volume

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [So called in the title-page of the third edition.]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> ["The opinions of both these writers (Octavius Gilchrist and Sir Walter Scott) are entitled to some respect, but they certainly looked upon two very different sides of the question. Gilchrist's conjecture that he (Rowlands) was an ecclesiastic is quite untenable, and I am fully inclined to agree with Sir Walter

which is a mixture of bad poetry and better profe is (as the titles indicate) divided into three parts, each part being subdivided into sections. The profe of Samuel Rowlands must not be compared with that of the great ecclesiastics his contemporaries, with that of Hooker, and Hammond, and Taylor, and many others; there is however, a warmth and servour in it which, while it proves the sincerity of his feelings, sometimes rises to one of the lower degrees of eloquence.

"'The common calls, cries, and founds, of the Bell-man,' with which this little volume concludes, fuffice to prove that there has been no change in the quality of that venerable person's verses from the reign of Charles the first down to that of George the third. Shreds of morality put into verse, scraps of sermons done into rhyme."—See John Fry's Bibliographical Memoranda, Bristol, 1816, 4to, pp. 256, 257, 258.

"In 1628 Samuel Rowland (who, we apprehend, is not to be confounded with the popular comic poet, Samuel Rowlands) printed a pious production called 'Heavens Glory, feeke it,' &c., at the end of which he inferted, with a new title-page, 'The Common Cryes and Sounds of the Bell-man,' which only relate to what we now term 'Bell-mans Verses:' they are all of a serious and religious character."—Mr. J. Payne Collier (Biblio. Account, vol. i., p. 165).

"The compilers of the two editions of Lowndes' Bibl. Man. have not perceived that 'Time well improved,' &c., 1657, was substantially the same work, first published in 1628, under the title of 'Heavens Glory, seeke it,' &c."—Mr. J. PAVNE COLLIER (Biblio. Account, vol. ii., p. 279).

"All [Rowlands' productions] were ludicrous or fatirical, unless we except the first and the last—'The Betraying of Christ,' 1598,

Scott, that Rowlands' company was not of the most felect order, and that he must often have frequented those 'haunts of dissipation' which he so well describes in those works which are the known productions of his muse."—Dr. E. F. RIMBAULT (Notes and Queries, First Series, vol. ii., p. 420).]

and 'Heavens Glory, feeke it,' 1628: poffibly (as we formerly remarked) they were not by him, and the fecond profess to be by Samuel Rowland, and not Rowlands. In our index to the 'Bibl Account,' &c., ii., 585, the mistake is made of mis-spelling the name of Samuel Rowlands; and it is still more likely that it should have been committed two hundred and fifty years ago. The two works above specified are unlike anything else Samuel Rowlands left behind him, and they were printed and published by persons whose names, we think, do not appear on his other title-pages."—Mr. J. Payne Collier (Introduction to "Good Newes and Bad Newes," 1622, Yellow Series, No. 14).

XXVII. The Famous History of GVY Earle of Warwicke.

By SAMVEL ROWLANDS. LONDON, Printed for Edward Brewster at the Sign of the Crane in St. Pauls Churchyard.

1682, 4to, 44 leaves.

The copy of this work from which the reproduction was taken is in the British Museum. It bears the date 1607, and was consequently supposed to be the first edition; but after the reprint was finished the title-page was sound to be an admirably executed facsimile. Further investigation, after the question was once raised, proved the edition to be really that of 1682, published by Edward Brewster. Though thus a comparatively late edition, none earlier than that of 1649 in the Bodleian could be found (the edition of 1632 in the British Museum is in such a mutilated state as to be of little value in this way); and as a collation showed no effential differences between the two, it was thought well to retain the reprint already made, substituting its real title-page for the spurious one, and giving the Dedication and Argument found in the edition of 1649.

The following entry from the "Stationers' Registers" gives the date of the original appearance of this work (Mr. Arber's *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 382):—

"23. Junij [1608].

"William. ffeerbrand.—Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]andes of master James Speight and Th[e] wardens A book called the famous history of Guy E[a]rle of Warwick vjd"

"This romance . . . . originally appeared in 1607—at least no earlier edition of it is known, although an impression by Edward Allde, without date, may possibly have preceded it. It was frequently reprinted down to as late a date as 1682, and it was so popular, and so many copies of it were destroyed by frequent reading, that all are of rare occurrence. . . . . In his address, Rowlands has these lines, very applicable to the literature of the time when the romance first appeared:—

'Most strange in this same Poet-plenty-age:
When Epigrams and Satyrs biting, rage:
Where Paper is employed every day,
To carry Verse about the Town for pay,
That Stories should intomb'd with Worthies lie,
And Fame, through Age extinct, obscurely die.'

Epigrams and fatires were the fashionable mode of writing from about 1595 to 1615, and Rowlands himself, as we have already shown, had given specimens of his talents in both."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER (Biblio. Account, vol. ii., pp. 298-99).

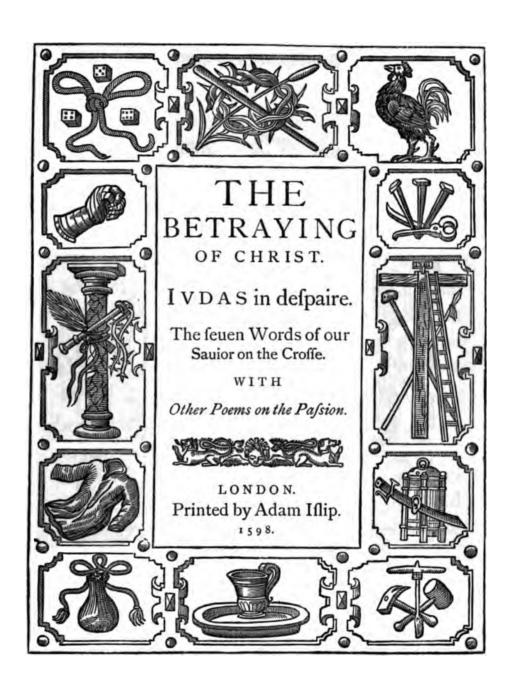
After referring to the early romances of "Guy Earl of Warwick," Mr. Corfer, in describing the 1667 edition of Rowlands' version, goes on to say:—

"Of the present version by Rowland[s], which varies in some degree from the older copies, the first edition in 1607, 4t0, and was followed by others, viz., by Edward Allde, 4t0, without date, in 1654, 1667, 1679, and 1682, and probably more frequently still—all of them, from the great popularity of the work, are now of considerable rarity, and generally bring high prices. The title-page is chiefly filled with a large woodcut, representing the hero Sir Guy on horseback in sull armour, with a large plume of feathers on his helmet, and another on his horse's head, holding a boar's head on his spear, and a lion walking tamely by his side. There

are also fix other woodcuts in the volume, of coarse design and execution, illustrative of the principal events of the narrative. It has a profe dedication to Philip Earl of Montgomery, Lord Herbert of Sherland, followed by a poetical address "To the Noble English Nation;" another of three stanzas "To the Honourable Ladies of England," and "The Argument" of the poem. . . . . The poem is composed in fix-line stanzas, and is divided into twelve cantos, each of them preceded by a heading of four lines. Like most of the other works of the same Author, it betrays strong marks of haste and carelessness, which is apparent in many parts, and especially in the second encounter of Guy with Colbrond the Giant in the twelfth canto, whom he had already flain in the fixth, and had fent his head to the Emperor. But although betokening evident figns of hafte, some of the defcriptions are written with confiderable force and skill, as witness the spirited account of Guy's rencontre with the Dragon. . . . The eleventh canto, commencing with a description of Guy's "painful pilgrim life," contains fome fine thoughts expressed in adequate language. . . . . In this curious episode the reader will fcarcely fail to have brought to his remembrance the famous speeches in Hamlet, in which the melancholy Prince of Denmark apostrophizes a skull in a manner, and even in words to which fome of the present lines bear a striking similarity. That Shakespeare was indebted in any respect to Rowland[s] for the slightest hint of the speeches referred to is highly improbable, even although we were to suppose that the poem of the 'History of Guy of Warwick' was written and circulated in manuscript for some years previous to its publication in 1607, nor is it necessary to presume that Rowland[s] derived his ideas from the work of the more distinguished poet. Reflections of this kind are common to all languages and to all literatures; and there is much in the above stanzas which may have been derived from the longer versions of the old and wellknown English translation of the 'Dialogue between the Body and the Soul,' or from fome other fources of a like character."—Rev. THOMAS CORSER: unpublished MS. of Collectanea Anglo-Poetica.

XXVIII. Miscellaneous Poems.

4to, 12 leaves.







# TO THE RIGHT WOR-

shipfull, Sir Nicholas Walsh Knight, cheefe Iustice of her Maiesties court of common pleas in Ireland, and of her Highnesse counsaile there.



Lbeit (right Worshipfull) that the art of Poesie is in fort dealt withall, as *Cacus* once vsed *Hercules* oxen, when he drew them backewards vp the hill:

being customarily in these daies wrested and turned to the sooleries of Loue, and such like base subject of sancies abortiue births, converting Poetries imploiment to sollies vse, and wit ill spent runnes violent that way, with the current of errour. Yet hath it a native divine off-spring and issue, where partaking kindly, sloates with a calme tempered gale from all Aiij mis-

miscarying wracke, to the harbour of a quiet applause. The vpright and best approoued censure I presume gains your Worships vertuous allowance, to whose wisdome and grauitie associate with an heroicall sprite, I dedicate affections testimony by these vnpolished lines, crauing your fauourable sault-shadowing view, if in the manner any thing appeare desective, trusting that as a fruitfull tree the more it is sruitladen, the more it declineth, so your plenteous accoplished vertues wil humble them in daining to accept the love I reverence you withall: wishing your Worship Worlds prosperitie and Heaven

ence you withall: wishing your Worship Worlds prosperitie, and Heauens happinesse.

Yours in the best endeuours of affection.

S.R.



Ven vvhen no beauties of the garnisht skie
Had lest the view of Heauen-makers vvonder,
And Phebus steeds were gallop'd posting by
Their hasty speed had got the vvorlds half vnYea eu'ry creature that had life or sprite, (der,
Mourn'd at the darke approch of vgly night:

An host of swartest fable foggie clouds,
Wrapt in faire Cinthia from her siluer shine,
Mantling her brightnesse vvith their obscure shrouds
As though heav'ns lampe vvere come to latest fine,
Her cannapie of starres vvas eke vnseene,
Whereon she vvonted mount, imperious Queene.

The airy vvinged people gone to rest,
Had clear'd vvith day, not left a note vnpaid,
All other creatures that might be exprest,
In caues and holes for nights repose vvere laid,
Of vvild, or tame, none raung'd or ran astray,
But rauenous, by darke that hunt for pray.

**Thicke** 

Thicke mistie vapours vvere dispersed soule, Prohibiting day-followers to be seene, Dispensing only with the shriking Owle, And eies that Nature put lights hate betweene, Such as vvere banisht from the sace of day, To lurke the couert shamelesse night away.

Then child of vtter darknesse, lights offence,
Intituled: The lost some of perdition,
Hired against his Lord for thirty pence
To be a traitor vnder hels commission,
In this nights time, did rebell troupes increase
To manage armes against the Prince of peace.

Toward Cedron brooke th'accurfed leader goes,
With horfe and foot, vveapon'd vvith launce and fpeare,
His bleffed maifter vs'd that vvalke he knowes,
Vnworthy vvretch had oft ben vvith him there,
Oft as a friend the place he did frequent,
But now foe-harted, trecherous of intent.

As in a garden Adam disobayed,
And there became a captiue to the diuell,
So in a garden Iesus vvas betrayed,
To suffer death for Adams former euill:
Within a garden Adams crime offended,
For vvhich Christ vvas in garden apprehended.

And

And as in pleafures garden at the fall,
For Adams clothing, dead beafts skins God gaue,
In euidence that death vvent ouer all,
And that his garment might prefage his graue:
So Christ in garden tombe and dead mans shrowd,
Defray'd our debts, vvith paiment best alowd.

Ouer the brooke, to garden they repaire, (Swift vvere their feet about the sheading blood) Euen to the place that Iesus vs'd for praier, Where he intreated grace for sinners good, Where he consulted to redeeme and saue: Thither they came, resolu'd his life to haue.

With easie fearch the guiltlesse may be found,
Whose quiet thoughts and peace vnite in one,
A voice, Whom seeke you? threw them all to ground,
A power divine, to make true godhead knowne.
Iesus came forth, encountred them vvith breath,
And they at once fell backward all to th'earth.

Had then his vvill confented to his power,
If Iustice had appear'd, and mercy hid,
They had descended hell that sinfull hower,
Like Corah, Dathan, and Abiram did,
Where th'one vvas seandale to the servant done,
The other vvas rebellion gainst the sonne.

3 While

While *Ieroboam* stretcht his threatning hand (Right insolent and full of daring pride)
To stay the Prophet, giuing strict command,
Iudgement laid hold on him, his hand vvas dryde:
But these in armes, and violent enterprise,
Though throwne to ground, doe vnrepentant rise,

Deaths harbenger vnto Damasco towne,
Then bloody-mind Saint-perfecuting Saul
Was with like powreful voice from heauen thrown down,
But to conversion grace imploy'd his fall:
With greater fauour, bliffe can none acquaint,
Then crowne a greeuous sinner, glorious Saint.

But these vvhose hearts vvere hardned, sight extinct, Haters of knowledge, children of the night, At vvar vvith God, in league vvith Sathan linckt Grosse darknesse followers, shunners of the light, Stiffe necked, stubborne, and rebellious Iewes, Contemne saluation; offered grace resuse.

Wisdomes beloued, Israels vvisest king,
Doth say the vvicked cannot sleeping rest,
Till they are pleased vvith some ill done thing;
The vvorser deed, the doer likes for best:
A minute spent in good, seems long loth'd day,
A night of sinne, but moment stolne avvay.

How

How toilesome tedious had that vvatching bin,
If vertue had persuaded thereunto,
But Owle-eied they became to compasse sin,
Fit vvas the time so soule a fact to do:
That vvork of darknesse, ioin'd vvith darknesse power
Might meet together all in darknesse hower.

When they should rest, their malice not indur'd it,
For malice neuer closeth sleeping eies,
And vvhen they should not vvake, reuenge procur'd it,
Reuenge, doth hourely, some reuenge deuise,
Who rides the deuill hath no curbe they say,
For malice drawes, and sury spurs away.

Th'vnseemely vprore, to the night vnkind,
Happening as frightfull as in fires danger,
Caus'd him make hast that lest his clothes behind,
Hardly entreated, like vnwelcome stranger,
For in retire, his case like *Iosephs* stands,
Who lest his garment in his mistresse hands.

T'was no offence springing from his intent,
That did demerite violent force resist him,
Yet pawn'd he shirt for skin before he vvent,
Gladdest vvhen naked gone that rage had mist him,
What furies guided this misguided swarme?
To bend their force against vnthoughted harme.

B ij When

When traitor meets, these quaint deceits he had, In gesture, kind imbracements vvith a kisse; In vvords, All haile, God saue thee, or be glad; Yet murder, blood, and death, lies hid in this, This cup of gold did poisons draught begin, This greene had serpents lurking hid vvithin.

The vvord All haile, feru'd Ioab to falute, (Good vvords do often make for ill pretence,)
But Abner found a mortall stab the fruit,
While falshood spake, twas murder did insence:
Like that, vvas this of Iudas salse intent,
By vvord, God saue, the deed Destroy vvas ment.

All haile, the Angell reuerently did vse, With heau'nly tongue, to holy virgins eare, All haile, in *Pilats* hall they did abuse, That scorning Christ, presented *Aue* there, Highest in sauour of all vvomen gain'd it, And chiefest sinner of all men, profan'd it.

First vvord it vvas, Gods gracious loue tv'nfold
Beginning at our fauiours incarnation,
First vvord vvherewith false *Iudas* bought and fold,
Whose trafficke turn'd Christs death, his own damnation.
What profite his that all the vvorld should vvinne?
With soule in deaths eternall debt by sinne.

Why

Why com'st thou friend? vvhat mean'st thou, Iesus said, At th'instant houre my praiers and teares commend thee, To giue a kisse vvhereby I am betraide, And vvith, All haile, brings troupes to apprehend mee? I tearme thee friend, vngratefull as thou art, That show'st nor friend nor yet disciples part.

To call thee friend, it doth thus much betoken,
No cause in me hath canseld loues desire,
But thy reuolting hath our friendship broken,
Vnaltred I remaine the same entire:
If thou with Dauid, I have sinned, couldst say,
His answere thine, Thy sinne is done away.

Returne thee vvith repentant hearts imbrace,
And mercy shall vvith instice dome suspend,
I left not thee, vvhy doest thou run from grace,
Though thou hast fold me, still I call thee friend,
But if thou vvilt not be reclaimed backe,
Be thou thy selfe thine owne soules vvilsull vvracke.

When murder had faluted, treason kist,
And bribery imbrac'd vvith signe of gladnesse,
In vvhich the traitors service did consist,
Then press'd the Iewes on Christ vvith surious madnesse,
Like hunger-paunched vvolues prone to deuour
The lambe subjected to their rauening power.

B iij Right

Right manly valiant *Peter* did him beare,
When no disciple durst attempt the like,
T'vnsheath his sword, and cut off *Malcus* eare,
Against an armed multitude to strike,
Danger and seare are cowards turnd aside
When manhood is by resolution tride.

But Iesus did no humane forces need,
That legions had of Angels at command,
And Peter had no charge to fight, but feed
The flocke of sheepe committed to his hand,
It vvas Gods vvill to suffer, not resist,
His power gaue power, and sinne did vvhat it list.

He vvas content, their violent force should bind him And lead him thence vnto the torturing place, To teare his slesh vvith vvhips to mocke and blind him, To buffet and to spit vpon his face.

T'accuse him salse by slanders lying breath, To dome him sentence shames most odious death.





Errors torment my tortur'd foule perplexed, Fell furies fright, and hale me on away, To Cayphas and the rest vvith horrour vexed Goes Simons sonne, Gods son did false betray,

Such is my finne against that guiltlesse blood, No baulme in Israel left to doe me good.

They answer'd, carelesse of my vvretched state, What's that to vs? Looke thou thy selfe vnto it, Then vengeance I expect, grace comes too late, Resolue no lesse, for that you brib'd me do it, Sathan seduc'd, I acted the offence, Despaire is come, there lies your thirty pence.

I am perditions child, outcast forlorne,

All haile in vvord, but in the heart all hatefull,

It had ben good, so bad had nere ben borne,

That of all creatures am the most ingratefull:

Oh had I neuer liu'd, furuiuing shame

Had vnreported hid my odious name.

Bafe

Base couetousnesse no more Gehezies sinne,
My intrest in that crime doth thine controule,
Thou vvast but leaper of polluted skinne,
My leprosie is a defiled soule:
Thou took'st a bribe against thy maisters vvill,
But I vvas brib'd to kisse, and kist to kill.

Maries good vvorke Christ promis'd to commend Perpetually in euer-liuing praise,
But my vile act beyond all stinted end,
Shall euidence I trod the left hand vvaies,
My title thus the Scriptures shall record:
Fudas Iscarioth, that betrayd the Lord.

Three euils in one I did commit, in this
That gainst the King of glory I haue done:
Deceit betray'd vvith shew of kind-ment kisse,
Couetousnesse incenst, that sinne begun,
Impudent boldnesse did intrude the deed,
Ere any mou'd or vvisht me to proceed.

I knew the choife, and gainefull happie vvay,
That heauens gate, vvas straightest dore to enter,
I taught the vvorld, take heed broad paths doe stray,
And yet my selfe the vvide-gate wilfull venter,
Like Noahs vvorkemen, such my state is found
They built an arke for him, themselues vvere drownd.

1

I have excluded faiths refolued trust
In him by vvhom the true repentant live,
Cain-like affirming nought but vengeance must
Reward my sinnes, mercy no such forgive:
My heart's indurate, hardned, vnrelenting,
Past is the deed, the doer past repenting.

Though *Dauid* found remorfe to vvaile his finne,
And *Nathans* comfort, eas'd his mournfull taske,
Diftrust and horrour haue so hemd me in,
That might I haue, I hopelesse vvill not aske.
Feare, shame, and guilt do haunt me at the heeles,
Of iudgement, men, and vvhat my conscience feeles.

My dying foule, refusing liuing meane,
Denies vvith heav'nly Manna to be fed
A fea of teares can neuer rince it cleane,
Yet could one drop, that drop should ne're be shed.
What teares, vvhat praiers can his atonement make,
Whose portion is in vengeance fearefull lake?

Mine inward conscience doth soules ruine tell,
Authenticke witnesse, and seuere accuser,
Where I abide, I feeling find a hell
Tormenting me, that am selfe torment chuser:
Sound conscience well is said like vvall of brasse;
Corrupted, sit compar'd to broken glasse.

More

More blind then those vvhose fight fight-giuer gaue, More deasse and dumbe then any that he cured, More dead then *Lazarus* in his stincking graue, When he deaths vaut till fift daies baile indured. Not eies, eares, limmes, tongue, body, haue desect, It is my soule, that saluing heauens reiect.

If first borne man, the first of desp'rate mind,
By vvhom the first of guiltlesse blood vvas shed,
Did say, There vvas no grace for him to find,
But vengeance must be heaped on his head:
Let me (sinnes monster, masse of cursed euill)
Bid Sathan vvelcome, and imbrace the deuill.

When Christ shall come in clouds, and sinnes be scand, All Adams sonnes expecting rightfull dome, I vvretch amongst the goats shall trembling stand, The right-hand sheepe, affoord no traitor roome, To crie Lord, Lord, this answere shall be got, Depart you cursed, hence I know you not.

The casting out of deuils then obiected,
Will cease no vvrath, extenuate no dangers:
Not vvords vvith God, vvell doing is respected,
His Citizens deeds difference from the strangers,
Me thinkes I heare the iudge, sterne, full of ire:
Pronounce my sentence to eternall fire.

Was

Was I not cald to heav'ns roiall feast?

I vvas: but came as one that little cared,
How came I? brutish like vnreuerent beast,
Wanting a vvedding garment, vnprepared:
Bold daring vvretch in such a facred place,
To presse in sinnes cast suite, rent, torne, and base.

But fearefull guerdon for fo foule attempt,
All-feeing eies beheld my rags bevvray'd,
And most feuerely thence he did exempt,
Bind him both hand and foot (his iustice faid)
And cast him out, no such may here partake,
The Lambe vvith Sion, Sathan and the Lake.

Would I had neuer knowne Apostles place,
Would I had ne're ben messenger of truth,
Would I had neuer preacht the vvay to grace,
Would I had ne're ben borne, or died in youth:
Who knowes his maisters vvill and doth neglect it,
Sore stripes and many shall seuere correct it.

I must salute Ashur and Elams traines,
To drinke vvith Tuball of the vvrathfull cup,
Edom inuites me to th'insernall paines
No time of grace, vvith Christ againe to sup,
Now seast vvhere teeeth are gnasht&handsare wrong,
Where Diues begs for drops to coole his tong.

C ij Down

Downe by the vvay that *Corah* vvent to hell,
Like *Dathan* and *Abiram* to defcend
Where furies, fiends and damned ghosts do dwell,
And euer torments, neuer know an end,
Let earth deuide and opening swallow then,
The most accurs'd of all the sonnes of men.

The man that from Ierusalem descended,
And hapned in the hands of bloody theeues,
A pittifull Samaritane befriended
With mercy, and his hard distresse releeues:
Such holy loue, true charity supplied him,
Pitty vvas present and no grace deni'd-him.

But I from new Ierusalem retyr'd
The restfull Canaan, happinesse vnbounded,
For thirty pence hels iourny being hyr'd,
In Sathans snares I fell, that theese hath vvounded:
And priest is past, Samaritane gone by,
Seeing me curelesse, carelesse let me lie.

Ah Magdalen fower forrowes turn'd thy fweet,
Well didst thou vveepe to vvash, and vvashing gaine,
With hairie towell vviping Iesus feet,
Thy true repentant teares did grace obtaine:
While I thy vertues fought to haue disgrast,
Tearming that holy vvorke, A needlesse vvast.

But.

But happy vvoman, guiltlesse vvast' controld,
How falsely did I vvish thy ointment spared?
How couetous said I, Better this been fold
And giu'n the poore, vvast for the poore I cared?
Ah no, my guilty conscience doth deny it,
I bare the purse, and vvould haue gained by it.

Sampson, till Sathan fierce Philistine caught me, And in his rage put out my sprituall eies, Then blind in sinne, to Capphas house he brought me, Against the piller vyhere all mercy lies,

I bent my force to mooue the corner stone,
Destruction fell, my selfe destroy'd alone.

Like *Iezabels*, fo my corrupted thought,
When she complotted for good *Naboths* ground,
Cleare purchase tvvas, her vvile his vineyard bought;
Such seem'd my bribe, I held it money found:
But see how soone sweet sinnes conuert to sower,
I loath for euer, that I lou'd an hower.

These three deuide my soule, Fear, Thought, & Anguish,
Their intrest is the forfaits of my fall,
But vvhile in claime they striuing let me languish,
The roaring Lion comes and seazeth all:
Insatiable serpent pleas'd vvith nought but this,
Both soule and body must be graunted his.
C iij

If gracelesse outcasts in this vvorld begin
To tast of second death's tormenting power,
If soules surprized by selfe-wrought murdring sinne,
Turne vengeance glasse to run a staylesse hower,
Then here in earnest of perpetual care,
I vveare damnations livery, blacke despaire.

Deuorc'd from mercy, alienate from grace,
Reft of repentance, vvedded vnto euill,
From highest calling, downe to lowest place,
From chosen Twelue, a singled outcast deuill;
From th'holy city lou'd of God so vvell,
Within vvhose streets may no vncleanesse dwell.

When Christ foretold intended treason nie, By one of vs his guests to be betray'd Each straight inquir'd, Lord is it I, or I? But my demand had answer, Thou hast faid. I that was fed that night with loues regard, Return'd the giver treason for reward.

Darke night, black deed, blind foule, and Sathans flaues Did fit, defile, deftroy it felfe, did further, With shade, vvith sinne, vvith death, vvith clubs & staues, Tintrap, betray, condemne, assist to murder, The Lambe of God, the rocke, the dore, the vine, The Angels brightnesse, heav'ns eternall shine.

Much

Much vvorse, though *Ioab*-like I gaue a kisse, I pris'd my birth-right base, at *Esawes* gaine, I putchas'd hell vvith losse of heauens blisse, And in effect, exchanged ioy for paine.

Oh foolish sot, vile earthly drosse esteemer, To sell true life, dead *Adams* sonnes redeemer.

Thou partiall hand fwai'd fword of *Peters* drawne, I fhould ben mangled, and not *Malcus* eare, Like currish dog, it vvas my flattering fawne, Did bite my maister vvorse then any there, Mistaken champion in thy valour swaruing, To giue his eare my trecherous hearts deseruing.

I vvas cheefe actor in the Iewish spight,
I vvas a captaine to that rascall rout,
I vvrought the tumult of that guilty night,
I vvas blind guide, to that they vvent about,
They all expected notice come from me,
Till craft had kist, they knew not vvhich vvas he.

False tongue, pronounc'd All haile to hurtfull end,
When hollow heart sequestred loues true zeale,
Heav'ns mildnesse asked, Why art thou come friend?
Straight violent hands, not vvords, our thoughts reueale.
Call him not friend, that sauors most of soe,
Tearme me thy hangman, for I merite so.

In

In death's pursute, insatiate thirsting blood,
We posted thence to Priests, vvith rudest throng,
Where purest lambe before his shearer stood,
Pleading not guilty, by truths silent tong,
Ther's crast accusing, hate helps to deuise,
And salshood forgeth, in a mint of lies.

My impious eies beheld vvithout remorfe,
The gracelesse vsage of heau'ns gracious king,
Scornd, spit at, mocked, yet repentance force,
Sought not for shelter vnder mercies vving,
In all these euils I pittied not his paine,
Til being condemn'd, then greeu'd my greeues in vain.

No true contrition had my faults defence,
Though I confess'd I sinn'd in his betraying,
Twas desp'rate satisfaction came from thence,
For saith vvas liuelesse, should ben vengeance staying,
Wrath is gone forth, vvas Moses admonition,
But lights on me, that am for vvraths perdition.

VVhat vvondrous obiects haue mine eies beheld,
Deaffe, dumbe and lame, the blind and cureleffe, cured;
The stubborne vvinds vvith checking calmely stild,
The dead renin'd, death's sleepe foure daies indured,
Fine loanes, two fish, fine thousands satisfied,
Yet more then much, spare crums vvere multiplied.

My

My tast did vvitnesse vvater turn'd to wine,
One cur'd that toucht my maisters vesture hemme,
Commanded deuils forth men, to enter swine,
And in the sea destruction plunging them,
Mine eares haue heard, and eies haue seene the sight
That Kings haue vvisht, and Prophets neuer might.

Yet he that's cal'd manslaier from beginning,
Deceiuer, dragon, serpent, father of lies,
God of this vvorld, author of humane sinning,
Hardner of hearts, blinder of spiritual eies,
Prince of the aire, malicious euill sprite,
Made me hels guest, vvhom heav'ns did kind inuite.

Like as the brauing greene, but barren tree (That flourisht faire vvhen not a figge vvas found) Christ curs'd vvith, Neuer fruit grow more on thee, Because it did no good, but comber ground:

So fares the false deluding show of mine, Greene leav'd beginning, vvithered fruitlesse fine.

Could finnes-befotted, hell-path vvrandrers, fee
The horrours on an outcast vvretch imposed,
Or sence the inward vvorme that gnaweth me,
(Bondslaue to bondage neuer to be losed)
They vvould retire the flesh most searefull race,
To auoid hels gaole, obtain'd vvith losse of grace.

D Me

Me thinkes my conscience turnes a blacke leav'd booke, Titl'd Distrust, dedicate to Despaire, Where couetous eie and traitrous heart do looke On vengeance lines, pointed this period, Care; The argument is shame, the subject sinne, The index thus explaines the euils therein:

A postle once, increasing Christs eleuen,
B agbearer, to the charge of purse assign'd,
C alled to preach faluations path to heauen,
D estructions heire, the vvorst of vvicked mind:
E nuying at good vvorke by others done,
F aithlesse to God, false hearted to his sonne.

G reedy to gaine on earth. vvith heauens loffe,

H opelesse of mercy, in sin's most distresse,

I udas vvhose kisse presag'd Christs dying crosse,

K nowledge contemner, errors soule successe.

L oitrer in holy haruest, place abuser,

M urdrer of life, mine owne damnation chuser.

N aked of grace, the foulest ere defiled,
O ffences actor in the highest degree,
P rouoking vvrath, from mercies throne exiled,
Q uenching the sprite, that erst gaue light in me,
R enouncing glories race to gain the crowne,
S eruant to sinne, vvhose hire pale death laies downe.
T raitor

Traitor to God, that breathing earth deluded, I nholy-thoughted, full of bitter gall, Woes querrifter, from Angels quires excluded, X pian the outward, inward, not at all, Y oaked by finne perpetuall, Sathans flaue, Z eale in his feruice loft, that none can faue.

This register records the race I run,
By caracters spelling my future vvoe,
A tragedy by me must be begun,
On hels blacke stage, for there to act I goe,
Since eies of God, and all in heauen abhorre me,
I vvill descend, the pit hath consorts for me.

Curs'd be the parents that ingendred me, Curs'd be the wombe that bare, and paps that fed, Curs'd be the day vvhen I vvorlds light did fee, Curs'd be the houre my foule from grace vvas led, Curs'd be the time vvhen I did entertaine Curfed affection, to accurfed gaine.

Retire for euer from the fweet society
Of Peter, Iames, and Iohn, true heires of grace;
Conuerse remaine of Time, vvith all impiety,
No eie henceforth shall view Christs traitors face,
End loathed daies, my fact abhorres your light,
Wrap me from eies cole-fac'd eternall night.

D ij Sauls

Sauls frightfull guest, that sence depriving sprite, Outragious raving sury vvhispers, Hang thee, What Syon tunes, or Dauids harpe delight, Can cease or ease the horrours that do pang me? Then be my instrument one iarring string, And treble vvoe, the houling note I sing.

Bush-creeping Caine, beholding for thy end More to an arrow, then the marke-mans aime; I doe disdaine blind Lamech should be friend, None in my tragedy shall action claime:

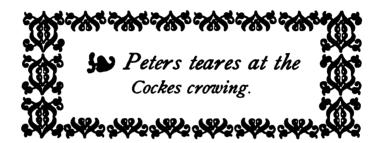
But I and Sathan vve haue both agreed,

To leaue the vvorld a desp'rate damned deed.

Not to difmount a check-cloud earthy heape, Or make foule paffage by a poinard point, Nor to bequeath the fea a drowning leape; But fatall cord shall cracke my breathing ioint, Abfolons tree, prowd Hamans halter-knell, And I the hangman, like Achitophell.

Lead on despaire, consounder of my sprite,
Direct vnto some nooke of hellish shade,
For shames sake, be it gloomier then that night
In vvhich by me heav'ns brightnesse was betraide:
Blacker then death, more sable hew'd then hell,
Where sulpher slames, vvith vtter darknesse dwell.
Harder

Harder then *Pharoalis* tenne times hardned heart, Bloudier then *Abels* butcher, far inclin'd: End traitors life, begin a hangmans part, Let hangmans part performe thy desp'rate mind, Thy desp'rate mind be vvitnesse th'art accurst, Rent heart, drop blood, gush bowels, belly burst.



Ome sharpest grees imploy repentant eies,
Taske them as bitter drops as ere vvere shed,
Send teares to earth, and sighs vp to the skies,
This instant houre a Soule and Sorrows wed,
Sweet teares and sighs, at dolours deere requests,
Come you & yours my harts right welcom gests.

Let eies become the fountaines of my teares,
And let my teares be flouds to moist my heart,
And let my heartfull of repentant feares,
By teares and forrowes, turne a true conuert:
At base objections of as base a maid,
With oths and curses I have Christ denai'd.

The

The vvatchfull bird that centinels the morne,
Shrill herald to Auroraes early rifing,
That oft proclaimes the day ere day be borne,
Diftinguisher from pitch-fac'd nights disguising,
Surceas'd to heed, vvhy nature taught him crow,
And did exclaime on me for finning so.

O haughty vaunts refembling skie-bred thunder,
How far remote your actions stand aloofe,
A coward heart kept vvords and deeds asunder,
Stout champion brags are quailed in the proofe.
Weake vvomans breath hath ouerthrowne a rocke,
And humane pride is daunted by a Cocke.

Harken this birds rebuke; and harkning, feare:
False periur'd tongue, now are thy boastings tri'de,
Christ hardest fortunes part thou vowd'st to beare,
But loe a cocke doth crow it, thou hast li'de:
Thy deedlesse vvords, vvords vnconfirmd by truth,
Haue turnd mine eies to teares, my heart to ruth.

The daies approch that vvhilome nature taskes,
He chaunted not, nor ment blacke nights descending,
But soule sac'd sinne, from scarsfing vvords vnmaskes;
Plie bitter teares your suite, for vvraths suspending,
Eies that vvhen Christ sweat blood, secure did sluber,
Now shed more tears then truthles tong can number.

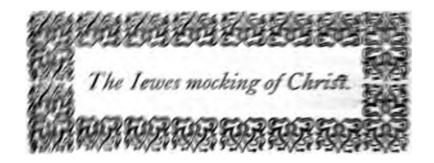
Lament

Lament my foule thy state, a state distrest,
Thou art reuolt from true felicity,
Sigh forrowes forth, let greeses weepe out the rest,
Weepe vvretched man repleat vvith misery,
Let neuer eies giue cheekes a space to drie,
Till teares regaine lost grace in mercies eie.

Weepe faltest brinish teares, the more the sweeter.
Weepe satisfaction, sinnes repentant soule,
Weepe fraile disciple, vvoman-daunted *Peter*,
Weepe vveakling, subject to a Cockes controule,
Weepe Christs deniall, vvorst of all thy crimes,
And ouervveepe each teare tenne thousand times.

O God from vvhom all graces doe abound,
For thy afsifting aid I humbly call,
Lend mercies hand to raife from finfull ground,
And being on foot, protect against like fall,
Thy fauours Lord I truly do implore,
Rising to stand, standing to fall no more.





A meeting had in Pilats hall,
To holfe at Chrift, finne to delight
Hell furles, and themselves vvithall:
In purple robe they did him place,
Meane vvhile their soules disrob'd of grace.

A thornto crowne vpon his head,
A tool (for teepter) in his hand,
Itwa guard him round, all friends vvere fled,
Almio his prove Difeiples thand.

"All Antic vvas heard on ev'ry fide,
And he twated mott, could mott deride.

They bland his ught, vishole foules more blind that quite extract the light of grace, they bushe him, and bid him find.
If he mas that through him on the face:
All through or applicant damned left.
If the many view, that is request.

When

When fierce Philistians had dismaid The pensiue Saul, and forc'd him slie, To him that bare his speare, he said Oh draw thy sword, friend me to die, Let not my deaths-man be my soe, Least scorning shame dishonour so.

Such greefes a noble heart doth find,
To heare reprochfull vvords offence,
Like forrowes cannot gall his mind,
If mortall vvounds fhould rid him hence:
The thoughts that haughty courage beares,
Greeue more at vvords then deaths pale feares.

Then vvhat report can aptly show
The passions Christs afflicted soule
(Through taunts and scoffes) did vndergoe,
By Iewish abiect base controule?
By so much more his greeses increast,
By how much more his guilt vvas least.

Aboue all flesh that ere vvas borne,
Of iniuries he most indur'd,
Because inflicted vvrongfull scorne,
No spot of crime in him procurd,
If one offend and shame displease,
The fault compar'd 'twill somewhat ease.

E

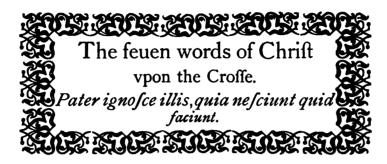
Th'Egip-

Th'Egiptians greeuing of the Iewes, And the Philistians vexing Saul, The mockes the children once did vse T'offend Gods Prophet therewithall, And Michols scoffing Israels king, Were common wrongs, a daily thing.

Such vvrongs, of vvrongs vsurpe the name, To those extreames to Iesus done, The vvorld hath neuer knowne like shame, Of that sinne laid vpon Gods sonne, It had been iust, on man accurst, If sorrowes had perform'd their vvorst,

But vvhen a pure and holy life,
With fpot or blemish neuer stayn'd,
Twixt God and man shall vmpire strife,
To be himselse for guilty payn'd:
What vvrongs so great, vvhat paines vvere such?
Who but a God vvould doe so much?





Ather (our Sauiors loue to finners, cries)
Forgiue them this their fin to me hath donne,
For they by vvhom my tortur'd body dies,
Know not they murder thy life-giuing fonne:

What I indure, in flesh and sprite deuiding, They do it through blind ignorance misguiding.

Oh Charity of vvondrous Admiration,
And patience farre extending humane fence,
Sunshine of grace, to deed of darke damnation,
True pardoner, to pardonlesse offence,
Not crauing ease for selfe sustaining vvoes,
But fauour for his persecuting foes.

Pleading for those vvhose tongues did most desame him, Soliciting for them that did accuse him, Excusing such as vvickedly did blame him, Tendring of loue vvhere hatred did resuse him, Their ordur'd soules seeking so to refine, Grace might reduce them to celestiall shine.

E ij

His

His fute imports, his holy thoughts did fay,
Inflict not iustice on these sinne-defiled,
Vpon my slesh thine angers burden lay,
Graunt nothing be to thee vnreconsiled,
Least my redemption should vnpersect seeme,
Or any sinne I did not full redeeme.

He vould not have our finnes afcend vp fo,
That they should come vnto his fathers fight,
Nor yet his fathers vengeance fall so low,
That on vs sinne committers it should light,
But plac'd himselse betwixt both vvrath and sinne,
True reconcilement, by true love to vvinne.

For Murderers that gainst his life transgressed,
With meekest loue he humbly craued grace
For such, as their vile sinne lest vnconfessed,
And still spit venome in their makers sace,
That peirc'd his heart, from which his blood abounds,
To them he gives acquittance for his vyounds.

They to the Citty vould not backe repaire,
Ere cruelty haue left him life-depriued,
He vould not die, before his feruent praier,
Intreats to haue their dying foules reuiued,
His fprite from forth his body past no rather,
But forth his mouth went with it, Pardon father.
FINIS.



Ruly I fay, that am heau'ns glory giver, To thee true penitent repentant theefe,
This day, from a defil'd and finfull liver
Shalt thou be Sainted in exiling greefe,
With me this day thou paffest to the blest,
In Paradife, vvhere glorious Angels rest.

Euen at the vvane of life, the dying hower,
This happy theefe did offer God his heart,
His daies vvere dedicate to Sathans power,
Only remain'd one moment to conuert
Wherein he gaue his heart to him that ought it,
Preuenting him that long in hope had fought it.

The hellish foe stood bold vpon his claime,
Because to theeues he is misguiding guider,
But heau'nly friend did countermaund the same
Being sinners father, Mercies sirme prouider
No sooner did his true contrition say,
Lord thinke on me, but Sathan lost his pray.

E iij Caines

Caines offering vvas a facrifice of corne,

Abels the Lambes, (the meekest vnto slaughter)

Annaes the sonne that of her vvombe vvas borne,

Iepthaes his sole and deere affected daughter,

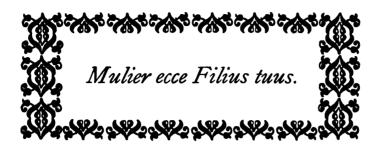
Noe weathers, Abraham doues, and Dauid gold,

Melchistdech of vvine did offrings hold.

All these did offer things of great esteeme,
Yet none so rich as this poore theese presented,
And offered heart to God doth greater seeme,
Then vvhat by heauen and earth can be inuented,
Nothing more gratefull vnto Mercies throne,
Then gift of heart, due debt to heauen alone.

That debt of all the thefts vvhich he had donne, His fatisfaction rightly did reftore, Repaying in one hower to the Sonne, What all his life rob'd father of before, Obtaining grace, for all deferts of strife, To be recorded in the booke of life.

His vvandring courses are retyr'd from danger,
Vnto the harbour of a Christian rest,
He liu'd to new Ierusalem a stranger,
But vvas at death free Cittizen profest,
With Christ on crosse, gaining in three houres more
Then Iudas did in yeares for howers before.
FINIS.



Oman true map of greefes, obiect of vvoes,

Behold thy fonne, finnes heavy burden beares,

Thy vveepingeies, Sorrows right methode shows,

Sonne bath'd in blood, and Mother vvashd in teares,

A dying Sonne, repleat vvith fathers hate,

A pensive Mother most disconsolate.

Of all affections that the foule admits,
On vwhich loues fauours doe most firmly build,
That loue in place of supreme foundnesse sits,
Which is deriu'd from parent to the child,
Then losse of that must needs proue heartiest greefe,
That from the heart takes place and offspring cheefe.

If Dauid lou'd his Abfolon fo vvell,
That he vvith vveeping vvifhd t'haue died for him,
Who false and disobedient did rebell,
Yet did his loue no vvhit the more abhorre him,
Or reuerent Iacob, teares aboundant shed,
To heare his sonnes but faine their brother dead.

If

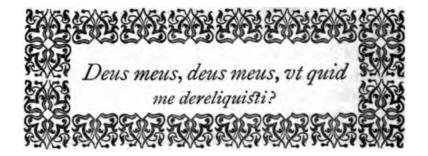
If holy *Iob* himfelfe fo patient bore,
To giue meeke eare to many a greeuous croffe,
Destruction of his cattell, flockes, and store,
Vntill he heard his deerest childrens losse,
And then his greese extreamest did abound,
Renting his garments, falling on the ground.

Needs must (in mournfull forrow's dire complaints)
The blessed Virgin farre excell all other,
What soule (vvith dolours euer so acquaints)
As this most carefull comfort wanting Mother,
To see her God, life, sather, loue and sonne,
By bitt'rest torments vnto death be donne.

No earthly loue on fuch perfection grounded, But that the fame may be defective proued, Loue of the fonne to mother vvas vnbounded, Sonne of the mother, vvas the like beloued. All power of Angels, powrelesse only proues, To vveigh or measure those vnmeasur'd loues.

Of loue, vvith vvoes by croffe she vveping stood,
There sending sighs to heav'n, and teares to ground,
Of loue, vvith paines on croffe he streamed blood,
There death he conquer'd, hell he did confound.
Such vvas his loue that lou'd vvhen vve vvere hatefull,
To die for loue, vvhen sinne vvas most vngratefull.

FINIS.



Y God (faid Christ) vvhen God to God coplained,
My God, vvho am true God and perfect man,
Why hast thou my distres'd estate refrained,
Thou doest seuere sinnes imputation scan,
For saken in this strait, thy selfe bereauing,
Me to afflictions cruel'st torments leauing.

Vntaught (till now) vvas Iesus to complaine,
Though infinite the vvrongs he vnder-went,
He vvelcom'd euery torment, greese, and paine,
Afflictions could not mooue his discontent,
All gaue offence, vvhich he imputes to none,
Only his father now accus'd alone.

When violence did vvith outrage apprehend him, His patient yeelding did most meekely beare it, When blasphemies vvith taunts of spight offend him, He silent seem'd as though he did not heare it, In all the surie they did execute, He stood like lambe before the shearer mute.

F He

He not complain'd of *Peter* that denide him, Nor yet of *Iudas* that most false betrayde him, Nor those in *Pilats* hall, that did deride him, Nor gracelesse Iewes (his owne) that disobay'd him: But his complaint vvas of his father made, Not meant to those denide, condemn'd, betray'de.

Gods angry vvrath feuerely fet gainst sinne,
(The vvares that Sathan fold, man dearely bought)
With losse of grace the trafficke did beginne,
Heau'ns losse, soules death, hels dome eternall vvrought,
That vvrath on Christs humanity abounded,
Who only cur'd, vvhat sinne had mortall vvounded.

As man threw finne at God, as in defpight,
And God cast plagues, on man reuenge to fall,
The sinne vvherewith man gainst his God did fight,
And punishments God chastned man vvithall,
On Christ (that stood twixt wrath and sinne) was laid,
He could not sinne, yet sinners sinne vvas made.

He laid our forrowes burden on his fprite,
When he indur'd his bitter agonie,
He tooke our death on him, vvounding deaths might,
When he on croffe, Deaths conquerour did die.

He vnderwent afflictions heauiest loade,
Reducing soules from hell, to heau'ns aboade.

FINIS.



Thirst, fift word on Crosse our Sauiour spake, Concluding last of greefes he suffered, His last complaint, thirst did for vvater make, His last request for that he vttered,

His last torment vvas drinke of bitter gall, That cruelty offends his tast vvithall.

By trauell once leauing Iudea land,
With vvearie iourney through Samaria,
He crau'd in Sichar at a vvomans hand,
Her gift of vvater, his great thirst t'alay,
While she on tearmes, delaies and hinderance finds,
Delaies begotten by vnwilling minds.

Yet after publicke in Ierufalem,
He did proclaime to all vvith thirst at strife,
That plenteously he had to succour them,
With flowing vvaters to eternall life,
Inuiting come, true comming, free attaine,
That vvhich vvho drinkes, shall neuer thirst againe.
F ij
Such

By vvhose owne mouth (truths soundest euidence)
We heare sinnes end, the old law satisfied,
How Mercy doth vvith Iustice dome dispence,
And how the Iudges sonne hath qualified
His fathers rigor, no vvay to be donne,
But by th'obedience of Gods dying sonne.

The vvord All's ended, notice gives to all,
By death of Christ, the Law was in exemption,
The Church began, the Synagogue did fall,
And man obtained perfect full redemption,
His reconcilement vvas vvith God effected
To glories throne, by graces hand protected.

High Mysterie, and deepe profound diuine,
That God by man, for man should death sustaine,
As strange a speech, if humane vvit define,
He being man, should die and rise againe.
Yet God and man, vvith God to end mans strife,
From life to death, from death did rise to life.

Our vlcers curing, captiue state inlarging,
From Sinnes infectious venome, Sathans gaile,
Bonds of damnation canseld, soules discharging,
Descending heau'n, to be on yearth our baile
At price of life, vvith blood bought and befriended,
Sealing saluations trust, vvith All is ended.

FINIS.



Ith blood-fpent vyounds, euen at the point to die,
Which The last bequest of heavens high testator,
Was all eternities rich Legacie,
His foule, the soule of mans true mediator,
Vnto his Fathers hands he did commit,
Yeelding to Death, by Death to vanquish it.

The Princely Phrophet on his dying bed,
Gaue charge vnto his heire apparant fonne,
To vvorke reuenge on martiall *Ioabs* head,
For murdring deed by his offence foredone,
T'abridge vvhat nature for his date intended,
And cut him off before his period ended.

Including vvith reuenge of Abners death,
The vvrongs that Simei to his person did,
When Absolon pursued his sathers breath,
Whose asse became his hangman as he rid,
And vvretched Simei cursing sull of spight,
Cast stones at Dauid, vvith most vvrath he might.

That

That testament Reuenge set hand vnto,
Imposing vvisdomes tutored prince the taske,
To execute vvhat he vvas vvilled do
For shedding blood, blood-shedders blood doth aske,
To Salomon this charge his father gaue,
Let them not passe in peace vnto their graue.

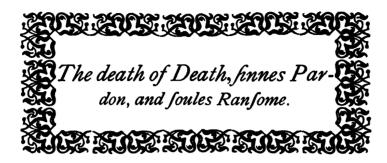
How different *Dauids* from our Sauiours feemes? Whose vill contain'd reuenge for others act: Christ at his death forgiues, sinners redeemes, Solicites pardon for a murdring fact:

As Dauid dies vvith, Sonne let them not liue, So Christs yeelds breath vvith, Father them forgiue.

First guiltlesse blood to God most high displeasing, Was that iust mans, vehich dide by th'hand of Caine, First guiltlesse blood, Gods iustice cheese appeasing, Was that most righteous, vehom the Iewes haue slaine, And as the ones blood evas a soules damnation, So evas the others many soules faluation.

The blood of *Abel* from earths bosome cri'de, And founded Iustice, Iustice, through the skies, The blood of Iesus, at the hower he di'de, Vnto his father, Mercy, Mercy, cries, Whereby Gods title of reuenge till then, Turn'd gracious father to repentant men.

FINIS.



Sinfull foule, the cause of Iesus passion,
Put forrowes on, and sighing view thy guilt,
Bring all thy thoughts, fix the on meditation,
weep drops of tears, for streams of blood christ
Summon thy softred sins, selfe-hatched euils, (spilt:
And cast them low as hell, they are the deuils.

Seat vertue riuall, vvhere vsurping vice
Had feaz'd for Sathan to possesse thy heart,
And though the traitor slesh from grace intice,
Yet yeeld thy sauiour his deere purchast part,
The greatest loue that heav'n or earth dooth know,
Did heav'ns free-loue on hels bond-slaues bestow.

He left his fathers glorious right-hand feat,
To liue euen vvhere his earthly footstoole stands,
Vnmou'd thereto by our submisse intreat,
No suite of clay obtain'd it at his hands,
No power in vs, no humane vvill that sought it,
It vvas his loue, grace freely giuen vvrought it.

O

# Ton the Passion.

the same matter true life-giver,

the last of descriptions there for,

a support the exernall liver,

the life-giver,

the same induction foe?

the hour life were rarely much,

the me world affoords none fuch?

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he lagels brightnesse, God and man,

has vancuibt, and true life began.

coming els but stintesse passion.

their paines to Iefus not impart?

where their paines to Iefus not impart?

with aides not to his greeued heart?

was he forrowlesse, secure?

withis troubles were neglected?

withis death cheessy affected?

In eies he fuffred monefull showres of teares,
His face had spittings and dispightfull blowes,
Blasphemous speech vpbraid his facred eares,
Most loathsome carrion stinckes entred his nose,
Gaule in his mouth, the holiest hands were bound,
Hands, feet, heart, head, were nailed, pierc'd & crownd.

From his birth-hower, vntill his life-lost blood,
What moment past voherein hee did not merite?
What minute scap'd imploiment vnto good,
Who did implore his grace, and he deferre it?
How painfully his preaching spent the day,
How watchfully his nights vvere houres to pray.

Whom taught this Truth, that him for truth beleeued? Though truth vvithout his prefence ne're vvas knowne? With whom did he conuerfe and vvas vngreeued? How ill intreated euen amongst his owne? Though foxe and bird could find both hole and nest, Where found his head, reposed place for rest?

Pouertie hee indured in the manger,
Warre vvith the tempter in the vvildernesse,
Exile in Ægypt, forc'd by tirants danger,
And on the vvay o're-painfull vvearinesse,
In all his speech and actions, contradictions
Laden vvith vvrongs, burdned vvith dire afflictions.
Gij With

O loue of foules, deaths victor, true life-giuer,
What charitie did ouercome thee fo,
To die, that man might be eternall liuer,
Being thine aduerfe difobedient foe?
For friends if one should die, vvere rarely much,
But die for foes, the vvorld affoords none such?

An ignominious death, in shames account,
Of odious censure, and contempts disgrace,
On Caluarie, a stincking dunghill Mount,
For murderers the common fatall place.
There di'de the Angels brightnesse, God and man,
There death vvas vanquisht, and true life began.

Yet there began not Iesus suffering,
Nor in the garden vvith his soules vexation:
There he performd victorious conquering,
His life vvas nothing els but stintlesse passion.
From cratch to crosse, hee trod a painefull path,
Betwixt our guilt, and Gods reuengefull vvrath.

What paines, their paines to Iesus not impart?
What moment tortures vvant did he indure?
What anguish addes not to his greeued heart?
What minute vvas he forrowlesse, fecure?
What age, vvherein his troubles were neglected?
What people, but his death cheesly affected?

In

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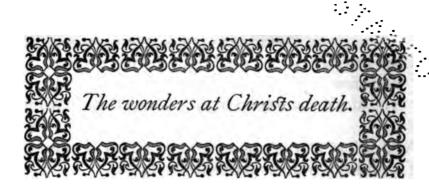
VVith hungers fword food-giuer vvas acquainted,
And that the stone-presenting deuill saw,
At *Iacobs* vvell vvith thirst he vvel-nie fainted,
VVhile pinching vvoman stood on tearmes to draw.
All vvants and vvoes impos'd vpon him still,
And his obedience suffered euery ill.

Traitor-led troopes by night did apprehend him, Haling him cruell to the iudgement hall, VVhere all inflicted torments did offend him, And mockeries to greeue his foule vvithall, There Iudge vvas iudg'd, king fcorned, priest abus'd, And of all Iust, the Iust vniustly vs'd.

Thence to his death, vvith clamours, shouts, and cries, Theeues at his side, the torturing hangman by him, His crosse (his burden) borne before his eies, Hart-launcing Longius, the Centurion nie him, His friends aloose inuiron'd round vvith soes, Thus vnto death, soules loue, sweet Iesus goes.

Victoriously vpon the dunghill field,
He manag'd combate vvith the roaring Lion,
Old serpent, death and hell at once did yeeld,
All vanquisht by triumphant lambe of Sion,
Performing in that glorious bloodie fight,
The euer conquest of infernall might.

FINIS.



Hat instant hower the vvorlds Redeemer di'de, And breathed out his soule vpon the crosse, Heav'ns glorious lampe, abating all his pride, Bewail'd in blacke his murdred makers losse, Turning his splendant beames of gold, to drosse; The Moone like suted in a sable vveed, Mourned for sinnes outragious bloody deed.

VVhen Iofua (Ifraels valiant captaine) praid,
And in his praier coniuring did command
The firmaments bright eie stand still, it staid
Till he vvas victor of the vvickeds band,
Waighting vpon Gods battaile then in hand,
Yeelding the richest treasure of his light,
Lengthning the vvant of day vvith day-made night.

But here, reflecting light to darkefome change,
Shaming to fee vvhat shamelesse sinne had done,
VVas more admir'd to alter kind so strange,
Then vvhen he ceas'd his posting course to run,
Giij

Loue

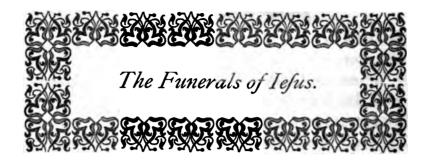
**Source to Gods forces, his bright staying vvonne, But now beholding Sathans power preuailing, He turn'd the day to night, in darknesse vvailing.** 

At death of Christ, appear'd source signes of vvonder,
To euidence divine and God-like might,
The first: The temples vaile did rent in sunder,
Next, Sunne and Moone extinguisht both their light,
Afsoording darknesse to blind Iewish sight:
Then slintie stones deviding, part in twaine.
And Saints from graues reviv'd to life againe.

What faithlesse Iew or gracelesse Atheist can
With impious tongue, sound out blasphemous breath,
Affirming Christ to be but only Man,
VVhose dietie, vvrought vvonders after death,
VVonders in heauen, strange miracles on earth?
Of each beholders heart, seare tooke possession,
And taught the Pagan captain Truths consession.

Thou canst not say those vvorkes vvere Magickes art, From slaunders charge, Christs power divine is free, His soule vvas sled, and did before depart, His livelesse bodie every eie did see, No charming vvords by dead tongues vttred be, Thou must of sorce confesse true God-head by it, Or say that Mallice vvilfull doth denie it.

FINIS.



Hen *Iofephs* fuite had got the Iudges leaue,
To take fweet Iefus from the bloodie croffe,
VVhofe bleffed life Iewes blindneffe did bereaue,
To our eternall gaine, their endleffe loffe:
Chrifts night-disciple aidfull did agree,
To take his bodie from that guiltie tree.

The Virgine mother cheefe in mournefull teares,
VVith holy Maries twaine that stintlesse wept,
To Caluarie both sheet and odours beares,
There must the facred funerall be kept,
VVho hearts did loue, him vvith their feet they sought,
Teares in their eies, hands myrrhe and aloes brought.

Their greefes and labours they deuide in parts,
Partaking each t'affoord fome needfull thing,
True faith and loue, vvas feated in their hearts,
On shoulders ladders, armes the shroud doe bring,
Their hands haue ointments, eies with teares abounds,
Teares well imploi'd to wash his bloodie wounds.

**VVith** 

With tired steps they ouertooke the place,
Where store of vveeping dew moistned the ground,
The Sunne vvas hid, nights darke approcht apace,
Greefes did surprise, dolours increase abound,
Whom insidels nail'd vp, did pierce and crowne,
Faithfull, from Crosse, act holy taking downe.

Before the fame (to figne a perfect zeale)
They cast themselues so low as earth gaue leaue,
In reuerence of those vyounds that only heale
All seauer'd soules, blood-salue from thence receaue:
Which vyorship vyell perform'd, they sighing rise,
And towards the crosse all guide plaint-pouring eies.

The honourable two old aged men,
Aduis'd the rest respect vvhat scanting time
Remain'd to annoint, and shroud, and burie, then
Their ladders raising, vp the crosse they clime;
Teares, sighs, and sobs, descend ech step they goe,
While eies (wet Orators) repli'de below.

On *Iacobs* ladder ioifull Angels fing,
No iarre their heav'nly musicke did restraine,
On *Iosephs* ladder teares to top they bring,
And mournefull sobs send forrowes downe againe,
Those heav'nly quires partake no tunes like this,
Christs bitter death, vvas faultie mans amisse.

When

When hands and feet they carefull did vn-naile,
Letting the body downe conieal'd in gore,
This vvas the obiect, Vifage wan and pale:
Eies turn'd in head, his flesh all rent and tore,
Scull boared through, thornes spurting out his braines,
Bones out of ioint, and full of broken vaines.

Vpon the ground the holy corpes being laid,
Most reuer'nt vvhere the shrouding sheet was spred,
His blessed Mother sull of vvoes dismaid,
Renew'd her plaints vvith showers of teares she shed:
Whom *Iudas* sold for thirty pence aliue,
To buy him dead, her pearled drops did striue.

The taske of Sorrowes equall to deuide,
At Iefus head laments his penfiue mother,
Iofeph with Nichodemus at one fide,
And both the Maries place them at the other,
Thus bout the mangled corpes these mourners stands
With teares in eies, with ointments in their hands.

When kneeling round, the bodie they inclose,
Prepar'd with baulme, and readie to annoint it,
Viewing blew wales, that came of Iewish blowes,
Rupture of nailes, wan flesh, how they disjoint it:
Compassion, pittie, loue, with true remorse,
Inuited all their eies to wash the corfe.

H

Their

Their knees vvith humble feruice lowly bowing,
Their hands embaulme him, vvounded, rent and tore,
Their eies no mangled part vnwasht allowing,
Their hearts vvith vvorship, God and man adore,
Both knees and hands, vvith hearts and vvatry eies,
All forrow laden, tir'd vvith sighs and cries.

For deepe-made vvounds, and torturing cruell blowes,
No fmall expence of ointments could fuffife:
But bountie on that holy worke bestowes
Plentie of odours in such liberall vvise,
Their baulme to couer him inough had bin,
And teares might ferue to haue baptis'd him in.

His glorious bodie shrouded in the sheet
On vwhich to be embaulmed they did lay him,
With binding clothes, vvrapt vvhole from head to feet,
To be inter'd, his feruant Saints conuay him
Only in armes good Iesus dead they haue,
Within their hearts he liues being borne to graue.

O mournefull trod, where comforts paths are failing, Deaths bed must have eternall life in keeping, Ioseph goes sighing, Magdalen bewailing, Ther's Iohn laments, and Nichodemus weeping, The blessed virgins eies like sountaines run, Lest vvosull vviddow to her murdred son.

What

What pens report can tell her forrowing heart
That faw her fonne, the only of her vvombe,
Before her eies pay death, mans foule defert,
And vvith her armes afsift him to the tombe?
What forrowes mappe like forrow ere exprest?
What eies like teares, what teares like greefes profest.

Her liquid eies stroue each t'exceed the other, By sighs her mone, by teares her vvoe appeares, She vveepes, yet is the mirth of heav'ns mother, Virgine in office, young in tender yeares, Filled vvith grace, eternities Princesse, Excelling in persections holinesse.

O Sunne vvhose shine is heav'ns eternall bright, Of funerall pompe why art thou destitute, Borne to thy graue, vvithout one candles light, Or Clergie, night precedent institute:

Thy birth was simple, void of worldly pride;
And in thy buriall, cost vvas laid aside.

Oh heav'ns riches, mercies fountaine head,
When thou vvast borne, no house thy parents haue,
Thy life vvas poore, thy death vvithout a bed,
Thy buriall vvas in *Iosephs* borrowed graue,
Thou didst indure our paines, sinnes purchase, hell;
Thou louedst soules, lost soules, so vvondrous vvell.
H ij Though

#### Poems vpon the Passion.

Though Salomon vvas Ifraels crowne fucceffour, And gain'd his kingly fathers state and throne; Of Dauids mercy seemes he no possessour, Funerall cost, or teares vve read of none:

But Scriptures recommend the honour done In Iacobs buriall, by his gratefull sonne.

The great Priest Simon caused to bee made,
A monument of curious carued stones,
Wherein his bodie after life vvas laid,
And eke his brethren Machabes their bones:
But tombe for Christ vvas in his life vnknowne,
And for him dead his mother knew of none.

No earthly care, foules loue to him vvas fweeter, When vnto *Iohn* the virgine was commended, His enemies to Mercie, church to *Peter*, His foule to Father, faying All is ended:

No fpeech he vs'd, nor any order gaue
For costly funerals or a sumptuous graue.

With greefes, attaining to the garden place,
From which oft staies to weepe and vvipe did let,
Pensiue distrest, in most perplexed case,
The shrouding sheet all moistned, slacke and wet
(Not vvith the dew descending from the skies)
With teares that rained from their shouring eies.

Oh

#### Poems vpon the Passion.

Oh glorious hearbes this garden plot did beare,
Oh holy ground trod in this iournies paines,
Not for the oile of Oliues growing there,
But fanctified by blood from Iefus vaines,
O earth vvhereon true loue and greefes combine,
Blood from the fonne, teares from the mothers eyen.

The tombe prepar'd vvherein hee should bee laid,
From which although great paine the stone remooued,
Yet farre exceed the suites intreatie made
Before his mother yeelds her deere beloued,
Still they solicite, still her loues denie him,
Vntill on knees with price of teares, they buy him.

The brothers fonne intreats his holie aunt,
Perfuasiue reasoning humbly dooth beseech,
Times breuitie, good Ladie, mooues your graunt,
Let eies doe more with teares then tongues vvith speech:
Vpon detaining, now no longer stand,
Darke sable night leads dangers by the hand.

If foes should vvrong vs, bootlesse vve to striue,
How can poore three our Lords dead corse desend,
Twelue could not guard him when he vvas aliue,
Giue license this last service take an end,
Much troubles cease, vvhen by free vvill is done,
That vvhich constraint vvell nere dispence to shunne.
H iij
Thou

#### Poems vpon the Passion.

Thou friend of God incline to vs at length,
Let our vveake vvords o'recome thy loues the stronger,
Our hearts vvant comforts, all our members strength,
Our teares are spent, eies dri'de can vveepe no longer
Sorrow that holds vs for her lawfull prize,
Hath lest not one poore teare to taske our eies.

Wearie vvith importunitie and vveeping,
A most vnwilling leaue the Virgine gaue,
Yeelding her sonne to the sepulchres keeping,
Her sweetest loue to deaths most bitter graue,
Like as from Golgotha, they brought him thether,
All helpe, all sigh, all put him in together.

Thus being laid into his bed of stone,
By liquid eies, and hearts of forrowing slesh,
Instead of earth their teares vvere poured on,
A last farewell greeses cesternes yeeld as fresh:
There lest they Iesus that sinnes burden beares,
Wept, vvrapt, annointed, bath'd in streames of teares.

FINIS.



# THE LETTING OF HVMOVRS

BLOOD IN THE HEAD-VAINE.

VVith a new Morissco, daunced by seauen Satyres, vpon the bottome of Diogines Tubbe.



AT LONDON, Printed by W. White for W.F. 1600.



### TO THE GENTLE-MEN READERS.

H Vmours, is late crown'd king of Caueeleres, Fantastique-sollies, grac'd with common fauour: Civilitie, hath served out his yeeres, And scorneth now to waite on Good-behavour. Gallants, like Richard the vsurper, swagger, That had his hand continual on his dagger.

Fashions is still confort with nevv fond shapes, And feedeth dayly vpon strange disguise: We shevv our selves the imitating Apes Of all the toyes that Strangers heads deuise; For ther's no habite of hell-hatched sinne, That vve delight not to be clothed in.

Some fweare, as though they Starres from heaven could pul, And all their speach is poynted with the stable, When all men know it is some coward gull, That is but champion to a Shorditch drabbe; Whose feather is his heads lightnes-proclaymer, Although he seeme some mightie monster tamer.

Epi-



### 

#### To the Gentlemen Readers.

Epicurisme, cares not how he lives, But still pursueth brutish Appetite. Disdaine, regardes not what abuse he gives; Carelesse of wronges, and vnregarding right. Selse-loue (they say) to selse-conceite is wed, By which base match are value vices bred.

Pride, reuels like the roysting Prodigall,
Streching his credite that his purse-stringes cracke,
Vntill in some distressfull Iayle he fall,
Which wore of late a Lordship on his backe:
Where he till death must lie in pawne for debt,
"Grieses night is neare, when pleasures sunne is set.

Vaunting, hath got a mightie thundring voyce, Looking that all men should applaude his soundes His deedes are singuler, his wordes be choyce; On earth his equall is not to be sounde. Thus Vertu's hid, with Follies iuggling mist, And hee's no man, that is no Humourist.

S.R.



#### TO POETS.

Ood honest Poets, let me craue a boone, That you would write, I do not care how soone, Against the bastard humours howerly bred, In every mad brain'd, wit-worne, giddie head: At such grosse follies do not sit and wincke, Belabour these same Gulles with pen and incke. You see some strive for faire hand-writing fame, P. B. by As Peeter Bales his signe can prove the same, writing Gracing his credite with a golden Pen: won a I would have Poets prove more taller men: golden In perfect Letters rested his contention, Penne. But yours confist's in Wits choyce rare invention. Will you stand spending your Inventions treasure, To teach Stage parrets speake for pennie pleasure, While you your selues like musicke sounding Lutes fretted and strunge, gaine them their silken sutes. Leave Cupids cut, Womens face flatt'ring praise, Loues subiect growes too thredbare now adayes. Change Venus Swannes, to write of Vulcans Geefe, And you shall merite Golden pennes a peece.

FINIS.

A 3.



# THE SELECTION OF THE SE

Mirth pleaseth some; to others ti's offence: Some wish t'haue follies tolde; some dislike that: Some comend plaine conceites, some profound sence: And most would haue, themselues know not what. Then he that would please all, and him selfe too, Takes more in hand, then he is like to doo.





EPIG. 1.

Onfieur Domingo is a skilfull man,
For much experience he hath lately got,
Prouing more Phisicke in an Alehouse can,
Then may be found in any Vintners pot.
Beere he protestes is sodden and refin'd,
But this he speakes, being single penny lyn'd.

For when his Purse is swolne but fix-pence bigge, Why then he sweares; Now by the Lord I thinke, All Beere in Europe is not worth a sigge: A cuppe of Clarret is the onely drinke. And thus his praise from Beere to Wine doth goe, Euen as his Purse in pence doth ebbe and flowe.

A 4. To



### E ELLE ELLE ELLE ELLE

#### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 2. BOREAS.

Hang him base gull; Ile stabbe him by the Lord, If he presume to speake but halse a word: Ile paunch the villian with my Rapiers poynt, Or heaw him with my Fatchon ioynt by ioynt. Through both his cheeks my Ponniard he shal haue Or Mincepie-like Ile mangle out the flaue. Aske who I am, you whorson freise-gowne patch? Call mee before the Constable, or Watch? Cannot a Captaine walke the Queenes high-way? Swones, Who de speake to? Know ye villions, ha? You drunken peffants, run's your tongs on wheeles? Long you to fee your guttes about your heeles? Doest loue me Tom? let go my Rapier then, Perswade me not from killing nine or ten: I care no more to kill them in braueado, Then for to drinke a pipe of Trinedado. My minde to patience neuer will restore-mee, Vntill their blood do gush in streames before-mee. Thus doth Sir Launcelot in his drunken stagger, Sweare, curse, & raile, threaten, protest, & swagger: But be'ing next day to fober answere brought, Hees not the man can breede so base a thought.

When





EPIG. 3.

When Thraso meets his friend, he sweares by God, Vnto his Chamber he shall welcome be:
Not that hee'le cloy him there with rost or sod,
Such vulgar diet with Cookes shops agree:
But hee'le present most kinde, exceeding franke
The best Tabacco, that he euer dranke.

Such as himselse did make a voyage for,
And with his owne hands gatherd from the ground:
All that which other setch, he doth abhor,
His, grew vpon an Iland neuer found.
Oh rare compound, a dying Horse to choke,
Of English syer, and of India smoke.

Who



EPIG. 4.

Who seekes to please all men each way, And not himselse offende, He may begin his worke to day, But God knowes when hee'le ende.

Alas



### THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF TH

#### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 5.

Alas, Delfridus keepes his bed God knowes, Which is a figne his worships very ill: His griefe beyond the grounds of Phisicke goes; No Doctor that comes neare it with his skill, Yet doth he eate, drinke, talke, & sleepe profound, Seeming to all mens Iudgements healthfull found.

Then gesse the cause he thus to bed is drawne. What? thinke you so; may such a happe procure it? Well; fayth t'is true, his Hose are out at pawne, A Breetchlesse chaunce is come, he must indure it: His Hose to Brokers Iayle committed are, His singuler, and onely, Veluet payre.

Diogines



### **医多种性性性性性性**

### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 6.

Diogines one day through Athens went,
With burning Torch in Sun-shine: his intent
Was (as he sayd) some honest man to finde:
For such were rare to meete, or he was blinde.
One late, might haue done well like light thaue got
That sought his Wise; met her, and knew her not:
But stay, cry mercy, she had on her Maske,
How could his eyes performe their spying taske?
T'is very true, t'was hard for him to doo,
By Sunne, and Torch; let him take Lant-horne too.

Speake





EPIG. 7.

Speake Gentlemen, what shall we do to day? Drinke some braue health vpon the Dutch carouse? Or shall we go to the Globe and see a Play? Or visit Shorditch, for a bawdie house? Lets call for Cardes or Dice, and haue a Game, To sit thus idle, is both sinne and shame.

This fpeakes Sir Revell, furnisht out with Fashion, From dish-crown'd Hat, vnto th' Shooes square toe, That haunts a Whore-house but for recreation. Playes but at Dice to connycatch, or so. Drinkes drunke in kindnes, for good sellowship: Or to the Play goes but some Purse to nip.

Sir



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### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 8.

Sir gall-Iade, is a Horseman e'ry day, His Bootes and Spurres and Legges do neuer part: He rides a Horse as passing cleane away, As any that goes Tyburne-warde by cart: Yet honestly he payes for Hacknyes hyer; But hang them Iades, he fell's them when they tyer.

He liues not like *Diogines*, on Rootes: But prooues a Mince-pie guest vnto his Host. He scornes to walke in *Paules* without his Bootes. And scores his dyet on the Vitlers post: And when he knowes not where to haue his dinner He sastes, and sweares, A glutton is a sinne,

This





EPIG. 9. Drudo.

This Gentleman hath ferued long in *Fraunce*, And is returned filthy full of French, In fingle combat, being hurt by chaunce, As he was closely foyling at a Wench: Yet hot alarmes he hath endur'd good ftore, But neuer in like pockie heate before.

He had no fooner drawne, and ventred ny-her, Intending onely but to haue a bout, When she his Flaske aud Touch-boxe set on syer, And till this hower the burning is not out. Iudge, was not valour in this Martiall wight, That with a spit-fier Serpent so durst fight.

**Fayth** 



### WE WIND WIND WIND WINE WINE

#### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 10. In Meritricem.

FAyth Gentleman, you moue me to offence, In comming to me with vnchast pretence. Haue I the lookes of a lasciuious Dame, That you should deeme me fit for wantons game? I am not shee will take lustes sinne vpon-her. Ile rather die, then dimme chast glorious honour. Temp't not mine eares; an grace of Christ I meane To keepe my honest reputation cleane: My hearing let's no fuch lewd found come in, My fenses loath to surfet on sweete sinne. Reuerse your minde, that goes from grace astray, And God forgiue you, with my hart I pray. The Gallant notes her words, observes her frown's, Then drawes his purfe, & lets her view his crown's, Vowing, that if her kindnes graunt him pleasure, Shee shalbe Mistris to commaund his treasure. The stormes are calm'd, the gust is ouer-blowne, And she replyes with: Yours, or not her owne. Desiring him to censure for the best, Twa's but her tricke to try if men do iest: Her Loue is lock'd where he may picke the truncke. Let Singer iudge if this be not a puncke.

Polle-



# THE SELECTION SE

#### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 11.

Polletique *Peeter* meetes his friend a shore, That came from Seas but newly tother day: And giues him French embracements by the score, Then followes: *Dicke*, Hast made good voyage, fay? But hearing *Richards* shares be poore and sicke, *Peeter* ha's haste, and cannot drinke with *Dicke*.

Well, then he meetes an other Caualeere,
Whom he falutes about the Knees and Thighes:
welcome fweet *Iames*, now by the Lord what cheere
Ner'e better *Peeter*, We have got riche prize.
Come, come (fayes *Peeter*) eu'en a welcome quart,
For by my fayth, weele drinke before wee part.

Or thus:

Fayth, we must drinke, that's flat, before we part.

Fine



B.

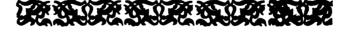


EPIG. 12.

Fine *Phillip* comes vnto the Barbers shopp, Wheer's nittie lockes must suffer reformation. The Chayre and Cushion entertaine his slopp: The Barber craues to know his Worships sashion. His will is, Shauen; for his beard is thin, It was so lately banish'd from his chin.

But shaueing oft will helpe it, he doth hope, And therfore for the smooth-sace cut he calles: Then sie; these cloathes are washt with common Why dost thou wie such ordnarie balles? (sope. I scorne this common trimming like a Boore, Yet with his hart he loues a common whoore.

Sig-





EPIG. 13.

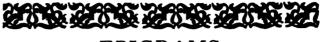
Signieur Fantastike.

I fcorue to meet an enemie in feeelde, Except he be a Souldier: (by this light) I likewise scorne, my reason for to yeelde: Yea further, I do well nigh scorne to fight. Moreouer, I do scorne to be so vaine, To drawe my Rapier, and put vp againe.

I eke do fcorne to walke without my man, Yea, and I fcorne good morrow and good deane: I also fcorne to touch an Ale-house cann, Therto I fcorne an ordinarie Queane. Thus doth he scorne, disdainfull, proude, and grim, All but the Foole only, he scornes not him.

B 2. Some





EPIG. 14.

Some do account it golden lucke, They may be Widdow-sped, for mucke. Boyes on whose chinnes no downe appeares, Marry olde Croanes of threescore yeares: But they are sooles to Widowes cleaue, Let them take that which Maydes do leaue.

Amo-



### THE WASHINGTON

#### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 15.

Amorous Austin spendes much Balleting, In rimeing Letters, and loue Sonnetting. (her, She that loues him, his Ynckehorne shall be paint-And with all Venus tytles hee'le acquaint her: Vowing the is a perfect Angell right, When she by waight is many graines too light: Nay all that do but touch her with the stone, Will be depord that Angell she is none. How can he proue her for an Angell then? That proues her felfe a Diuell, tempting men, And draweth many to the fierie pit, Where they are burned for their en'tring it. I know no cause wherefore he tearmes her so, Vnlesse he meanes shee's one of them below, Where Lucifer, chiefe Prince doth domineere: If she be such, then good my hartes stand cleere, Come not within the compasse of her slight, For fuch as do, are haunted with a spright. This Angell is not noted by her winges, But by her tayle, all full of prickes and stinges. And know this lustblind Louer's vaine is led, To prayle his Diuell, in an Angels sted.

Gallus



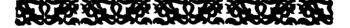
В з.



EPIG. 16.

Gallus will have no Barbour prune his beard, Yet is his chin cleane shauen and vnh'ear'd. How comes he trymmed, you may aske me than? His Wenches do it with their warming-pan.

When



# THE SELECTION OF THE SE

#### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 17.

When Caualero Rake-hell is to rife
Out of his bed, he capers light and heddy.
Then wounds he fweares: you arant whore he cries
Why what's the cause that breakfast is not reddy?
Can men seede like Camelions, on the ayer?
This is the manner of his morning prayer,

Well, he fweares on, vntill his breakefast comes, And then with teeth he falles to worke apace: Leauing his Boy a banquet all of crummes. Dispatch you Roague: my Rapier, thats his grace. So foorth he walkes, his stomacke must goe shift, To dine and suppe abroad, by deed of guist.

B 4. A



### RESTREET STREET

#### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 18.

A wofull exclamation late I heard,
Wherewith Tabacco takers may be feard:
One at the poynt with pipe and leafe to part,
Did vow Tabacco worse then death's blacke dart;
And prou'd it thus: You know (quoth he) my friends
Death onely stabbes the hart, and so life endes:
But this same poyson, steeped India weede,
In head, hart, lunges, doth soote & copwebs breede
With that he gasp'd, and breath'd out such a smoke
That all the standers by were like to choke.

Cacus



### THE SHOW SHOW SHOW SHOW

#### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 19.

Cacus would gladly drinke, but wants his Purfe, Nay, wanteth money; which is ten times worse: For as he vowes himselfe, he hath not seene In three dayes space the picture of the Queene. Yet if he meete a friend neare Tauerne signe, Straight he intreates him take a pint of Wine, For he will giue it, that he will, no nay. What will he giue? the other leaue to pay. He calleth: Boy, fill vs the tother quart, I will bestow it eu'en with my hart, Then doth he diue into his sloppes prosound, Where not a poore port-cullice can be sound. Meane while his friend dischargeth all the wine: Stay, stay (quoth he) or well; next shal be mine.

Eranke





EPIG 02.

Francke in name, and Francke by nature, Frauncis is a most kinde creature: Her selfe hath suffered manie a sall, In striueing how to pleasure all.

Soto



### THE THE THE THE THE

#### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 21.

Soto can prooue, fuch as are drunke by noone, Are long-liu'd men; the pox he can as soone. Nay, heare his reason ere you do condemne, And if you finde it foolish, hisse and hemme. He saies, Good blood is euen the life of man; I graunt him that; (faie you) well go-to than. More drinke, the more good blood Oh thats a lie; The more you drinke, the sooner drunke say I. Now he protests you do him mightie wrong, Swearing a man in drinke, is three men strong: And he will pawne his head against a pennie, One right madd drunke, will brawle & fight with Well, you replie: that argument is weake, How can a Drunkard brawle, that cannot speake? Or how can he vse weapon in his hand, Which cannot guide his feete to goe or ftand? Harke what an oath the drunken flaue doth fweare He is a man by that, a man may heare. And when you see him stagger, reele, and winke, He is a man and more; I by this drinke.

When





EPIG. 22.

When figneur Sacke & Suger drinke-drown'd reeles He vowes to heaw the spurr's from's fellows heeles When calling for a quart of Charnico,
Into a louing league they present grow:
Then instantly vpon a cuppe or twaine,
Out Poniardes goe, and to the stabbe againe.
Friendes vpon that, they drinke, and so imhrace:
Straight bandy Daggers at each others face.
This is the humour of a madd drunke soole,
In Tauerne pots that keepes his Fenceing-schole.

Cornntus



### SHOW SHOW SHOW SHOW SHOW SHOW

### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 23.

Cornutus was exceeding ficke and ill, Pain'd as it seemed chiefely in his hed: He cal'd his friendes, meaning to make his will; Who found him drunke, with hose & shooes a bed To whom he sayd: Oh good my Maisters see, Drinke with his dart hath all be stabbed mee.

I here bequeath, if I do chaunce to die,
To you kinde freinds, and bon companions all,
A pound of good Tabacco, fweet, and drie,
To drinke amongst you, at my Funerall:
Besides, a barrell of the best strong Beere,
And Pickle-herrings, for to domineere.

VVe



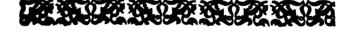
### THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF TH

### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 24.

Wee men, in many faultes abound, But two, in women can be found: The worst that from their sex proceedes, Is naught in wordes, and naught in deedes.

Bid



## ALEXANDE ALEXANDE AL

#### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 25.

Bid me go fleepe? I fcorne it with my heeles, I know my felfe as good a man as thee.

Let goe mine Arme I fay, lead him that reeles. I am a right good fellow; doft thou fee?

I know what longes to drinking, and I can Abuse my felfe aswell as any man.

I care no more for twentic hunderd pound, (Before the Lord) then for a very straw.

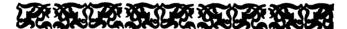
Ile fight with any hee adoue the ground.

Tut, tell not mee whats what; I know the law.

Rapier and Dagger: hey, a kingly fight.

Ile now try falles with any, by this light.

**Behold** 





EPIG. 26.

Behold, a most accomplish'd Caualeere, That the world's Ape of Fashions doth appeare, Walking the streets, his humors to disclose, In the French Doublet, and the Germane Hose: The Musses Cloake, Spanish Hat, Toledo blade, Italian russe, a Shooe right Flemish made, Like Lord of Misrule, where he comes hee'le reuel And lie for wagers with the lying'st diuell.

Aske



EPIGRAMS. Epig. 27.

Aske Humors why a Feather he doth weare? It is his humor (by the Lord) heele sweare. Or what he doth with fuch a Horfe-taile locke? Or why vpon a Whoore he spendes his stocke? He hath a Humor doth determine fo. Why in the Stop-throate fashion doth he go, With Scarfe about his necke? Hat without band? It it is his humor, fweete fir vnderstand. What cause his Purse is so extreame distrest, That often times t'is fcarcely penny bleft? Onely a Humor: If you question why? His tongue is nere vnfurnish'd with a lye: It is his Humor too he doth protest. Or why with Serjants he is fo opprest, That like to Ghostes they haunt him erie day? A rascall Humor, doth not loue to pay. Obiect, why Bootes and Spurres are still in season? His Humor answeres: Humor is the reason. If you perceive his wittes in wetting shrunke, It commeth of a Humor, to be drunke, When you behould his lookes pale, thin, and poore, Th' occsion is, his Humor, and a Whore: And every thing that he doth vndertake, It is a vaine, for sencelesse Humors sake.

Three



# **深刻逐刻逐刻逐到**。

### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 28.

Three high-way standers, haueing cros-lesse cursse Did greete my friend with, Sir giue vs your pursse: Though he were true-man, they agreed in one: For pursse & coyne betwixt them source was none.

A



# TO SELECT SELECTION OF THE PARTY OF THE PART

### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 29.

A Gentlewoman of the dealing trade, Procur'd her owne sweete picture to be made: Which being done, she from her worde did slippe, And would not pay full due for workmanshippe. The Painter swore she nere should have it soe, She bad him keepe it: and away did goe. He cholericke, and mightie discontent, Straight tooke his pencell and to worke he went: Makeing the Dog she held, a grim Cattes face, And hung it in his shoppe, to her disgrace. Some of her friends that faw it, to her went, In iesting maner, askeing what she ment, To have her picture hang where gazers swarme, Holding a filthy Catte within her arme. She in a shamefull heate in hast did hie, The Painter to content and fatisfie: Right glad to giue a French Crowne for his paine, To turne her Catte, into a Dog againe.

C 2. When





### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 30.

When Tarlton clown'd it in a pleasant vaine, And with conceites, did good opinions gaine Vpon the Stage, his merry humors shop. (slop. Clownes knew the Clowne, by his great clownish But now th'are gull'd, for present fashion sayes, Dicke Tarltons part, Gentlemens breeches playes: In euery streete where any Gallant goes, The swagg'ring Sloppe, is Tarltons clownish hose.

One



# THE THE THE THE THE

### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 31.

To Lutius.

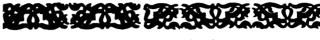
One newlie practiz'd in Astronomie,
That neuer dealt in weather-witt before:
Would scrape (forsooth) acquaintance of the skie,
And by his arte, goe knocke at heauen dore.
Meane while a Scholler in his studie slippes,
And taught his Wife skill in the Moones eclippes.

Next night, that freind perfwads him walke alone Into the fielde, to gather starres that fell: To mix them with Philosophers rare stone That begets gold: he likt the motion well, And went to watch, where starres dropt verie thin, But raine so shour'd, it wet his soole-case skin.

С 3.

What





### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 32.

What gallant's that whose oaths flie through mine How like a lord of *Plutoes* court he sweares: (eares? How braue in such a baudie house he sought, How rich his emptie purse is outside wrought. How Duch-man-like he swallows downe his drink How sweete he takes *Tabacco* till he stinke: How lostie sprited he disdaines a Boore, How saithfull harted he is to a ( .) How cocke-taile proude he doth his head aduaunce How rare his spurres do ring the moris-daunce. Now I prorest, by Mistris Susans sanne, He and his boy, will make a proper man.

Laugh



# MANUSCON MAN

EPIGRAMS. Epig. 33.

Laugh good my Maisters, if you can intend it, For yonder comes a Foole, that will defend it: Saw you a verier Asse in all your life, That makes himselfe a packe-horse to his wife? I would his nose where I could wish, were warme, For carrying Pearle, fo prettie vnder's arme, Pearle his wives Dog, a prettie sweete-fac'd curre, That barkes a nights at the least fart doth sturre. Is now not well, his colde is fcarcely broke, Therfore good hisband wrap him in thy cloake: And fweete hart, preethee helpe me to my Maske. Holde Pearle but tender, for he hath the laske. Here, take my muffe; and do you heare good man? Now giue me Pearle, and carrie you my Fanne. Alacke poore Pearle, the wretch is full of paine, Hisband, take Pearle; giue me my Fanne againe, See how he quakes: faith I am like to weepe. Com to me Pearle: my Scarfe good hisband keepe, To be with me I know my Puppie loues. Why Pearle, I faie: hisband take vp my Gloues. Thus goodman Idiot thinkes himselfe an Earle, That he can please his wife, and carrie Pearle: But others judge his state to be no higher. Then a Dogges yeoman, or some pippin Squier.

C 4.

What's



### RESULTABLE SELECTION OF THE SELECTION OF

### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 34.

What's he that fits and takes a nappe, Fac'd like the North winde of a mappe, And fleeping, to the wind doth nod? Tis Bacchus coofen, Bellie-god.

Severus



### STEE STEE STEE STEE STEE EPIGRAMS.

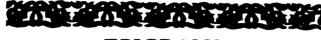
EPIG. 35.

Seuerus is extreame in eloquence, In perfum'd words, plung'd ouer head and eares, He doth create rare phrase, but rarer sence, Fragments of Latine, all about he beares. Vnto his feruingman alias his boy, He vtters speach exceeding quaint and coy.

Deminitiue, and my defective flaue, Reach my corpes couerture imediately: My pleasures pleasure is, the same to haue, T'insconse my person from frigiditie. His man beleeues all's Welch, his Maister spoke, Till he rayles English; Roage goe fetch my cloke.

Why





### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 36.

Why should the Mercers trade, a Satten fute, With Cookes grease be so wickedly polute! The reason is, the scandall and defame Grew, that a grease sloven weres the same.

An



# MA MARKATE MAKE

### EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 37.

An honest Vicker, and a kinde consort, That to the Alehouse friendly would resort, To have a game at Tables now and than, Or drinke his pot as foone as any man: As faire a gamster, and as free from braul, As euer man should need to play withall: Because his Hostesse pledg'd him not carouse, Rashly in choller did forsweare her house. Takeing the glasse, this was the oath he swore, Now by this drinke, Ile nere come hither more. But mightilie his Hostesse did repent, For all her guestes to the next Alehouse went, Following their Vickers steps in euerie thing: He led the parrish euen by a string. At length his auncient Hostesse did complaine, She was vndone, vnles he came againe. Desiring certaine friends of hers and his, To vse a pollecie, which should be this: Because with coming he should not forsweare (him To faue his oath, they on their backes might beare Of this good course the Vicker well did thinke, And fo they allwaies carried him to drinke. FINIS.

PART OF THE STATE OF THE STATE

# SELECTION SELECT

Your Sceane is done, depart you Epigrammes:
Enter Goate-footed Satyres, butt like Rammes:
Come nimbly foorth, Why fland you on delay?
O-ho, the Musique-tuning makes you stay.
Well, friske it out nimbly: you stayes begin,
For now me thinkes the Fidlers handes are in.





I.

# SATYRES.

WHo have we here? Behold him and be mute. Some mightie man Ile warrant by his fute. If all the Mercers in Cheapefide shew fuch, Ile giue them leaue to giue me twice asmuch: I thinke the Stuffe is namelesse he doth weare: But what so ere it be, it is huge geare. Marke but his gate, and give him then his due. Some swaggring fellow, Imay say to you: It feemes Ambition in his bigge lookes shrowdes Some Centaure sure, begotten of the Cloudes. Now a shame take the buzard, is it hee? I know the ruffaine, now his face I fee: On a more gull the Sunne did neuer shine; How with a vengance comes the foole fo fine? Some Noble mans cast Sute is fallne vnto him, For buying Hofe and Doblet would vndo him.

But



# RECEIPE STURMENT

### SATYRES.

Bot wote you now, whither the buzard walkes? I, into Paules forfooth, and there he talkes Of forraine tumults, vttring his aduice, And proueing Warres euen like a game at dice: For this (fayes he) as euery gamfter knowes, Where one fide winnes, the other fide must loofe. Next speach he vtters, is his stomackes care, Which ordinarie yeeldes the cheapest fare: Or if his pursse be out of tune to pay, Then he remembers tis a fasting day: And then he talketh much against excesse, Swearing all other Nations eate farre lesse Then Englishmen; experience you may get In Fraunce and Spayne: where he was neuer yet. With a score Figges and halfe a pint of Wine, Some foure or fiue will verry hugely dine. Mee thinkes this tale is very huge in found, That halfe a pint should serue fiue to drinke round And twenty Figges could feed them full and fat: But trauellers may lye; who knowes not that? Then why not he that trauels in conceit, From East to West, when he can get no meate? His Iourney is in Paules in the backe Isles,

Wher's

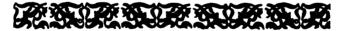


# ALE ALE ALE ALE ALE

### SATYRES.

Wher's stomacke counts each pace a hudred miles A tedious thing, though chaunce will have it fuch, To trauaile so long baitlesse, sure tis much. Some other time stumbling on wealthy Chuffes Worth gulling: then he swaggers all in huffes, And tells them of a prize he was at takeing Wil be the ship-boyes childrens childrens making. And that a mouse could finde no roome in holde, It was so pesterd all with pearle and golde: Vowing to pawne his head if it were tride, They had more Rubies then wold paue Cheapside A thowfand other grofe and odious lies, He dares arouch to blinde dull Iudgmentes eies. Not careing what he speake or what he sweare, So he gaine credite at his hearers eare. Somtimes into the Royall Exchange hee'l droppe, Clad in the ruines of a Brokers shoppe: And there his tongue runs byas on affaires, No talke but of comodities and wares: And what great wealth he lookes for ery winde. From God knowes where, the place is hard to If newes be harkend for, thi he preuailes, (finde. Setting his mynt aworke to coyne false tales.

His



# THE THE THE THE THE THE

#### SATYRES.

His tongues-end is betipt with forged chat, Vttring rare lyes to be admired at, Heele tell you of a tree that he doth know, Vpon the which Rapiers and Daggers grow, As good as Fleetstreete hath in any shoppe; Which being ripe, downe into fcabbards droppe. He hath a very peece of that same Chaire, In which Casar was stabb'd: Is it not rare? He with his feete vpon the stones did tread, That Sathan brought, & bad Christ make the bread. His wondrous trauels challenge fuch renowne, That Sir Iohn Maundiuell is quite put downe. Men without heades, and Pigmeis hand-bredth hie Those with one legge that on their backes do lie, And doe the weathers iniurie disdaine, Making their legges a penthouse for the raine, Are tut, and tush: not any thing at all. His knowledge knowes, what no mans notice shal. This is a mate vnmeete for eu'ry groome, And where he comes, peace, giue his lying roome. He saw a Hollander in Middleborow, As he was flashing of a browne Loafe thorow, Where-to the hafte of hunger had inclyn'd him,

Cut



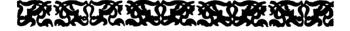


### SATYRES.

Cut himselse through, & two that stood behind him Besides, he saw a sellow put to death, Could drinke a whole Beere barrell at a breath. Oh this is he that will say any thing, That to himselse may any profite bring. Gaynst whosouer he doth speake he cares not, For what is it that such a villaine dares not? And though in conscience he cannot denie, The All-commaunder sayth, Thou shalt not lie: Yet he will answere (carelesse of soules state) Trueth telling, is a thing obtayneth hate.

PINIS.

D.







2.

### SATIRE.

A Man may tell his friend his fault in kindnes:

To wincke at folly, is a foolish blindnes.

God faue you Sir, saluteth with a grace,
One he could wish neuer to see his face.
But doth not he vse meere dissimulation,
That's inside hate, and outside falutation?
Yes as I take it; yet his answere sayes,
Fashions, and Customes, vse it now a dayes.
A Gentleman perhaps may chaunce to meete
His Liuing-griper face to face in streete:
And though his lookes are odious vnto sight;
Yet will he doe him the French congés right,
And in his hart wish him as low as hell,
When in his wordes, hee's glad to see him well:
Then being thus, a man may soone suppose,
There is, God save you sir, sometimes twixt foes.

Oh



### **医数据数据数据数据数据**

#### SATYRES.

Oh fir, why thats as true as you are heere, With one example I will make it cleere, And farre to fetch the fame I will not goe, But into *Hounds-ditch*, to the Brokers row: Or any place where that trade doth remaine, Whether at Holborne Conduit, or Long-lane: If thyther you vouchfafe to turne your eye, And fee the Pawnes that vnder forfayte lye, Which are foorth comming fir, and fafe enough Sayes good-man Broker, in his new print ruffe: He will not stand too strictly on a day, Encouraging the party to delay, With all good wordes, the kindest may be spoke. He turnes the Gentleman out of his Cloake: And yet betweene them both, at euery meeting, God faue you fir, is their familiar greeting, This is much kindnesse sure; I pray commend him, With great good words, he highly doth befrend him It is a fauour at a pinch, in neede: A pinching friendship, and a pinching deede. The flaue may weare his fuites of Sattin fo, And like a man of reputation go, When all he hath, in house, or on his backe,

It



# ALE ALE ALLE ALLE ALLE

#### SATYRES.

It is his owne, by forfaytures shypwracke. See you the Brooch that long ins Hat hath bin? It may be there, it cost him not a pin: His fundry fortes of divers mens attyre, He weares them cheape, euen at his owne desire. Shame ouer-take the pessant for his payne, That he should pray on losses, to his gayne, In drawing Wardrobes vnder his subjection, Being a Knaue in manners and complexion, Iumpe like to *Vfuric*, his nearest kinne; That we res a money bagge vnder his chinne: A bunch that doth refemble fuch a shape, And hayred like to Paris garden Ape, Foaming about the chaps like fome wilde Boore. As swart and tawnie as an India Moore: With narrow brow, and Sqirrell eyes, he showes, His faces chiefest ornament, is nose, Full furnished with many a Clarret staine, As large as any Codpiece of a Dane, Embossed curious; every eye doth iudge, His Iacket faced with motheaten Budge: To which a paire of Satten fleeues he weares, Wherein two pound of greace about he beares.

•

His



# TO SECTION SECTION AND A SECTION ASSESSMENT OF THE PERSON OF THE PERSON

### SATYRES.

His Specktacles do in a copper case, Hang dangling about his pissing place. His breeches and his hofe, and all the rest Are futable: His gowne (I meane his best) Is full of threeds, Intitul'd right threed-bare: But wooll theron is wondrous fcant and rare. The welting hath him in no chardges stood, Beeing the ruines of a cast French hood. Excesse is finfull, and he doth defie it, A sparing whorson in attire and diet. Only excesse is lawfull in his Chest, For there he makes a golden Angells nest: And vowes no farder to be founde a lender, Then that most pretious mettall doth engender: Begetting daylie more and more encrease, His monyes flaue, till wretched life furcease. This is the *Iew* alied verie neere, vnto the Broker, for they both do beare Vndoubted testimonie of their kinne: A brace of Rascalls in a league of sinne. Two filthie Curres that will on no man fawne, Before they tast the sweetnesse of his pawne. And then the flaues will be as kinde forfooth,

Not



# TO REPORT THE PROPERTY OF THE

### SATYRES.

Not as Kinde-heart, in drawing out a tooth: For he doth ease the Patient of his paine, But they disease the Borrower of his gaine. Yet neither of them vse extremitie, They can be villaines euen of charitie. To lend our Brother it is meete and fit: Giue him rost meate and beat him with the spit. Vserie sure is requisite and good, And so is Brokeage, rightly vnderstood: But soft a litle, what is he saies so? One of the twaine (vpon my life) I knowe.

FINIS.

D 4.







3.

### SATIRE.

OH, let the Gentlewoman haue the wall, I know her well; tis Mistris, What d'ye call. It should be shee, both by her Maske and Fanne: And yer it should not, by her Seruing-man; For if mine eyes do not mistake the soole, He is the Vsher of some Dauncing Schole, The reason why I doe him such suppose, Is this; Mee thinkes he daunceth as he goes. An active sellow, though he be but poore, Eyther to vault vpon a Horse, or &c. See you the huge bum Dagger at his backe, To which no Hilt nor Iron he doth lacke. Oh with that blade he keepes the queanes in awe, Brauely behacked, like a two-hand Saw. Stampes on the ground, & byteth both his thoms Vnlesse he be commaunder where he coms.

You





### SATYRES.

You damned whores, where are you? quicke come Dry this Tabacco. Fill a dosen a Beere: (heere, Will you be briefe? or long ye to be bang'd? Hold, take this Match; go light it and be hang'd. Where stay these whores when Gent. do call? Heer's no attendaunce (by the Lord) at all. Then downe the staires, the pots in rage he throws And in a damned vaine of swearing growes, For he will challenge any vnder heau'n, To sweare with him, and give him sixe at seven. Oh, he is an accomplish'd Gentleman, And many rare conceited knackes he can; Which yeeld to him a greater store of gaine, Then iuggling Kings, hey Passe, ledgerdemaine. His witt's his lyuing: one of quaynt deuice, For Bowling-allies, Cockpits, Cardes, or Dice, To those exployts he euer standes prepar'd: A Villaine excellent at a Bum card. The Knaue of Clubbes he any time can burne, And finde him in his boosome, for his turne. Tut, he hath Cardes for any kind of game, Primero, Saunt; or whatfoeuer name,: Make him but dealer, all his fellowes fweares,

Ιf



### THE WIND WIND WIND WIND

#### SATYRES.

If you do finde good dealing, take his eares. But come to Dice; why that's his onely trade, Michell Mum-chaunce, his owne Invention made. He hath a stocke, whereon his lyuing stayes, And they are Fullams, and Bard quarter-trayes: His Langrets, with his Hie men, and his low, Are ready what his pleasure is to throw: His stopt Dice with Quick-siluer neuer misse. He calles for, Come on fiue; and there it is: Or else heele haue it with fiue and a reach, Although it cost his necke the Halter stretch. Besides all this same kinde of cheating art, The Gentleman hath some good other part, Well seene in Magicke and Astrologie, Flinging a Figure wondrous handsomly; Which if it do not misse, it sure doth hitt: Of troth the man hath great store of small witt. And note him wherefoeuer that he goes, His Booke of Characters is in his hofe. His dinner he will not presume to take, Ere he aske counsell of an Almanacke. Heele finde if one prooue false vnto his wife, Onely with Oxe blood, and a rustie knife.

He



# SURFIGURACION SE LA COMPANSION DE LA COM

### SATYRES.

He can transforme himselfe vnto an Asse, Shewe you the Deuil in a Christall glasse: The Deuill say you? why I, is that such wonder? Being confortes they will not be afunder. Alcumie in his braines fo fure doth fettle, He can make golde of any copper kettle; Within a three weekes fpace or fuch a thing, Riches vpon the whole worlde he could bring. But in his owne purse one shall hardly spie it, Witnesse his Hostesse, for a twelue-moneths diet: Who would be glad of golde or filuer either, But fweares by chalke, & poast, she can get neither. More, he will teach any to gaine their loue, As thus (faies he) take me a Turtle Doue, And in an Ouen let her lie and bake So dry, that you may poulder of her make; Which being put into a cuppe of wine, The wenche that drinkes it will to loue incline: And shall not sleepe in quiet in her bed, Till she be eased of her mayden-head. This is probatum, and it hath bin tride, Or els the cunning man cunningly lide. It may be fo, a lie is not fo strange,

Per-



# MANUSCON STREET

### SATYRES.

Perhaps he spake it when the Moone did chandge And thereupon (no doubt) th'occasion sprunge, Vnconstant Luna, ouer rul'd his tongue.

Astronomers that traffique with the Skie, By common censure somtimes meete the lie:
Although indeede their blame is not so much, When Starres, & Planets saile, & keepe not tutch. And so this sellow with his lardge profession, That endes his triall in a farre digression:

Philosophers bequeathed him their stone,
To make golde with; yet can his purse holde none.

FINIS.







4

### SATIRE.

M Ellfluuious, sweete Rose-watred elloquence, Thou that hast hunted Barbarisme hence, And taught the Goodman Cobbin, at his plow, To be as eloquent, as Tullie now: Who nominicates his Bread and Cheefe a name. (That doth vntrusse the nature of the same,) His stomacke stayer. How dee like the phrase? Are Plough-men simple fellowes now adayes? Not so, my Maisters: What meanes Singer then? And Pope the Clowne, to speake so Boorish, when They counterfaite the Clownes vpon the Stage? Since Countrey fellowes grow in this same age, To be so quaint in their new printed speech, That Cloth will now compare with Veluet breech Let him discourse, euen where, and when he dare, Talke nere fo Ynk-horne learnedly and rare, Sweare Cloth breech is a peffant (by the Lord)

Threa-



# THE THE THE THE THE

#### SATYRES.

Threaten to drawe his wrath-venger, his fworde: Tush, Cloth-preech doth deride him with a laugh, And lets him see Bone-baster; thats his staffe: Then tells him brother, friend, or so foorth, heare ye Tis not your knitting-needle, makes me feare ye. If to ascention you are so declinde, I have a restitution in my minde: For though your beard do stand so fine mustated, Perhaps your nose may be transfisticated. Man, I dare challenge thee to throw the fledge, To iumpe or leape ouer a ditch or hedge, To wrastle, play at stooleball, or to runne, To pitch the barre, or to shoote off a gunne: To play at loggets, nine holes, or ten pinnes, To trie it out at foot-ball by the shinnes; At Ticktacke, Irish, Noddie, Maw, and Ruffe: At hot-cockles, leape-frogge, or blindman-buffe: To drinke halfe pots, or deale at the whole canne: To play at base, or pen-and Ynk-horne sir Ihan: To daunce the Morris, play at barly-breake: At all exploytes a man can thinke or speake: At shoue-groate, venter poynt, or crosse and pile. At beshrow him that's last at yonder style,

At



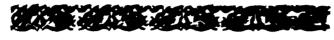
# THE THE THE THE THE

#### SATYRES.

At leaping ore a Midsommer bon-fier, Or at the drawing Dun out of the myer: At any of these, or all these presently, Wagge but your finger, I am for you, I; I scorne (that am a younster of our towne) To let a Bowe-bell Cockney put me downe. This is a Gallant farre beyond a Gull, For very valour filles his pockets full. Wit showers vpon him Wisedomes raine in plenty For heele be hangd, if any man finde twenty In all their parish, whatsoere they be, Can shew a head so polleticke as he. It was his fathers lucke of late to die Vntestate; he about the Legacie To London came, inquiring all about, How he might finde a Ciuill-villin out. Being vnto a Ciuill Lawyer fent, Pray Sir (quoth he) are you the man I meant: That have a certaine kinde of occupation, About dead men, that leave things out of fashion? Death hath done that which t'answare he's not My Father he is dyed detestable: (able, I being his eldest heire, he did prefer

Me





### SATYRES.

Ma Sir, to be als descentioner: And write broidly my request to finnish, Pray how may I by any his goods diminish? Was the a Cloring Chall true, or was a none? You make fatte Clarines of fuch as he be one: A man may further, if he were arg'd to it, Foolisher followes, have not so much wit. Oh flich as he, are even the onely men. Lone letters in a Milke maides praise to pen; Lines that will woke the curftest fullen shrow. To love a man whether the will or no. Being most gonderous pathetticall. To make Alse out a cry in lone withall: He fearnes that maifter Scholemaister shold thinke He wants his aide in halfe a pen of ynke: All that he doth it commeth ery whit, From natures dry fat, his owne mother wit. As thus:

Thou Honnylickle of the Hawthorne hedge, Vouchfale in Copies supposing hart to pledge: My hartes deare blood fiverte Cis, is thy caroufe, Worth all the Me in Gammer Gubbins house: I say no more affaires call me away.

Мy



# MANUSCON MAN

### SATYRES.

My Fathers horse for prouender doth stay. Be thou the Lady *Cressit-light* to mee, Sir *Trollelolle* I will proue to thee. Written in haste: farewell my Cowslippe sweete, Pray lets a Sunday at the Ale-house meete.

FINIS.

E 2.



-	



5.

### SATIRE.

T is a bad worlde, the comon speach doth go, And he complaines, that helps to make it so: Yet euery man th'imputed crime would shunne, Hipocrifie with a fine threed is spunne. Each striues to shew the verie best in seeming, Honest enough, if honest in esteeming: Praise waites vpon him now with much renowne, That wrappes vp Vices vnder Vertues gowne: Commending with good words, religious deedes, To helpe the poore, fupplie our neighbours needes Do no man wrong, giue euery man his owne, Be friend to all, and enemie to none; Haue charitie, auoyde contentious strife, Oft he speakes thus, that nere did good in's life. Derision hath an ore in euerie Boate, In's Neighboures eie he quickly spies a moate,

E 3

•

But



# TO SELECT SELECTION SELECTION

#### SATYRES.

But the great beame that's noted in his owne. He lets remaine, and neuer thinkes theron. Some do report he beares about a facke, Halfe hanging forwards, halfe behind at's backe: And his owne faultes (quite out of fight and minde) He casts into the part that hanges behinde: But other mens, he putteth in before, And into them, he looketh euermore. Contempt coms very neere to th'others vaine, He hates all good deferts with proud disdaine: Rashnesse is his continual walking mate, Coftly apparreld, loftie in his gate: Vp to the eates in double ruffes and startch, God blesse your eiesight when you see him march: Statutes, and lawes, he dare prefume to breake, Against superiors cares not what he speake. It is his humours recreation fittes, To beate Counstables and resist all writtes, Swearing the ripeft wits are childish young; Vnlesse they gaine instructions from his tongue. Theres nothing done amongst the verie best, But he'l deride it with some bitter iest. It's meate and drinke vnto him allwaies, when

He



# THE SELECTION OF THE SE

#### SATYRES.

He may be censuring of other men. If a man do but toward a Tauerne looke, He is a drunkard, he'l sweare on a Booke: Or if one part a fray of good intention, He is a quarreller, and loues dissention. Those that with silence vaine discourses, breake, Are proud fantasticks, that disdaine to speake: Such as speake soberly with wisdoms leasure, Are fooles, that in affected speach take pleasure: If he heare any that reproueth vice, He faies, thers none but hipocrites fo nice. No honest woman that can passe along, But must endure some scandall from his tongue. She, deales crosse blowes her husand neuer feeles: This gentlewoman, weareth capering heeles; There minces Mall, to see what youth wil like her. Her eies do beare her witnesse she's a striker. Yonders a wentch, new dipt in bewties blaze, She, is a maide as maides go now a daies. And thus Contempt makes choisest recreation. In holding euery one in detestation, His common gate is of the ietting fize, He hath a paire of euer-staring eies:

E 4.

And



# MANUSCON MANUSCONIA MA

#### SATYRES.

And lookes a man fo hungry in the face, As he would eate him vp, and nere fay grace. A little low cround Hatte he alwayes weares. And Fore-horse-like therein a Feather beares. Goodly curld lockes; but furely tis great pitty. For want of kembing, they are beaftly nitty. His Dobblet is a cut cast Satten one, He fcornes to buy new now, that nere bought Spotted in diuers places with pure fat, Knowne for a right tall trencher man by that. His Breeches that came to him by befriending, Are desperate like him selse, & quite past mending He takes a common course to goe vntrust, Except his Shirt's a washing; then he must Goe woollward for the time: hee scornes it hee, That worth two Shirts his Laundresse should him The weapons that his humors do afford, Is Bum-dagger, and basket hilted Sword. And these in euery Bawdie house are drawne Twice in a day, vnlesse they be at pawne. If any fall together by the eares, To field cries he; why? zownes (to field) he sweares Shew your felues men: hey, flash it out with blowes

Let



# THE THE THE THE THE

#### SATYRES.

Let won make tothers guts garter his hofe, Make Steele and Iron vmpiers to the Fray, You shall have me goe with, to see faire play: Let mee alone, for I will have a care To see that one do kill the tother faire. This is Contempt, that's every ones disdayner. The strife pursuer, and the peace refrayner: Hates thunderbolt, damn'd Murders larum-bell, A neare deare Kinsman to the Divell of hell: And he whom Sathan to this humor bringes, Is th'only man for all detested thinges.

FINIS.



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6.

### SATIRE.

'Om's no good fellow, nor no honest man: Hang him, he would not pledge Rafe halfe a can But if a friend may speake as he doth thinke, Will is a right good fellow, by this drinke: Oh William, William, th'art as kind a youth, As euer I was drunke with, thats the trueth. Tom is no more like thee, then Chalks like Cheese To pledge a health, or to drinke vp-se freese: Fill him his Beaker, he will neuer flinch, To give a full quart pot the empty pinch. Heele looke vnto your water well enough, And hath an eye that no man leaues a fnuffe. A pox of peecemeale drinking (William fayes) Play it away, weele haue no stoppes and stayes. Blowne drinke is odious, what man can disiest it: No faythfull drunkard, but he doth detest it.

I



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#### SATYRES.

I hate halfe this; out with it, and an end, He is a buzard will not pledge his friend, (closed But standes as though his drinkes malt-sacke were With, Heer's t'ye Sir, against you are disposed? How fay my friend, an may I be fo bold; Blowing on's Beere like broth to make it cold, Keeping the full glasse till it stand and fower, Drinking but after halfe a mile an hower, Vnworthy to make one, or gaine a place, Where boone companions gage the pots apace. A mans a man, and therewithall an ende, Goodfellowship was bred and borne to spende, No man ere faw a pound of forrow yet, Could be alowd to pay an ounce of debt. We may be heere to day, and gone to morrow. Call mee for fixe pots more; come on, hang forrow Tut, lacke another day? Why, tis all one, When we are dead, then all the world is gone. Begin to me good Ned: What? hast gon right? Is it the same that tickeld mee last night? We gaue the Brewers Diet-drinke a wipe: Braue Malt-Tabacco in a quart pot-pipe, It netteld mee, and did my braines inspire,

I haue



# MANUSCON MAN

#### SATYRES.

I have forfworne your drinking fmoake and fier: Out vpon Cane and leafe Tabacco smell; Diuels take home your drinke; keepe it in hell. Carowse in Cannons Trinidado smoake, Drinke healths to one another till you choake, And let the Indians pledge you till they fweate, Giue me the element that drowneth heate: Strong fodden Water is a vertuous thing, It makes one fweare, and fwagger like a King, And hath more hidden Vertue then you thinke, For Ile maintaine, good liquor's meate and drinke: Nay, Ile go further with you, for in troth, It is as good as meate, and drinke, and cloth; For he that is in Mault-mans Hall inrolde, Cares not a poynt for hunger nor for colde. If it be cold, he drinketh till he fweate, If it be hot, he drinkes to lay the heate: So that how euer it be, cold or hot, To pretious vse he doth apply the pot: And will approve it Phisically found; If it be drunke vpon the Danish round, Or taken with a Pickle-herring or two, As Flemmings at Saint Katherines vse to do:

Which



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#### SATYRES.

Which fish hath vertue, eaten falt and raw, To pull drinke to it, euen as Ieate doth straw. Oh tis a verie whetstone to the braine, A march-beere shewer that puts downe April raine It makes a man active to leape and spring, To daunce and vault, to carrowle and to fing: For all exploytes it doth a man inable, T'out leape mens heades, and caper ore the table. To buroe Sacke with a candle till he reeles, And then to trip-vp his companions heeles, To fing like the great Organ pipe in Paules, And censure all men vnder his controules. Against all commers ready to maintaine, That deepest witt is in a drunken braine. I marry is it; that it is he knowes it; And by this drinke, at all times will depose it, He fayes, that day is to a minute shrunke, In which he makes not some good fellow drunke: As for nine Worthies on his Hoftes wall, He knowes three worthy drunkards passe them all: The first of them in many a Tauerne tride, At last subdued by Aquauitæ, dide. His fecond Worthies date was brought to fine,

Fea-



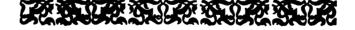


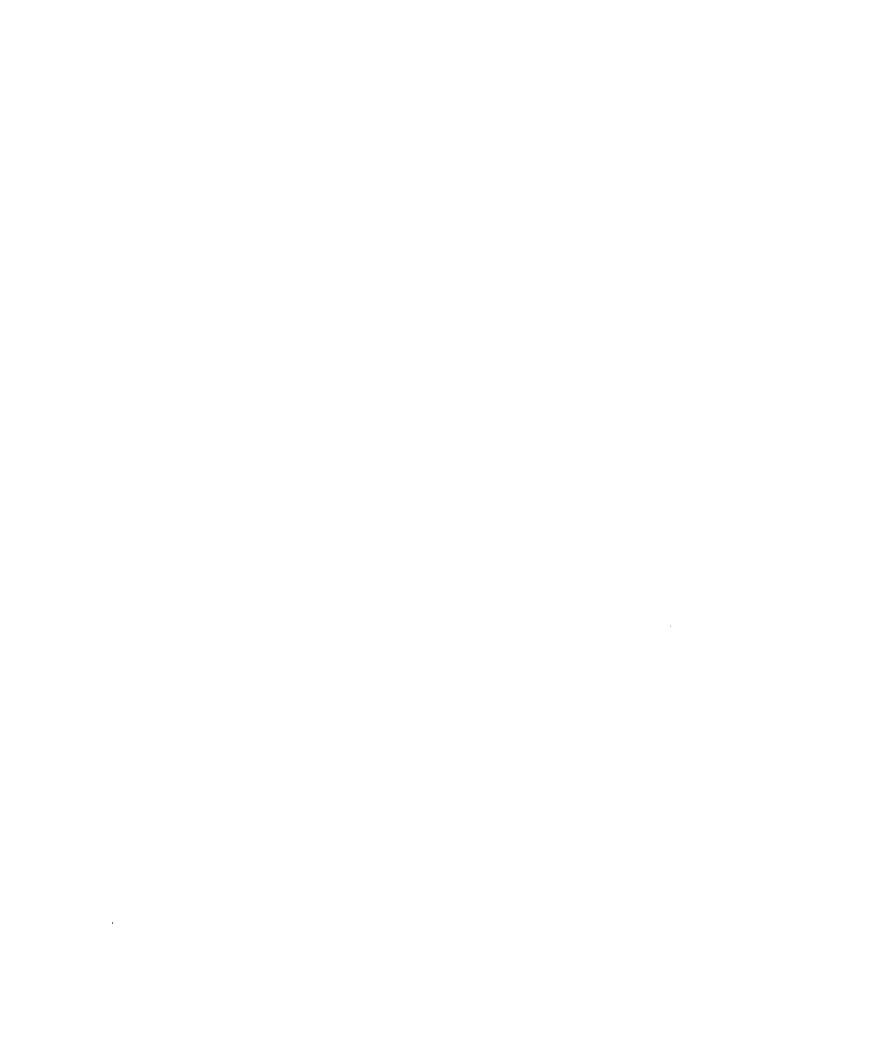
#### SATYRES.

Feasting with Oysters and braue Rennish wine. The third, whom divers Dutchmen held full deere, Was stabb'd by pickeld Hearinges & strong Beere. Well, happy is the man doth rightly know, The vertue of three cuppes of *Charnico*, Being taken fasting, th'only cure for Flegme, It worketh wonders on the braine, extreame. A pottle of wine at morning, or at night, Drunke with an Apple, is imployed right, To rince the Liuer, and to purise A dead sicke Hart from all infirmitie.

FINIS.

Liud







# SATIRE.

Liu'd the Philosopher Heraclitus
In Troynouant, as once in Ephesus:
Were not Democrites liue's-date full done,
But he with vs, an's glasse some sande to runne:
How would the first, dry-weepe his watry eyes?
And th'others laughter, eccho through the skies?
For while they in this world were resident,
Heraclitus, for Vertue's banishment,
Perform'd a pensiue teare-complayning part:
Democrites, he laugh'd euen from his hart,
Spending his time in a continual lest,
To see base Vice so highly in request.
Weepe Vertues want, and giue sad sighes too boote;
Vice rides on horsebacke, Vertue goes on soote:
Yet laugh againe as sast on th'other side,
To see so vile a scumme preserr'd to ride.

But



# THE THE THE THE THE

#### SATYRES.

But what wilt helpe to figh on fintie finne? T'will not be mollifide as it hath binne: T'is farre more highly fauour'd then before, For Sinn's no begger, standing at the dore, That by his patches doth his want dispute, But a right welcome Sir, for's coftly fute: And maskes about with fuch an oftentation, World faves, Vice-haters loues no recreation. You shall have smooth-fac'd neate Dissimulation, A true What lacke yee? by his occupation, Will (I in trueth; Yes truely,) shew you ware, All London cannot with his stuffe compare. Nay, If you match it (goe from him to any) Take his for nothing, pay him not a penny. At this, my fimple honest Country-man Takes Trueth, and Truely, for a Puritan, And dares in's conscience sweare he loues no lying, But that they deale for, he gives him the buying: To let him have a pen-worth he is willing; Yet for a groates-worth makes him pay a shilling, Giues good-man Trollopp one thing for another, And fayes, hee'le vse him as he were his brother: But while his eares with Brothers tearmes he feedes,

He



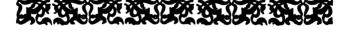
# E STE STE STE STE

#### SATYRES.

He prooueth but a Coosen in his deedes: Brotherhood once in kindred bore the fway, But that dates out, and Coosnage hath the day. The foregone ages that are spent and donne, The olde time past, that calles time present Sonne, Saw better yeeres, & more plaine-meaning howers Then prefently, or future following ours. The worlde is naught, and now vpon the ending, Growes worse & worse, & fardest off fro mending. Seauen grand Deuills, bred and borne in Hell, Are grac'd like Monarches, on the earth to dwell: wher they comaund the worlds whole globy roud Leauing poore Vertuous life, no dwelling ground. Pride is the first, and he began with Eue, Whose cognisance still's worne on womens sleeue He fits the humours of them in their kinde, With euery moneth, new liueries to their minde. A Buske, a Maske, a Fanne, a monstrous Ruffe, A boulster for their Buttockes, and such stuffe: More light and toyish then the wind-blown chaffe As though they meant to make the Deuill laughe. The next that marcheth, is the roote of euill, Cal'd Couetousnesse, a greedy rascall Deuill:

F 2.

To



#### SATYRES.

To fill old Iron barred chefts, he rakes, Great rents for litle Cottages he takes: Hordeth vp corne, in hope to haue a yeare, Fit for his cut-throate humour, to fell deare. Then is there a notorious bawdie Feend, Nam'd Letcherie; who all his time doth fpend, In two wheeld Coatch, and bason occupation: Makeing a vaulting howse his recreation, Vnto his doore the Sumner howerly marches: And euerie Tearme, looke for him in the Arches. Enuie's the fourth: a Deuill, dogged sprighted, In others harmes he cheifly is delighted; His heart against all charitie is steeld, His frownes are all challenges to the field: Though nothing crosse him, yet he murmers euer, He laughs at some mans losse, or els laughs neuer. Wrath is the next, that swaggers, fightes, & swears, In Fleetstreete, brauely at it by the eares: Parboild in rage, pepperd in heate of ire, Hotte liue d, and as cholericke as fier. Vitlers, and Searjants, are beholden to him, Till halter destinie, of life vndo him. Sixt lubberly gor-belled Deuill great,

Is



# THE STEE STIFF STIFF

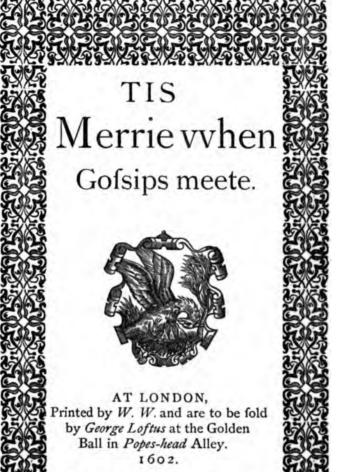
### SATYRES.

Is Gluttony, swolne with excesse of meate:
His belliship containes th' insatiate gutte,
paunch'd liquor proofe, an' twere a Malmsie butte,
Dulled with drinke: this is his vsuall phraise,
Yet one quart, and a morsell more, he sayes.
The last is Sloth, a lazie deuelish curre,
So trust in Idlenesse, he scarce can sturre:
Lumpish and heavie thoughtes, of Sathans giving,
That rather beggs, then labours for his living.
These seaven, are seends come forth of Hells darke
On earth seduceing soules, misguiding men. (den,

FINIS.











Haucer, our famous reuer'nt English Poet
When Canterbury tales he deth begin

#### NOTÉ.

As the only known copy of the First Edition of "Tis Merrie vvhen Gossips meete," 1602, is imperfect, the text of Sig. E (pp. 33-40), distinguished by being enclosed within square brackets, is reprinted from the Third Edition of 1609.







#### A Conference betweene a Gentleman and a Prentice.

Prentice.

Hat lacke you Gentle-man? fee a new Booke new come foorth, fir: buy a new Booke sir.

New Booke fay'st: Faith I can Gentleman. fee no prettie thing come foorth to my humours liking. There are

fome old Bookes that I have more delight in then your new, if thou couldst helpe me to them.

Troth fir, I thinke I can shew you as many of all Prentice. forts as any in London, sir.

Can'st helpe mee to all Greenes Bookes in one Gentleman. Volume? But I will have them every one, not any wanting.

Sir; I have the most part of them, but I lacke Prentice. Conny-catching, and fome halfe dozen more: but I thinke I could procure them. There be in the Towne I am fure can fit you: have you all the Parts of Pafquill, fir?

All the Parts, why I know but two, and those Gentleman. lye there vpon thy stalle; them I have: but no other am I yet acquainted with.



5

A 3



#### A Conference betweene

Prentice. Oh, sir then you have but his Mad-cappe, and his Fooles-cappe, there are others besides those: looke you heere, a prettie Booke Ile assure you sir. T'is his Melancholy, sir: and ther's another and you please sir: heer's Morall Philosophy of the last edition.

Gentleman. What's that with Nashes name to it there?

Prentice. Marry sir, t'is Pierce Penny-lesse, sir; I am sure you know it: it hath beene a broad a great while sir.

Gentleman. Oh, I thou fay'st true, I know't passing well: is that it. Butwere's the new Booke thou tel'st me off, which is it?

Prentice. Marry, looke you sir, this is a prettie odde conceit, Of a Merrie meeting heere in London, betweene a Wife, a Widdow, and a Mayde.

Gentleman. Merrie meeting, why, that Title is stale: Ther's a Booke cal'd, T'is merry when knaues meete. And ther's a Ballad, T'is merry when Malt-men meete: and besides, there's an olde Prouerbe, The more the merrier: And therefore I thinke sure I have seeneit.

Prentice.

You are deceived fir, Ile affure you, for I will bee deposed vpon all the Bookes in my Shoppe that





#### Gentleman and a Prentice.

that you have not feene it; t'is another manner of thing then you take it to bee, fir: For I am fure you are in Loue, or at least will bee, with one of these three: or fay you deale but with two, The Widdow and the Mayde; because the Wife is another mans commoditie: is it not a prettie thing to carry Wife, Mayde, and Widdow in your pocket, when you may as it were conferre and heare them talke togither when you will? nay more, drinke togither: yea, and that which is a further matter; vtter their mindes, chuse Husbands, and censure Complections; and all this in a quiet and friendly fort, betweene themselues and the pinte-pot, or the quart quantitie, without any fwaggering or fquabbling, till the Vintners pewter-bearer in a Boyes humour gaue out the laugh at them.

Thou fay'st well, be-like thy Booke is a con-Gentleman. iuring kinde of Booke for the Femenine Spirits, when a man may rayle three at once out of his pocket.

Truely fir, Ile affure you, you may make vertious vseof this Bookediuers wayes, if you have the grace

A 4

Prentice.



#### A Conference.

to vse it kindly; as for ensample: sit alone privately in your Chamber reading of it, and peraduenture the time you bestow in viewing it, will keepe you from Dice, Tauerne, Bawdy-house, and so foorth.

Gentleman.

Nay, if your Booke be of fuch excellent quallitie and rare operation, wee must needes hauesome Traffique together. Heere take your money, i'st sixe-pence?

Prentice.

I certaine tis no lesse, sir: I thanke yee sir.

Gentleman.

What is this an Epiftle to it?

Prentice.

Yes for-footh: yes ti's Dedicated.

TO ALL THE PLEA-

faunt conceited LONDON

Gentle-women that are friends to mirth, and enemie to dull Melancholy.





To all the pleasant conceited London Gentlewomem, that are friendes to mirth, and enemies to dull Melancholy.

Inde Gentlewomen of the kinder sort,
V V hich are no kindred vnto dogged natures:
Though some of you keepeprettie Curs for sport,
Yet you your selves become no currish creatures;
But in your mirth have good conceipts and wittie,
True London bred, in England's famous Cittie.

To you this merry meeting is presented,
As the best worthy for to entertaine it.
It scornes the singers of the discontented,
And bids a sigge for them that do disdaine it:
Ti's not for sullen sad-ones, peeuish braue,
That nothing but the Asses vertues haue.

The lumpish leaden melancholy thought,
That's next dore-neighbour to a frantique braine,
V Vhose doltish understanding's good for nought,
And is an out-cast to a pleasaunt vaine:
Smyling as often as Powles-steeple daunces;
Lethergoe lowrewith crabbed Kate and Fraunces,

B. And





#### To the Gentle-women Readers.

And take her liquor by the Dram and ounce
With Faith I cannot drinke, cry fie, and frowne,
Let her all good Societie renounce,
And turne a scuruey barren witted clowne:
She is too base, in any Common-wealth,
To be at drinking of a Gossips health.

Let such go keepe their chamber and their dyet,
And looke as pale as any Parris plaster,
And let their husbands neuer live in quiet
Vnlesse the Fanne and Farthing-gale be master:
And let them be even at the best they can
Both crosse-consumers, and crosse lucke to man.

Their lives are nothing els but fretfull humours;
They know not how to thinke a courteous thought;
Theirtongues are fwolne with prid's corrupted tumors
Turne Inside out-ward, all's (alike) starke naught.
Then let them be casheer'd and walke aloofe,
Such paltry wenches are not Clarret-proofe.

But





To the Gentle-women Readers.

But as for you good liquor taking Dames
That proue most friendly in your dayly greeting;
And do deserve right louing Gossips names,
The Pynt and quart being witnes to your meeting
V Vhy much good dee, pray sit yee merry all,
For tother Pynt to make it even, call.

VVho hath to do with what you please to take,
It is well knowne to be your owne you spend
To every foole account ye need not make,
You pay for that you have and there an end:
There's many deale vpon the score for wine,
VVhen they should pay forget the Vint'ners Syne.

You are like Dido that same famous Queene
That dranke a health vnto the wandring Prince;
Such a Carrowse, the like hath not beene seene
In Carthage, to that houre nor neuer since:
She ply'd him with the VVine in golden Cup,
Turning the liquor in; the bottome vp.

B<sub>2</sub> So





To the Gentle-women Readers.

So did Semiramis, King Ninus wife,
VVhen she obtayn'd three dayes to rule the Crowne
She proou'd a good companion all her life,
And hand to hand dranke all her Nobles downe:
And all chiefe VVenches at a Gossips feast,
She made them Ladyes every one at least.

Cato, for wisedome being surnam'd the Wise,
The learned and the witty sentence speaker,
Did marrie one iust of the Gossips sise:
And in discretion neuer sought to breake-her:
Though he the art of knowledge did professe,
She would not drinke a droppe of V Vine the lesse.

Therefore you shall not greatly need to care,
For every busic tongue that doth abuse-you:
But if that in a private roome you are,
And have a Drawerthat good V Vinewillchuse-you,
V Vith frolique myrth this measure still applie,
Tune your Tongues low, take not a Cuppe too hie.

FINIS.





#### In Commendation of this Booke.

Cannot tell how others will thee like,
But my conceit is thou art passing wittie:
No viperous tongue thy pleasant vayne will strike;
And if they should, (in fayth) the more t'were pittie.
Thou meddl'st not with VViues which ciuill bee,
But Widdowes wanton; Maydes of mean'st degree:
What reason then haue enuious, enuie thee?

Thou art not feated in a fumptuous Chaire,
Nor do thy Lines import of Maiestie:
Thy table is not deckt with costly sayre,
Thy feruants at a call, Anon will crie:
In deed thy drinke is (Spirit, Vigor, Life,
No spurre to Enuie, nor no prop for Strise)
Good Wine which cheer's a VViddow, Mayde, or VVise.

Thou art not thwack't with baudy riball'd stuffe, Nor doost thou touch in ought a vertuous creature, Thou need'st not care though Vice at thee do snuffe, A vicious man is like a syrie Meature, Which shewes farre off a terror to the eye: Yet as a stash of lightning soone doth dye:

But thou of Mirth and not of heat art framed, A Gossips friendly meeting art thou named.

Ioh. Strange.







### Tis merrie vvhen

Gossips meete.

#### The Conference.

Ood dea'ne fweet Coufen, Iefu! how de'e do? Widdow. When shall we eate another Dagger Pye?
You are a stranger: Christ! when met we two?
I muse you do not call as you go by:
What luckie businesse pra'y hath brought you hither
That we should meete at Tauerne-doore togither,

In trueth (kinde Cousse) my comming's from the Pawne, Wife.
But I protest I lost my labour theare:
A Gentle-man promiss to give me Lawne,
And did not meete me, which he well shall heare.
Some lets may happen in the way vnknown.
He hath beene hindred that's to bide vpon.

Viste.

Why how now Besse, to passe vnseene do'st thinke? VVid. Where go'st my wench? (Besse) To see my brother Steuen. Heer's Widdow, Wise and Mayde: E'saith lets drinke A parting Pynt, and so God make vs euen:

Slippe in good Consen, you are next the doore, Won Pynt of Kindnesse and away no more.

B<sub>4</sub> No





# Tis merry when

Wife. No in good faith: in troth I must away,

My Husband's forth, our Shoppe must needes be tended

Mayd. My Mothers gone to Church, I cannot stay:

If I be found from home, shee'le be offended.

Ile lead the way my selfe: Lord heer's alife,

Widd. Ile lead the way my selfe: Lord heer's alife, I know these shifts since I was Mayde and Wife.

Where shall we bee (Vint.) I pray go vp the staires.

Wife. Good Cousen no, let's take it standing heere.

VVid. Bestrew me then; where every one repayres,

Ile none of that, wee'le haue a roome my deere.

Come, come, you looke that I shall be your leader.

Wife. Cousse, that's because you are a nimble treader.

7'int. Y'arc welcome Gentle-women: what Wine drinke ye?

Wid. All's one to me: what say you mistris Besse?

VVII. What Wine's the best for our complections thinke ye?

Vint. I haue no Phisicke. (Wife.) Yet good brother gesse.

Wid. Why, ha'st good Clarret? (Vint.) I, the best in London.

VVife. Either fill good: be briefe: or leaue't vndon.

Heere





# Gossips meete.

Heere Gentle-women this is neate and pure. Pra'y taste it Cousse, you know good Wine and Beere. VVife. Good Lord, good Lord that you grow fo demure. Let's drinke familier, wherefore come we heere? This to you both, Cousse Grace, and mistresse Besse; A full Carowfe, Ile haue you pledge no lesse.

T'is pretie wine in trueth: nay fill your Cup, Wee'le haue no pingling now we are alone, If here were men I would not drinke it vp For twentie pounds my felfe, but now al's one: Someime wet lip, and fmell the wine's enough, And leefe a kiffe, rather then marre our ruffe.

But now let's barre dissembling to be merrie And in good earnest entertaine our wine: This touch and taste, makes the sences wearie, What reason now wee should be soolish fine? No louer nor no futer's here that fees-it: We have good time, and liquor, let's not leefe-it.

> C Content

Vint.

VVid.





### Tis merrie vvhen

Wife. Content (fay I) nay Besse, Ile be thy skinker. Mard. In trueth (for-footh) a full cup doth excell,

Good Lord, I am become a mightie drinker.

Wid. Another pint: the fellow vf'd vs well.

WVid.

VVife. I by my troth the wine is good in trueth, Fill t'other pint. (Wid.) Pre'thee go right sweet youth.

Now Cusse, heere's to our friendes in Soper-lane. VVid. Let come sweete Cousen, I will pledge them all. Wife. But Iesu-Christ! what is become of Iane? WVid. Oh, she is gone to dwell by London-wall. WVife. Good God (in footh) I neuer was more merry WVid. Then when we both did dwell in Bucklers-berry.

Now heau'nly Christ, how pleasant we haue bin: But yet won time we had a cruell stirre, A Drapers man and she were mighty in. VVife. I pra'y, what she with him, or he with her?

Fayth both in loue: well Iane's an honest Mayde, But Lord the prankes that we mad-wenches playde.

My





# Gossips meete.

My Mistresse got my Maister to consent
One Midsommer, shee beeing very ill,
To leaue the Cittie, and goe lie in Kent,
By which good hap we had the house at will.
There Roger, Iane, and I, met euery night.
Heere Besse: good brother fill's a quart of White.

Wife.

No Musique in the euenings we did lacke, Such dauncing, Coussen, you would hardly thinke it: Whole pottles of the daintiest burned Sacke, T'would do a Wench good at the hart to drinke it, Such store of tickling Galliardes, I do vow Not an olde daunce, but Ihan come kisseme now. VVid.

And let them talke and prayse the marriage life To be sull of pleasure, as they say, I that haue liu'd both Widdow, Mayde, and Wife, And try'd all pleasures every kinde of way

Know what to doo: and will maintaine this still,
That of the three, Maydes have the world at will.

C 2 E'faith





#### Tis merrie vvhen

Wife. E'faith they haue, and haue not, for you know:

(Put to the doore her's none but friends you fee)

They fay loue creepeth where it cannot go,

Maydes must be married, least they mar'd should bee.

I will be sworne, before I saw sisteene,

I wish't that I my wedding day had seene.

Tush tittle, tatle: Besse, it must be done.

My cousin thinkes not as her words import

I could not for a world haue liu'd a Nun:

Oh, flesh is frayle, we are a finfull fort.

I know that beauteous wenches are enclinde,

To harbour hansome men within their minde.

Cousen you meane because a Mayde is free, Hauing no head to keepe her body vnder She liues a life not bound so much as wee, The iest is simple and it makes me wonder That you which haue with Venus sports beene sed, Should put such errours in a Maydens hed.

Nay





Nay, but I pray you vnderstand my reason:
The youthfull fauours that they do attaine,
For this you know that all the woing season
Sutors with gifts continual seeke to gaine
Their Mistresse loue, to ioine with their affection
With words and Lyues, humbled in all subjection.

That's very true, the bountie of their Loues
Are lib'rall still with many a kinde respect,
In conscience I had tweentie paire of Gloues
When I was Mayde giu'n to that effect:
Garters Kniues, Purses, Girdles, store of Rings,
And many a hundred daintie pretie things.

Well, Cousen well, those daies in date be past,
T'is very true with vs that world doth change.

Here stands a Cup of wine, pra'y who dranke last?
Why that did I to Besse: Lord! Maydes be strange,
They looke for thousand words of sweet and pray
And take sew things to which they say not nay.

C<sub>3</sub> T'is

Wid.





Mayde. T'is Maydens modestie to vse denyall,
A willing offer commeth twice or thrice.

Wid. Put here's a cup of Wine doth ftand for tryall,
Your Mayden-ship takes liquor in too nice:
Pray mende your fault, kinde Befse, wee'le none of that,
Wine and Virginitie kept stale, drinke flat:

Mayde. You are to blame, in trueth we drinke like men,
Now by my truely I am e'ne ashamed.

Wid. Tut wench. God knowes when we shall meete ag

Wid. Tut wench, God knowes when we shall meete agen:
Nor neede we seare of husbandes to be blamed.
Our cent of Wine, shall not by them be selt,
The married Wife in kissing will be smelt.

Wife. Oh Cusse, if that be all the worst, I care not, Ile take allowance even with the best:

This cup to you, you shall not say I dare not:

My Husband smell; oh Iesu, there's a iest,

I care as little for my Husbands smelling,

As any Wench this houre in London dwelling.

T'is





T'is well you need not: fure I take him kinde.

As kinde a man as woman need to lie-with.

Would I as well were fitted to my minde,
A louing Man who would not liue and die with?

My Husband did to other Loues encline.

Nay, mine is conftant by this cup of Wine.

Wid.

Wid.

Now Christ, how Wives and Widdows take occasions Mayd.

T'in-large their Husbandes credites, or disprayse:

Some harbouriealous thoughtes, some kinde perswasions:

In some match men, in some the women strayes:

And when they meete, they do discourse and scan

About whose choyce hath got the kindest man.

Alas (good Besse) thou speak'st thou know'st not what, Wife.
Thy iudgement is not worth a Wallnut-shell:
There's an old graue Prouerbe tell's vs that
Such as die Maydes, doe all lead Apes in hell:
I rather while I liue, would yeerely marry,
Then waighting-mayde on such preferment tarry.

That





Mayde. That Prouerbs proofe can do you little stead:
But married Wines oft giue and take such claps,
Tannus so rules and guides their husbands head,
That euery night they sleepe in Horn-worke caps:
I pra'y what Prouerbe is it that allowes
The Diuels picture on your husbands browes.

Wid. Enough you wrangling wenches, fie for shame:
Take me in drinke, leaue out our disputation.
Pra'y brother, fill a pynt more of the same.
Wife. Cousen, belike you meane to drinke in sashion,
We shall be trim'd and haue our wits refin'de
E'saith we shall, if you may haue your minde.

Wish: Now to your husband Cousse, this full Carrowse.
Wish: In trueth I pleadge you, and I thanke you truelie;
To all our friends Befor, at your mothers house,
Mayde. Thankes gentle Mistresse Grace, I dranke but newlie.
Wish: Bethrew my heart this wine is not the worst.
Wish: Good-faith me-thinkes t'is better then the first.

But





But Coussen, pre-thee art not yet toward marriage? Truely I am, and am not as it stands:

A Gentle-man of passing gallant carr'age

Doth ply me hard, won that ha's pretie lands:

Hansomer man neuer in shooe did tread,

By this good drinke, a kinder ne're broke bread.

To try his loue fometimes I faine me ficke,
And by this Candle he will fit and weepe.

Now by my troth that's e'ne my Good-mans tricke,
Let me complaine: Christ what a quoyle heele keepe,
Asking what ailes my sweet-heart, tell mee honnie,
My Loue, my Doue, my Lambe, my pretty Connie.

See, fee, how fa'y: but firra Coussen than Widd.

I force a figh with halfe a douzen grones:
This comes (fayes he) to lie without a man, Wife.

My Husband sayes, kinde Loue thou breed'st yong bones
Well Iohn (fay I) you iest to see my paine,
Then by this wine, the soole will weepe againe.

D Couffe

Wife.

V Vid.





#### Tis merrie vvhen

Wid. Cousse, you are happie you haue such a one,
Make much of him: a iewell Wench thou hast:
But I had won would let me grone, and grone,
The veriest Clowne; but well, tis gone and past,
If he had liu'd Coussen, I do protest
I would haue done a thing: well, let that rest.

Ile neuer trust a red-hair'd man againe,
If I should liue a hunered yeeres that's flat,
His turne can not be seru'd with one or twaine:
And how can any woman suffer that?
I know t'is better to take wrong then do it,
But yet in such a case sless leades vs to it.

Mayd. Why, is a red-hair'd man fo bad of life?
What fay you to a yellow flaxen haire?

VVid. Not won among a hundred trew t'his Wife,
That conftant loyall-harted thoughts doth beare.
They loue, but how? as did the youth of Greece,
From euery Wench to gaine a golden Fleece.

And





And they whose mindes have this corrupt insection, (Because I would have Besse to take good heede)
Are such as be call'd Sanguine of complexion,
I pre-thee Girle, let no such Sutor speede.
I speake it by experience and good tryall,
Of all haire-colours give that haire deniall.

A Nut-browne colour, or an Abourne either May both do well, and are to be allow'd:

A Waxen-colour hath no great fault neither,
But for a ragged chin I firme haue vow'd,
It shall by me perpetuall be abhor'd,
And with my heeles I scorne it by the Lord.

A man whose beard seemes scar'd with sprites t'haue bin, That wants the bountious grace, length, bredth, & thicknes And hath no difference twixt his nose and chin, But all his haires haue got the falling sicknes, Whose fore-front lookes like Iack-an Apes behinde, She that can loue him beares a scuruey minde.

D 2

I pray





#### Tis merrie vvhen

Wife. WVid. I pra'y what fay you to my husband then? The rar'ft complection that you can deuise: The golden Sentence proues blacke-bearded men Are precious pearles in beauteous womens eies: Their loyall hearts none iustly can controule, I loue a blacke-man, cousen, with my soule.

Wife.

Let Beffe note this, for when I was a Mayd, And to the loue of men began to bow, I gaue great eare to that which women fayd, When they were merry met as we are now: Yea, and my mother did perswade me too, Wench (would she say) note what your elders doo.

That Lesson without booke was straight mine owne, Shee needed not repeate it ouer twice: I quickly fmelt what t'was to liue alone, What to be kinde in Loue, what to be nice. Anan, anan; what i'st (for-footh) you lacke?

Vint. vvid.

Sauceages, brother, and a pynt of Sacke.

No





No more in fadnesse, now t'is time to part,
In conscience it is fixe a clocke at least.

Wee'le haue a reckoning after t'other quart.

They say enough's as good as any feast.

Indeede my wench, enough's a seast that's right.

But we want that, which lie alone all night.

Mayde.

VVid.

You both may mend that matter when you will,
Whose fault i'st but your owne, you do not marrie?
God made not Besse to liue a Mayden still,
Faith t'is my mothers counsell that I tarrie:

She alwaies saies when yong men come a woing,
Stay daughter, stay: you must not yet be doing.

Now in good faith your mother is to blame
To wish so womanly a wench to stay:
She knowes fifteene may husband instille clame.
Fifteene! why I was that last Lady-day:

You are deceived for I am no such youth,
I am sixteene, when next March comes in truth.

D 3 Beshrew





Wid. Beshrew my hart but that's a goodly time,
I would to Christ that I could say so too,
I would not linger out my youthfull prime,
Nor stand and aske my mother what to doo.
No, I could tell I trow, as well as shee,
Toward Batchellers how Maydens ought to bee.

Mayde. I, I know fome thing too: but what of that?
Our Parents willes (you know) must be obay'd.

Wife. Well, say they must: yet shall I tell you what
A Scholler tolde me when I was a Mayde:
Of marriage knot they haue no power to breake-it:
Now by this Sacke, a Learned man did speake-it.

Wid. T'was nothing but found trueth which he did tell, For Husbands, we our Parents must forsake.

Wife. Wife. Were this Wine burn'd Coussen, it would do well. Fayth I was thinking on it when you spake.

Mayde. My mother sayes burnt Sacke is good at night. A'my word Besse, your mother's in the right.

**Brother** 





Brother, I pre-thee let this Wine be burn'd,
And see (good youth) the Sauceages be ready,
To one good meaning our three mindes be turn'd,
When Sacke is sugerd t'will not be so heady.
We drinke so much my cheekes are passing warme.
Sweete Elsabeth, good Wine can do no harme.

Wife.

Yet trust me Coussen, when I was a Girle,
For Tauerne, no Young-man could get me to-it
Neither for loue, gold, precious stones, or pearle:
My tongue deney'd when heart Inclyn'd to do it.
For by my fayth I euer lou'd good Wine,
But oft refrain'd, I was so Mayden-fine.

Well wot you Besse, to whom Ile drinke too now, Sure as I liue, vnto your sister Sisse,
And to the Youth that did the Angell bow,
And sent it for a token: trueth halfe this:
He loues you both, vpon my word he doth,
Resolue it, or you wrong him Besse, in soth.

VVia.

D 4 His





His love to me I little do regard,

Mayde. Perhaps my litter doth respect it mo

Perhaps my sister doth respect it more. Then *Elfabeth* in truth you vse him hard.

Wid. How hard? he had his answere long before:

I will not loue him what so e're befall,

Ile haue a hansome man, or none at all.

Wid. A Fig for wealth, t'is person I affect.

Mayde: Voy one o feelet he will maintaine w

You are a foole: he will maintaine you well,

Wid.

I tell you, I a proper man respect:

Mayde.

Dela thinks that I with such a di

De'e thinke that I with such a dwarffe will store-me, That shall disgrace me when he goes before-me?

Ile haue a comelie man from head to foote,

1 whose neate limbes no blemish can be spi'd

Whose leg shall grace his stocking or his boote,

And weare his rapier manlie by his side:

With such a one my humour doth agree,

He shall be welcome to my bed and me.

Bessc





[Beffe, and th'art wife, hold that opinion still, For were I to begin the world to morrow, In such a choice, I would my minde sulfill: And so I drinke to thee: come on, hang sorrow: Wench, let it be thy rule at any hand, To make thy choyce euen as thy mind doth stand.

Many do match (as true as this is Wine)
With fome Dunce, Clown, or Gul, they care not who,
For no cause but to be maintained fine,
and haue their wils in what they please to do:
When their hearts loues as much in other things,
As there is Vertue in mine Apron-strings.

Faith tis too true. Fough, what a filthy smell? as sure as death I am e'ne like to choke, Methinkes I feele my selse not very well. Now out vpon't it is Tobacco smoke:

Knocke Cozen knocke, heere is a filthy fmother, For Gods loue quicke; fome Iuniper sweet Brother.

w**iddow** 

Mayde Wife

E There





#### Tis merrie vvhen

widdow There cannot be a more detefted flinke,

And yet you fee how dainty many make it.

Mayde. As true as this is Wine that I do drinke,

I would not for a Crowne kiffe one that takes it:

Wife. My Husband is fo kind an honest man,

That heele touch none, if I fay, Do not Ian.

Widdow. His commendations certaine is the more,

With one another we are bound to beare,

He beares with you, fauour you him therefore.

Wife. Surely I do, as both of you shall heare:

T'is death to him to fmell but a Goofe-pye, and therefore Goofe-flesh neuer do I buy.

Widdow. That's a strange matter sure; I loue a Goose,

But for a Wood-cocke I did neuer care,

vvife. When I eat Pigge it makes my body loose, Mayde. I loue a tender Rabbet, or a Hare,

A Turkey-pie, or Pigion for a need:
But on groffe Butchers flesh I cannot feed.

Coussen,





Couffen, when I lay in of my first Boy,

Lord how I long'd to eate a Partridge wing,

And when it came, my stomacke had no ioy,

But all my minde was of another thing. (buy,

Thou shalt lacke nought (quoth Iohn) that gold will

Why then (sweet-hart) lets have a Cherry-pye.

If London yeeld it (Lone) thou shalt not lacke, So kind, methinkes I heare him still repeat it: But hasting downe the staires, I cald him backe, Tis sull of stones (quoth I) I cannot eat it: With that he kist me, and began to weepe, And I being somewhat heavy fell asleepe.

But then I fell into the strangest dreame
Of fire and water, that you euer heard:
And I was troubled Cousse the most extreame
With one all night, that had a yellow beard:
And with a Cocke had neither spurres nor combe,
And with the little Bitch you have at home.

E 2 Why





#### Tis merrie vvhen

Widdow. Why furely now you talke of dreames in fadnesse, I dream't last night two Cattes did leape and skip, Playing together with great sport and gladnesse, Vntill one came to part them with a whip.

I laughed that my heart did ake thereat,
To see the soolish sellow whip the Cat.

Wife. A pretty iest: But Besse to whom de'e drinke?

I spy a fault, you do your selse forget:

The Wine stands waiting in the cup me thinke,

Prethee my Wench, lets haue our lips kept wet.

I pledge thee my Girle: nay sweet now drinke it vp,

A Gossips round, that's euery one a Cup.

Widdow. Next house to mine a Gentlewoman lies,
Fidler. Wilt please you Gentlewomen heare a song?
Wife. Good sellow, now we are about to rise:

Where stayes the Vintners service Boy so long?
Shut dore pray Cossen after that base groome,
Weele haue no fidling Knaue disgrace our roome.

Well





Well, go to Cousse, go forward with the rest,
What rest I pray? I know not what you meane:
No, why of her that is your neighbours guest?
T'is true, t'is true, my gallant silken Queane:
I had forgot the talke I was about,
The Fidler comes me in, and puts me out.

Widdow. Wife. Widdow.

Why she forsooth (an't please you) is so fine,
She neuer drinkes vnlesse she dine or sup,
And then she hath her penny pot of wine:
Marry and gip, some body take her vp:
Some Doctors wench a'my word for her skill,
That takes in Diet by the dram and pill.

wife.

My Husband doth alow me Ile be fworne, A pint a meale as true as we fit heere: I tell you (as my friends) I would e'ne fcorne To dine or fup without it in a yeere: He knowes (efaith) to please me in my diet, Or for a month I shall be out of quiet.

E 3

Then





Then if he fees me out of patience once, Oh Christ, how we will seeke to amends, Then do I figh to grieue him for the nonce, Wherewith, hee'le kisse and say, Sweet loue be frends: I let him kisse, and speake me faire a while, And when the fullen humor's past, I smile.

widdow. I cannot chuse but praise thy pretty wit,

It is the very course that I would take, Thou entertain'st his humour passing fit.

Why, I thought men had lou'd for kindnesse sake? Mayde.

Alas plaine wench, God knowes thou art not in it, V Vife. She that will fettle loue, must this way win it.

Mayde. Indeed I neuer heard that tricke before,

I thought mens loue must still be fed with kindnesse,

Wife. God helpe thee Beffe, not one among a score,

That poore opinion is but Maidens blindnesse: In these things thou knowest little, it appeares, But it will come, for now thou com'ft to yeares.

Why





Why woman, if we feeme not in behauiour
As though we car'd not greatly to confort,
They'le thinke forfooth they do vs mighty fauour,
And we must feeme beholden for our sport:
So best in strangenesse we our meanings hide,
which makes them loue, & giue good words beside.

This for inftruction Beffe, I have disclosed, Intruth I yeeld more thankes then may be told, Heere's to you both against you are disposed. Lord, while you talke the Sauceages wax cold, Come draw your kniues: fall to, I pray begin, You know cold Puddings are not worth a pin.

Mayde. widdow.

How pretty salt they tast: but tis the better,
Most rare esayth to drinke Sacke withall,
Beffe, pray go too, will you remaine my detter?
Why de'e not pledge me? troth and sayth you shall,
Nay sure all this: trust me t'is more then need,
In truth, in sadnesse, now in very deed.

Wife. widdow.

Mayde.

E 4

Well,





Widdow. Well, if you do not Beffe you do me wrong,

You shall not be forsworne for twenty pound,

Mayde. How't burnes my belly as it goes along, Wife. My turne is next, and so it passeth round:

Looke Gentlewomen is it full de'e thinke?

I fcorne to be intreated take my drinke.

Widdow. Why laugh you Cossen? sweet lets know, Mayde. An odde conceite I thinke on makes me smile:

When I am forth in company, or fo,

How by the dram I take in Wine that while, Kissing the Cup, vpon the Wine I frowne, And so with smelling it, I set it downe.

Some simple fooles (all manners for his wit)
Comes on me with the French salute most quaintly,
And sayes, Sweet, mend your drast, you drink no whit,
Introth you shew your selfe too mayden-dainty:
Drinke better Lady at my kind request,
I say sweet Sir, I can no wine digest.

Marry wee'le]





Marry wee'le beare you witnes when you will,
Ile take my oath on twentie Table-bookes,
The last full cup hath made you mightie ill:
Some Rossa-folis: see how pale she lookes.
Another pynt of that she tasted last,
To breake winde with, and then the worst is past.

Good (efayth) good, my Cusse is in the vaine,
Ile match you for it, wench, I hold a Crowne,
Fill none vnlesse you'le drinke about againe.
Content, fay I, you cannot put me downe.
How say'st thon Besse, shall it be so girle, speake!
If I make one, pray God my girdle breake.

Mayd.

Talke not so loude, what will solke thinke that heares? Wife.
The very Vintners Boy laugh'd when you spake.
Had I seene that, I would haue sound his eares: Widd.
Why maister Boy, wee'le pay for that we take,
Base groome, I say, although thou tak'st me mellow,
Know smooth sac'd Knaue, I am your Mistresse sellow.

F Good





Wife. Good Lord! what ayles my cousen be so hot?

Tush, let it passe, you know Boyes sawcie be.

Widd. It shall not be forgiuen nor forgot:

Vint.

Wid.

Wid.

Vint.

Wid.

Your maister liues (you slaue) by such as we.
Call for a reck'ning: let's know what's to pay,
By heau'ns, I scorne a minute more to stay.

Brother, I pra'y, is it your Maisters minde, Your fellow Boy should flout guests when they drinke? My maisters will is for to vse you kinde. T'will scath him more my friend, then he do think:

What is thy name? (Vint.) For footh, an't please yee, vvill.
What Countreyman? (Vint.) For footh, at Fish street hill.

VVilliam, we come not heere to be abused,
There are more Tauerns beside your's in towne,
Wee can go where we might be courteous vsed,
In truth forsooth my fellowes but a Clowne.

VVilliam, we have some credit where we dwell:
And William, Boyes should vse their betters well.

For





For *VVilliam*, fay the case were but your owne And that you were as we are at this season With friends a drinking where you are not knowne Would you be flouted? (*Vint.*) By my faith no reason. *William*, thou answer'st like a Youth of sence, For surely *VVilliam*, t'is a great offence.

WVid.

And William, I would have you vnderstand, We'le pay your Maister for the wine we have:
O Lord forsooth, as sure as in my hand.
William, wee come not to entreat or craue:
Wee met togither VVilliam, at your doore,
And entred for a pynt, which falles out more.

Vin. VVid.

William, we will not be beholding (fee-yee)
Vnto your Maister more then to another:
T'is for good Wine and welcome, we come tee-yee,
Or farewell VVilliam, and you were my brother.
And therefore VVilliam, this abuse we scorne,
For we are London Gentle-women borne.

F 2

Good





Wid. Good William, know: heer's neither Cifse nor Kate,
Vint. No, so God helpe me, I do see you are not.
Wid. Thinkes sawce your fellow, we vse Parrots prate,
William, our talke is honest, and we care not
If all the Parish were in place to heare it.
No, by this Cup. (Vint.) Efaith you need not sweare it.

Vint. Forfooth, I trust your wine was very good.

Wid. William, I grant, the wine was not amisse,
But that base Boy, hath vext me to the blood,
A man, VVilliam, would neere haue offer'd this:
The Prouerbe sayes t'is manners that doth make:
UVilliam, Giue guests good words for manners sake.

\*Villiam\*, when cam'ft thou in this house to dwell
\*Vint.\*
\*Wid.\*
\*Villiam\*, serue God, and please thy master well,
\*T'will be thine owne vvilliam\*, an other day.
\*Your maister's marri'd, vvilliam\*, is he not?
\*Vint.\*
\*Yes forsooth, yes, a mistresse I haue got.

vvill.





William, your Maister hath no children by-her?
No, forsooth, but I thinke she be with childe,
To haue a Boy she hath a great desire.
So would not I, William, for Boyes be wilde,
Though Girles cry, William, till they be bepist,
William, giue me a Girle, take boyes who list.

Widdow. Vin.

Wid.

Cousen, you do forget your selfe, me-thinke, When Besse and I come home, we shall be chid. Pray sill the cup to William, let him drinke. In trueth forsooth t'is the last thing I did.

Good William, drinke: I pree-thee William, doo. Forsooth I pledge you, and I thanke ye too.

UVife. Widdow. Vint. Wife. Vint.

William, let's know to pay and theres an end, Marry, forfooth three shillings and a penny. Villiam, lay downe their mony, none shall spend Cousen, and Besse, pray do not offer any. Harke, Bow-bell rings, before the Lord tis late, William, good night, pree-thee take vp thy plate.

vvid. Vint. vvid.

FINIS.

S. R.





# GREENES GHOST

#### HAVNTING CONIE-CATCHERS.

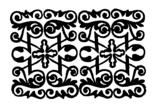
Wherein is fet downc,

The Arte of Humouring.
The Arte of carrying Stones.
Will. St. Lift.
Ia. Fost. Law.
Ned Bro. Catch. and
Blacke Robins Kindnesse.

With the conceits of Doctor Pinch-backe a notable Makeshift.

Ten times more pleasant then any thing yet published of this matter.

Non ad imitandum, fed ad euitandum.



LONDON,

Printed for R. Iackson, and I. North, and are to be fold in Fleetstreete,

a little about the Conduit.

1602.



#### TO ALL GENTLEMEN, MER-

chants, Apprentifes, Farmers, and plaine countrimen, health.



T is most true, Gentlemen, and wofull experience dayly teacheth vs, that the more carefull Princes are in erecting & establishing good lawes, for the rooting out of vice in the common wealth, the more repugnant (the diuell altogether predominant ouer them) do euil disposed per-

fons, caterpillers, and the off-scumme of the world (and therfore to be rejected and excommunicated from the fellowship of all honest men) oppose themselues against God and good gouernement, and in steede of an honest and civill cariage (which the Lawe prescribes them) betake them to a most hatefull, vicious, and detestable life: Who, as they may well be compared to vipers, most venimous and spitefull beasts, that for their venime and poison are hated and shunned of all men, as most preiudiciall creatures: fo these base people, not once thinking of an honest course of life, trusting vpon their owne mother wits, dayly deuise newe shifts and policies, to fleece the plaine dealing man, and by that meanes growe into more hate amongst honest men, then do the hated Iewes at this day: and the name of Conicatchers is fo odious, that now a dayes it is had vp, and vfed for an opprobrious name for euerie one that sheweth the least occasion of deceit. The bookes that were not long ago fet forth, concerning Coniecatching and crosse-biting, and the discouerie of each (if anie sparke of grace were) might have beene so manie restraints A 2 and

#### The Epistle

and bridles to call them from that abominable life, but they that are given ouer to their owne hearts luft, with all their might inueigh both against them and their Author.

I have therefore, Gentlemen, as one inforced (amore patrix) taken in hand to publish this little Pamphlet (which by a very friend came by a chance to my hands, and adding somewhat of mine owne knowledge, and vpon verie credible information) most necessarie in my mind for the good of the common wealth, both for all men to fee, what groffe villanies are now practifed in the bright Sunne-shine, that thereby they may be forewarned to take heede how they conuerse with fuch cofoning companions: as also a just checke and controll to fuch wicked livers, that they perceiving their goodnesse fet abroch, may with remorfe and penitencie forfake their abominable course of life, and betake them to a more honest and ciuill behauiour. If any with the spider heere seeke to sucke poison, let such a one take heede, that in practising his villany he chaunce commence Bachelor in Whittington Colledge, and fo in good time take his degrees and proceede Doctor, and thence with a folemne procession take possession of doctor Stories cappe; to which some of the worshipfull companie of Conicatchers haue worthily heretofore attained.

In this Treatise (louing countrimen) you shall see what shifts this crue of helhounds have put in practise since the bookes of Conicatching came forth, vnder these names, viz. The Art of Humoring, The Art of carrying stones; W. St List. Ia. lawe. Ned Br. catch, and Blacke Robins kindnesse: Wherin are manifested the nature of Humorists, such as can infinuate themselves into everie mans companie: & as they see him addicted, so will they verse vpon him, what policies they have to pursoine goods out of shops vnder the pretence of plainnesse, what shifts they have to cosen poore Alewives, by the art of carrying stones, what inconvenience may come by following flattering strumpets, I know not I what should be the cause why so innumerable harlots and Curtizans abide about London, but because that good lawes are not looked vnto: is there not one appointed for the apprehending of such hell-

#### Dedicatorie.

moths, that eat a man out of bodie & foule? And vet there be more notorious strumpets & their mates about the Citie and the fuburbs, then euer were before the Marshall was appointed: idle mates I meane, that vnder the habit of a Gentleman or feruing man, think themselues free from the whip, although they can give no honest account of their life. I could wish, and fo it is to be wished of every honest subject, that Amasis lawe were received, who ordained that euerie man at the yeares end should give an account to the Magistrate how hee lived, and he that did not fo, or could not make an account of an honest life to be put to death as a fellon, without fauor or pardon: What then should become of a number of our vpstart gallants, that liue only by the fweate of other mens browes, and are the decay of the forwardest Gentlemen and best wits? Then should we have fewer conicatching strumpets, who are the verie causes of all the plagues that happen to this flourishing common wealth. They are the destruction of so manie Gentlemen in England. By them many Lordships come to ruine. What dangers growe by dallying with fuch vnchast Libertines, and what inconvenience followes by their inordinat pleasures, let those that have had wofull experience and maifter Surgeon together testifie: nay, they not onely indanger the bodie by lothfom diseases, but ingraue a perpetuall shame in the forehead of the partie, and finally confume his foule and make him fit for the diuell.

To leave these base companions (that can be by no wholsom counsell, nor aduised persuasions bee dissuaded from their lothsom kind of life, nor called to any honest course of living) in the dregges of their dishonesty. Would it please the honorable and worshipfull of the land to take order for the cutting off of these cosoners, and consuming cankers of this common wealth, they should not only cause a blessing to be powred on this flourishing state, but have the prayers of every good subject for their prosperous healths and welfare. And thus Gentlemen, I conclude with this farewell: God either convert or consound such base companions.

Yours to vse, S. R.



#### To the Reader.

Se and peruse not with a curious eye, For Truth oft's blamde, yet neuer telleth lic. I tell not I, what forraine men haue done, But follow that which others have begun. No learned Clearke in Schooles that vse to write, But Enuie makes their labours some to spite. What then shall I, that write a homely stile, Thinke but to have a homely scoffing smile. But these and those that either mocke or skorne, Would they might weare (faire fight) Acteons horne. But you kind friends, that love your countries wealth, Vouch of my labours, good fortune guide your health. To pleasure most, and profit all's my end, My greatest care to please both foe and friend. Reade then kind friends, my trauell heere you have, I looke for nought, nought but your loucs I crauc.



#### **GREENES GHOST**

haunting Conicatchers.



Here hath béene of late daies published two merrie and pithie Pamphlets of the arte of Conicatching: wherin the Author hath sufficiently expressed his experiece, as also his loue to his Countrie. Neuerthelesse with the Authors leaue, I will ouerlooke some lawe tearmes ex-

pressed in the first part of Conicatching: whereunto, as the Author saith, is necessarilie required three parties: The setter, the Verser, and the Barnacle. Indéed I have heard some retainers to this ancient trade dispute of his proceedings in this case, and by them in a full Synode of quart pots it was thorowlie examined and concluded, that there were no fuch names as he hath fet downe, nor anie cheating Arte so christened as Conicatching. Marie, in effect there is the like vnderhand traffique daylie vsed and experienced among fome fewe start vp Gallants disperst about the fuburbs of London, who tearmes him that drawes the fish to the bait, the Beater, and not the Setter: the Tauerne where they go, the Bush, and the soole so caught, the Bird. As for Conicatching, they cleape it Batfowling, the wine the Strap, and the cards the Limetwigs. Now for the compaffing of a woodcocke to worke on, and the fetching him into the wine bench of his wracke, is right beating the bush. The good affe is he will be dealt vpon, stouping to the lure: if he be so wise as to kéep aloose, a Haggard. And he whom

#### Greenes Ghost

he makes Verser the Retriuer, and the Barnacle the Pothunter.

But all this breakes no fquare, fo long as we concurre in eodem subiesto: yet I wish, that as he hath looked into these wicked actions opened therein, so he had also looked into other groffe finnes, which are féeded in the hearts of fundrie persons. Extortion had beene a large theame to haue wrought vpon: and with the Vsurers bagges full of gold he might have handled another pretie Treatise: He might have brought forth Iustice weying bread, and the Baker putting his eares in the ballance to make euen weight. He should have personated the Thames most pitifully complaining, what monstrous hauocke the Brewers make of her water, without all remorfe or compassion: and how they put in willowe leaves and broome buds into their woort in steed of hoppes. So likewise a Christian exhortation to mother Bunch would not have done amisse. that she should not mixe lime with her Ale, to make it mightie, or cozen the Quéenes liege people of their drink. by fubbing them off with these slender wasted blacke pots and Cannes, that will hold little more then a Sering. A profitable Treatise might have also beene published for fuch companions to looke into, as for good fellowship will not sticke to lend two or thrée false oathes to deseate the widdow and fatherlesse of their right, though in short space after they lose their eares for their labour. A perswasion against pride had béene verie profitable: and an exhortation against swearing had beene a thing commendable, if he had in a pleasant Treatise shewed the folly of yong youthes and idle queanes; which entring into the feruice of fundrie honest persons, continue there no longer then they can cleanly conuay fome fufficient cariage for their present maintenance. Then had he done well, and peraduenture giuen fuch light to fundrie honest housholders, that they would be carefull what persons they had received into their houses or put in trust about their businesse.

There might haue also beene compiled a delectable and pleasant

#### haunting Conicatchers.

pleasant Treatise of the abuse committed by such as sell bottle ale, who to make it sly vp to the top of the house at the first opening do put gunpowder into the bottles while the ale is new. Then by stopping it close, make the people belieue it is the strength of the ale, when being truly sisted it is nothing indéed but the strength of the gunpowder that worketh the effect, to the great heart-burning of the parties that drinke the same. I would have had him touch the contrarietie of apparell, and set downe reasons to dissuade men from wearing French peakes, because they are good for nothing but to stab men, as also told the vse of the terrible cut, and the Swallow taile slash.

To leave daliance and come to the matter. I will informe you what policies haue béene practifed fince the books of Conicatching were fet forth. These Batfowlers. or Conicatchers having loft a collop of their living, by communicating their fecrets with babling companions, have now invented a newe tricke to fetch in the pence. They disguise themselues like Apparitors or Sumners, and come to a young Gentleman, Merchant, or old pinchcrust, as it maie fall out, that hath gotten a maid, a mans daughter, or this widdow or ordinarie woman with child, or at least haue beene more neere with them then they should: and them they threaten with processe, citations, the whip, or the white sheete at least, vntill they come to compositio. The timorous foules fearing to be made a byword of shame to the whole Citie, bribe them with all that euer they can rap and rend, to holde their peace, and faue their honestie. They will vrge the strictnesse of their oath, and the danger of the law in such cases of concealement, vntill they can sée them come off roundly: then they will hamme and hauke, and faie they are not every bodie, and so take their mony, and returne laughing in their sléeues, to thinke how they cofoned them.

Within short time after they send another of their copesmates after the same sort, and he gives them the like pluck. And so two or three one after the other, shall never leave B afflicting

afflicting his ghost, till they have made him as bare as a birds taile, so as he hath not one pennie more to save him from hanging, if néede were. A monstrous abuse of authoritie, and hindrance to the courts of Justice, that have the oversight of such offences.

Other there be that do nothing but ride vp and downe the countrie, like yong merchants a wooing, and they will marrie euerie moneth a new wife, & then fleece her of all fhe hath, that done run away, and learne where another rich widow dwelleth, and serue her after the same sort: so rounding England, til they haue pickt vp their crummes, and got enough to maintaine them all their life after.

But excéeding all these are the fine sleights of our Italian humourists, who being men for all companies, willby once conversing with a man so draw him to them, that he shall thinke nothing in the world too deare for them, nor once be able to part them, vntill they have spent all they have on them.

If he be lasciuiously addicted they have Aretines Tables at his fingers ends, to seede him on with new kinde of filthinesse: they will come in with Rowse the French painter, and shew what an vnlawfull vaine he had in baudrie: not a whore nor a queane about the towne but they knowe, and can tell her markes, and where, and with whom shee hosts.

If they sée you couetously bent, they will discourse wonders of the Philosophers stone, and make you beléeue they can make gold of goose-grease, only you must be at some two or thrée hundred pound charge, or such a small trisle, to helpe to set vp their stilles, and then you néede not care where you beg your bread: for they will make you do little better, if you follow their prescriptions.

Discourse with them of countries, they will set you on fire with trauelling: yea what place is it they will not sweare they have been in, and I warrant you tell such a sound tale, as if it were all Gospell they spake. Not a corner in Fraunce but they can describe. Venice, why? It is nothing, for they have intelligence of it everie houre, and

at euerie word will come in with Siado Curtizano, tell vou fuch miracles of Madame Padilia and Romana Impia, that you will be mad till you be out of England: & if he fee you are caught with this baite he will make as though he will leave you, and faine businesse about the Court, or that such a Noble man fent for him, when you will rather confent to robbe all your friends then bee feuered from him one houre. If you request his companie to traueile, he will fay, In faith I cannot tell, I would fooner spend my life in your companie, then in anie mans in England. But at this time I am not fo prouided of monie as I would: therfore I can make no promise: and if a man should adventure vpon fuch a iourney without money, it were miferable and base, and no man will care for vs. Tut monie say you (like a liberall young maister) take no care for that. for I have fo much land, and I will fell it, my credite is worth so much, and I will vse it. I have the keeping of a Cosens chamber of mine, which is an old counsellour, and he this vacation time is gone downe into the countrie, we will breake up his studie, rifle his chestes, diue into the bottome of his bagges, but we will have to ferue our turne, rather then faile we will fell his bookes, pawne his bedding & hangings, and make riddance of all his household stuffe to set vs packing. To this he listens a little, and faith, These are some hopes yet, but if he should goe with you, and you have monie, and he none, you will dominéere ouer him at your pleasure, & then he were wel set vp to leave such possibilities in Englad, & be made a slave in another countrie. With that you offer to part halfes with him, or put al into his custody, before he should think you meant otherwise then wel with him. He takes you at your offer, and promifeth to husband it so for you, that you shall spend with the best, and yet not wast halfe so much as you do. Which makes you (meaning fimplie) to put him in trust, and give him the purse. Then all a boone voyage into the lowe Countries you trudge, and fo traueile vp into Italy, but per varios casus, & tot discrimina rerum, in a towne

towne of garrison he leaues you, runnes awaie with your monie, and makes you glad to betake your selfe to prouant and become a Gentleman of a companie. If he seare you will make after him he will change his name: and if there be anie Gentleman or other in the countrie, he will borrow his name and creepe into his kinred, or it shall cost him a fall, and make him paie sweetly for it in the end, if he take not the better heed. Thus will he be sure to have one Asse or other a foote to keepe himselfe in pleasing.

There is no Arte but he will have a superficial sight into, and put downe everie man with talke: and when he hath vttred the most he can, make men beléeve he knowes ten times more then he will put into their heads, which are secrets not to be made common to everie one.

He will perswade you he hath twentie receits of loue powders, that he can frame a ring with such a deuise, that if a wench put it on her singer she shal not choose but follow you vp and downe the streetes.

If you have an enemy that you would be faine rid of, he will teach you to poison him with your verie lookes: to stand on the top of Poules with a burning glasse in your hand, and cast the same with such a force on a mans face that walkes vnder, that it shall strike him stark dead, more violently then lightning.

To fill a letter full of néedles, which shall be laid after such a mathematical order, that when he opens it, to whom it is sent, they shall spring vp and slie into his bodie forcibly, as if they had been blowne vp with gunpowder, or sent from a Caliuers mouth like small shot.

To conclude, he will have such probable reasons to procure beléese to his lies, such a smooth tongue to deliver them, and set them forth with such a grace, that he should be a verie wise man did not swallow the Gudgin at his hands.

In this fort haue I knowne fundrie young Gentlemen of England trained forth to their owne destruction, which makes me the more willing to publish this discourse

course, the better to forewarne other of such Batsowling companions; as also for the rooting out of these infinuating moth-wormes that eate men out of their substance vnseene, and are the decaie of the forwardest Gentlemen and best wits.

How manie haue we about London, yt to the difgrace of Gentlemen liue gentlemanlike of themselues hauing neither mony nor land, nor any lawful means to maintain them, some by play, and then they go a mumming into the countrie all the Christmas time with false dice, or if there be anie place where Gentlemen or merchants frequent in the Citie, or anie towne corporate, thither will they, either disguised like to yong merchants, or substantiall Citizens, and draw them all drie that euer dealt with them.

There are some that doe nothing but walke vp and downe Paules, or come to shops to buy wares, with budgets of writings vnder their armes: and these will vrge talke with anie man about their futes in law, and discourse vnto them how these and these mens bands they have for money, that are the chiefest dealers in London, Norwich, Bristow, and such like places, and complaine that they can not get one pennie. Why, if fuch a one doth owe it you (saith some man that knowes him) I durst buy the debt of you, let me get it of him as I can. O faith my budgetman, I haue his hand and feale to shewe, looke heere els: and with that pluckes out a counterfeit band (as all other his writings are) and reades it to him. Whereupon for halfe in halfe they prefently compound, and after that hee hath that ten pounds paid him for his band of twentie befides the forfeiture, or fo forth, he fayes, Faith these Lawyers drinke me as drie as a fieue, and I have mony to pay at such a daie, and I doubt I shall not be able to compasse it: here are all the leafes and euidences of my land lying in fuch a shire, I would you would lend me fortie pounds on them till the next tearme, or for fome fixe moneths, and then either it shall be repayd with interest, or I will forseit my whole inheritace, which is better worth then a hundred

marks a yeare.

NC 82

The wealthie retailer, citizen, merchant, Gentleman or young nouice that hath store of crownes lying by him. greedy of fuch a bargaine, thinking perhaps by one clause or other to defeat him of all he hath, lends him the mony and takes a faire statute merchant of his lands before a Iudge, but when all comes to all, he hath no more land in England then feuen foote in the Church yard, neither is his inheritance either in Posse or Esse, then a paire of gallowes in a gréene field, nor do anie such occupiers knowe him, much lesse owe him anie money, whereby the couetous person is cheated fortie or fiftie pounds thick at one clap.

Not vnlike to these are they, that comming to Ordinaries about the Exchange where Merchants do table for the most part, will saie they have two or three ships of coales late come from Newcastle, and wish they could light on a good chapman that would deale for them altogether. What is your price, faith one? What's your price, faith another? He holds them at the first at a very high rate, and sets a good face on it, as though he had fuch traffique indéed, but afterward comes downe so low, yt euerie man striues who shall give him earnest first: and ere he be aware, he hath fortie shillings clapt into his hand, to assure the bargaine to some one of them. He puts it vp quietly, and bids them inquire for him at fuch a figne and place, where he neuer came, fignifying also his name, when in troth he is but a cofoning companion, and no fuch man to be found. Thus goes he cleare awaie with fortie shillings in his purse for nothing, and they vnlike euer to see him againe.

There is a certain kind of cosonage called horsecoursing, which is when a man goes to the Cariers of Cambridge, Oxford, Burie or Norwich, or anie great towne of trade, and hires a horse to ride downe with them, as these odde companions will doe: and what doth me he, but as foone as he hath him, steps aside into some blind towne or other, and there lies till he have eaten him out lim by lim in wine and capons, and then when he can get no more on him, he

fends the Carier word where he is; who in the end is faine to pay some fiftie shillings or three pounds for his victuals that hired him ere he can have him. Rochester hackneymen do knowe what belongs to this trade, for they have been often times sleeced by these ranke riders, who comming to a towne with a cloke-bag of stones caried after them, as if they were men of some worth, hire a horse to Canterburie, and ride quite away with him.

There be certaine mates called Faunguests, who if they can find a fit Anuill to strike on, will learne what acquaintance he hath in the countrie, and then they will come to him, and fay, I am to doe commendations to you from a friend of yours, and he gaue me this bowed fixe pence to drinke a quart of wine with you for his sake: and if he goe to the tauerne, they will not onely make him paie for the wine, but for all he drinks in besides.

So was one in Aldergate-streete lately served, who drawne to the tauerne after such a like order called for a pinte of wine, the drawer brought it him, and a goblet with it, and set them both on the table, and went his way: Whie, quoth this Fawneguest, what a goblet hath the sellow brought vs here, it wil not hold halfe a draught? So ho (quoth he) no attendance given here? He carie it to him my felse, since no body will come: for of all things I loue not to drinke in these squirting cups, so downe the staires, forth of the doores he goes with the goblet vnder his cloake, and lest his newe acquaintance and small remembrance to paie three pound for a three-penie shot.

Such Fawneguests were they, that meeting a prentife, who had been to receive a hundred pound for his master, sodainly in the middest of Cheapside in the daie time, and open market stept to him, as if they had bin familiarly acquainted with him, and sodainly cast the hinder skirt of his cloake over his face, making as though they had iested with him, and seeming to thrust their cold hands in his necke, one of them thratled him so fore by the wind-pipe, that he could make no noise, but sodainly sunke to the

ground muffled in his cloke, while the other took from him the bagge with the money which he had vnder his arme, which done, they ranne away laughing, as if that the déede were done in iest.

Soone after the market folks and people passing by to & fro perceiuing the youth lie still on the ground & not stir vp, stepped to him, and seeing in what state he was, rubbed and chased him, and gaue him Aqua vitæ, so that soone after he came againe to himself: then looking about him, & seeing the people so gathered together, he cried vnto them, O, where's my money! They wondring to heare him talke of mony, told him both how his companions lest him, and they sound him, whereby the people knowing how he was deceived, made after them, but they were never heard of till this day.

But these are Gentlemen Batsowlers in comparison of the common rablement of Cutpurses and pickpockets, and no man that sees them but would imagine them to be Caualiers of verie good fort. Marie there be a band of more needy mates, called Termers, who trauell all the yeere from faire to faire, and haue great doing in Westminster hall. These are the Nips and Foists; whereof the first part of Conicatching entreateth, and these haue their cloyers and followers, which are verie troublesome to them, for they can no sooner draw a bung but these come in for their tenths, which they generally tearm snapping, or snappage.

Now if the Cutpurse denie snappage, his cloyer or follower forthwith boyles him, that is, bewrayes him, or seazeth on his cloake, which the Nip dares not withstand, so Richard Farrie a notable List of sixtie yeares of age was serued, who beeing dogged or followed by a Cloyer called Iohn Gibson, who having seene him pierce a hogshed in the beginning of a faire challenged him for snappage: which old Farrie denied, because Gibsons wise (as hee then said) was a pickpocket, and yet would part with nothing. Then did Gibson sweare that he shuld not buy one peniworth of ware that day (which is the right cutpurse phrase of get-

ting a purchase) and thereupon he shadowed him vp and downe, and mard his market quite, as hee had before promised.

In reuenge whereof the faid Richard Farrie at Way-hill faire last, hearing where Gibson had purloined a purse with thirtéene nobles in it, sent a lustie sellow of his prosession, a yoong dealer in the arte of cloying or following named Iames Roades, that was since hanged at Dorchester, who being apparelled like a seruingman, came to demaund his mistresse purse of Gibson, which he said he saw him vnlawfully take awaie, as if indéed he had béene the Gentlewomans man that had the gléeke. Which Gibson at the first vtterly denied, but afterward being surther threatned with danger of his life, yeelded the purchase vnto Roades, which was immediatelie shared betwéene him and old Farrie.

This thing foone after came to Gibsons eare, who was throughly laughed to scorne for his labour.

Manie there be of these wicked persons, and also lewd Officers, who like shadowes or cloyers, do nothing all day long but follow the Lists vp and downe, pinching them for snappage: and not one of them that hath the right dexteritie in his singers, but they know, & will conceale and patronize if néede require. Marie, if there be a nouice, that hath not made himselse knowne to their congregation, hée shall soone be smelt out, and haue no remission, vnlesse hée purchase it by priuy pilserie.

These Cutpurses of Sturbridge sell their luggage commonly at a towne called Botsham, where they kéepe their hall at an odde house, bowzing and quasting, and haue their trulles attendant upon them so briske as may be.

How a Cheesemonger had his bag cut out of his Aprone hanging before him.

A T this faire it was, though long fince, that the cheefemonger had his pocket cut out of his aprone, which

all the whole Colledge of Cutpurses had assayed, which none but one could bring to passe, and he indéed was a doctor in his arte: for going to the Chéesemongers boothe to buy a chéese, he gaue him monie sor one of the greatest, and desired him to cut it in péeces, and put it behind him in the cape of his cloake. He did so, and the whilest he was thrusting it in, hee cut his pocket with twelue pounds out of his apron before him: for which deede he liueth renowmed in the Cutpurse chronicles, and for his sake they yearely make a feast, and drinke to the soule of his deceased carkasse.

There be divers forts of Nips and Foysts both of the citie and countrie: these cannot one abide the other, but are at deadly hatred, and will boyle and discover one another, by reason one is hindrance to the other. And these the former bookes have omitted. There are also sundrie other Lawes, not heretofore spoken of, namely Iames Fosters Law, or Iames Fosters List: which grewe thus.

# How a cosoning Lift stole a cloake out of a Scriueners shop.

This fellow came into a Scriueners shop to have a letter written to his wives mother, signifying that his wife was run awaie with another knaue, and had caried awaie all that he had, and that he had rather be hanged then be troubled anic longer with such a whore. But it must néeds be written in haste, for his owne father doth carie it, and he goes awaie straight. All the while he is telling his tale, he cast a léering eye about the shop, to see if there were euer a cloake vpon a by-settle, or anie other bootie that he might transport vnséene vnder his owne cloak. By chance he espied one, so he leaned against the wall where it lay, and with his hands behind him, he gathered it vp cleanly by little and little: then sodainly starting vp, said, Yonder is my father that would carie it, and I will run after him to call him againe. So out of the doores ran

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he with all spéed, having the cloake vnder his arme, crying, Ho sather, sather, leaving the Scrivener yet writing his letter, who mist not his cloake till a great while after, that he saw him not returne againe.

There is a cunninger kind of Lift, when a Batfowler walking in an euening in the streetes, will faine he hath let fall a ring or a Iewell, and come to a shop well furnished with wares, and desire the prentise of the house to lend his candle to looke it: he suspected no guile, lends it him: and the Batfowler goes poaring vp and downe by the doores, as if he had lost something in deed, by and by he lets the candle sal to and it goes out. Now I pray you good yong man, saith he, do so much as light me this candle againe: so goes the fellow in to light the candle, while hee steales what he will out of the shop, and gets him going while the light commeth.

There is a Lift called Will. St. Lift, whose maner is to go vp and downe to Faires in a blew coate, fometimes in his doublet and hose, and sometimes in a cloake, which commonly he puts off when he comes thither: this fellow waiteth diligently when any rich yeoman, Gentleman, or gentlewoman goes into an Inne to laie vp his cloak, capcase, sauegard, Portmantua or any other luggage, so following them, marks to whom they are deliuered: then comes he within halfe an houre after puffing and blowing for the cloake, capcase, portmantua, sword, or such like, and in his maisters name demandeth it, giving the wife, maid, tapster, hostler, or some of the house two pence or a groate for laying it vp. Which having received, he is foone gone, and neuer returneth. This fellow will fometime stand bareheaded, and offer to hold a Gentlemans stirop, and verie diligently attend vpon him when he alighteth at anie great Inne, and séemeth so serviceable, as if he were an hostler or chamberlaine belonging to the house: yea and fometimes follow him out of doores as his man, and attend vpon him to the Faire very orderly: within halfe an houre after, when he sées his new maister is so

busie in the Faire, that he cannot hastily returne to his lodging before him, he will come backe to the Inne running, and tell them his Maister hath sent him to them for his clokebag or Portmantua in all haste: for he is vpon paiment of money, and must néeds haue it. They thinking him verilie to be the Gentlemans man, because at his comming he was so necessarie about him, they deliuer vnto him whatsoeuer the Gentleman lest with them, who notwithstanding when the true owner commeth, they are faine to answer it out of their owne purses.

# A flie tricke of Cosonage lately done in Cheapeside.

Besides this, there is a kind of Lift called Chopchain, as when a Gentleman like a batsowler hath hired a chain for a day or two vpon his credit, or hath some of his friends bound for the restoring of it againe, goes to S. Martines, and buyes for a little money another copper chaine, as like it as maie be: then comes he to the Goldsmith, and vpon the right chaine offers to borrow twentie pounds: the Goldsmith toucheth it to see if it be counterseit or no: then finding it good, he tendereth him his money: which the whilest he is doing, and that both money and chaine lies yet vpon the stall, what doth me he, but sumbles and plaies with the linkes carelesly, as if he minded another matter, so by a fine tricke of Legerdemaine gathers it vp into his hand & chops the copper chaine in place, leauing him that pawne for his twentie pounds.

# How a man was cofoned in the euening by buying a guilt fpoone.

WHilest I was writing this, I was given to vnderstand of another like exploit nothing inferiour to any of the former. A fellowe like a clowne that knew all points in his tables, and had been maister of

his trade manie yeares together, walking through Siluer stréete in London suddenly in the dark spurned a faire gilt spoone (as it féemed) being wrapt vp in a paper, which before he purposely let fall: the people thinking some other had lost it, and that it had beene his good luck aboue the rest to find it, gan to flocke about him for to looke on it, and admired his fortune in meeting with it. He counterfeiting the simple foole as well as he could: Now a Gods will what shall I do with such a Gugaw? would some other bodie had found it for me, for I know not what it is good for. Why, faid one of the standers by, wilt thou take money for it? I, quoth he, I would I had a crowne for it. And I will come somwhat néere you, saith the other, for thou shalt haue all the money in my purse, which is soure shillings, so forth he drewe his purfe, and gaue him the money. And verie well content with the bargain, he put it vp, and faid, I marie, this money will doe me more good then twentie spoones, and let them keepe such toies that list, for I had rather have one groat in my purfe then a cart loade of such trumperie. So away he went laughing in his sléeue. to thinke how he had cosoned him that thought to ouerreach him: & he that was so cosoned, as it were triumphing at his bargaine, could neuer looke enough on the spoone, but went presently and caried it to the Goldsmith, to know what it was worth. Birlady fir when he came thither, the spoone was found to be but brasse faire gilded ouer, and worth but seuen pence at the most, if he should sell it, which was a heavie cooling card to his heart, and made him fweare, that for that spoones sake he would neuer be in his plate againe while he liued.

Thus euerie daie they have new inventions for their villanies, and as often as fashions alter, so often do they alter their stratagems, studying as much how to compasse a poore mans purse, as the Prince of Parma did to win a towne. Neither is this spooneselling the gainfullest of their artes, although in one day they made away a dozen so. I but it is a tricke by the waie for a supper or a breake-

fast, which no man at the first can descrie. Ouerpassing this catalogue of Lists and Cutpurses, Gentlemen, I will acquaint you with a strange newe deuised arte of stone-carying, wherein is contained the right vse of the chalke and the poast, as also a necessarie caueate for victuallers and nickpots, how to beware of such insinuating companions.

# The Arte of carying stones.

First and foremost you must note, that leaving an Alewife in the lurch, is termed making her carie stones, which stones be those great Oes in chalke that stand behind the doore: the weight of euerie one of which is fo great that as manie shillings as there be, so many times shee cries O, as groning vnder the waight thereof. Now fir, of these Oes twentie shillings make a just loade, and tenne pound a bargeful. But here lies the cunning, how to compasse an honest Asse that will vndertake such a burthen: first this is a generall precept amongst them, that he must be some odde drunken companion that they deale vpon, and his wife a good wench, that so she may bee fallen in with, and wipe off her guests scores, if so he have no monie to discharge it: a thing that manie women of that kind will willingly do to have fport and faue their honestie. Yet if this cannot conveniently be brought to passe, or that in respect of her age she is not worth the taking vp, then will they be fure their goodman hoast must be a certaine kind of bawd, or a receiver of cutpurfes, pickpockets, or fuch like, whereby it so fals out, that if he and they square about crownes, they may stop his mouth with threatning to betraie him to the Beadle of Bridewell, or telling Hind of Newgate what hospitalitie he kéepes. Nay further, they will observe if he at anie time raile against anie seuere Iustice that hath the punishment of such notorious perfons, and if he do (as in some drunken humour or other he will ouershoote himselfe in that kind) then will they conceale

ceale it, neuer discoer it, but dominéere ouer them, throwe the pots against the wall, for he and his house is forfeit vnto them. Againe, it maie so happen that hospes meus maie be an old feruingman, who hath belonged in his daies to fome famous recufant that hath long fince broke vp house, and now being turned out of feruice, he hath no trade to liue on, but must marie a whore, and kéepe victualling either in Westminster, or in the suburbs of London. Then cocke a hoope, they are better then euer they were. For if he be of the right stampe he will be exclaiming against the state, or those that kéepe his maister, or he will enter into commendations of the old Religion: and this is the onely thing they defire, they neuer wish a finer fellow to feed on. A Gods name let him fet forth his béefe and brewes, and trudge euerie day to the market to buy Capons & rabbets: for if they run neuer fo much in his debt, if they tell him of a purseuant, he will neuer threaten the with a sergeant. A number more of these observations do appertaine to stone carying, as namely at their first comming to their lodging they bee as frée as an Emperour, and draw all the acquaintance that they can procure to spend their money there before another place, fo that the host and hostesse may conceiue great matter of hope of hauing their house customed by their lying in it, and eate no meat but have either the good man or the goodwife still with him at dinner or fupper, which will plucke the stones on his shoulders the faster, if so he suffer his guests to run on the score. And this in anie case they set down for a generall rule, that they lie not aboue two moneths in one place, for longer the alefcore is not able to hold out, and the poore man ouerpreffed fo excessively, in a malecontent humour will rather grow desperate, and not care for anie danger they can bring him to, then fuffer more then flesh and bloud can endure, or not rather haue his will on them for vsing him so badly.

How fay you my maisters, you thinke there is no deceit in a pot of ale, and that there are no cosoners but Conicatchers, but that's not so, for London is a lickpenie, and euerie

euerie man hath not a mint in his pocket that liues in it, fome must practise witcrast, that haue not the gift in kéeping a lanes end with a sword and a buckler, or at the least are so crazed with the Italian bone-ache, that they are assiraid to bee crusht in péeces, if they should earne their liuing in a crowde. But to be briefe, I will tell you a merie storie how this name of Stone-carying first came vp, and thus it followeth.

# How a Carier of Norwich was made to carie stones.

Gentlewoman that made a shew as if she had beene A of good credit, came to the carier of Norwich, and told him shee was to remoue houshold, and went to dwell in the countrie, wherfore she craued his friendship in safe transporting of her things to Norwich: & fo it is (quoth she) that most of my substance consists in linnen, money, Iewels, and plate, which I put altogether in a great cheft, which she brought thither: As for other trash Ile neuer trouble my felfe with remouing. I pray you have a great care to it that it bee fafely laid in the middest of your cart, where théeues maie not easily come at it, and that it be kept from raine or wet in anie case, promising to content him for the cariage with more then ordinarie due. After it was séene to come to thrée hundred weight, he laid it vp immediately in his carte, nor would she depart till she saw it safe packed. About an houre after she came to the carier again, telling him that she was afraid she should be constrained to have recourse to her chest, by reason she had a few trifles to buy ere she departed, and that she wanted some fiue or fixe pound. The Carier loath to vnload for fo fmall a matter, bid her take no care for money, for what she néeded she should have of him, till she came downe into the countrey. So fixe pounds he lent her: and downe with him she goes with her man as braue as might be. But comming to Windham, shee gaue him the slip, and he sawe

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her no more: Home went the Carier, and laid up the cheft verie fafe in his storehouse, daily looking when the Gentlewoman would come for it. After a moneth was past, and hearing no words of her, fearing he was cofoned, he fent for the Constable and sundrie other of his neighbours, and before them brake vp the cheft, finding nothing in it but fmall foft fréestone lapped in straw, mixt with Flints and fuch like stuffe, beeing very speciall things to give the Carier his loading. Alas, kind man, this was but heavie tidings for him: for besides the money that he had laid out of his purse, he lost the cariage of other luggage, which would have returned him greater profit. Yet could not this nor ten times as much vndoe him, but fetting light of it, in a merie humour he reported to some of his friends the circumstance of all his cariage of stones. And euer fince the iest hath beene taken vp by odde companions and Ale-knights.

I would bee loth by this my publisht Discouerie to corrupt the fimple, or teach them knauerie by my book, that els would haue béene honest, if they had neuer séene them: for that were all one as if a Chirurgion that teacheth men what the plague is, that they might eschew it, should bring his patient that hath a plague fore, into the market place, and there lance it, whereby all men that looke on, in steed of learning to avoid it, should be most dangerously infected with it. But my meaning in this is, but to chase the game which others have rowfed; and execute them outright which Conicatching only hath branded: and although I do not fpend manie leaves in inueighing against the vices which I reckon vp, or time and paper in vrging their odioulnesse so far as I might: yet you must not thinke, but I hate them as deadly as any, and to make manifest my hatred to them, have vndertooke this Treatife. But imagine the Reader to be of this wisdome and discretion, that hearing some laid open, he can discerne it to be sinne, and can fo detest it, though he be not cloid with a common place of exhortation. And footh to fay, I thinke every man to bee of

my mind, that when they sée a sellow leape from the subiect he is handling, to dissipate them by stale arguments from the thing they alreadie detest, they should skip it ouer, and neuer reade it, gainecope him at the next turning point to his text.

To difmisse this parenthesis and returne to circa quod. I care not since this occasion of Stone-carying hath brought me from talking of the cosonage of men to the treacherous subtiltie of women, if I rehearse you a tale or two more of Crosbitings lately done by such detestable strumpets.

# A Tale of a whore that crosbit a Gentleman of the Innes of Court.

Certaine queane belonging to a close Nunnerie about Clarkenwell, lighting in the company of a yong Punie of the Innes of Court, trained him home with her to her hospitall: and there couenanting for so much to give him his houseroome all night. To bed they went together like man and wife. At midnight a crue of her copefmates kept a knocking and bufling at the doore. She starting fodainly out of her fléepe, arose and went to the window to looke out: wherewith she crying out to him, said, that a Iustice was at the doore with a companie of billes, and came to fearch for a feminarie Priest, and that there was no remedie but she must open vnto them: wherefore either he must rise and locke himselse in a studie that was hard by, or they should be both caried to Bridewell. The poore filly youth in a trance, as one new flart out of fléep, and that knew not where he was, suffered her to leade him whither she would, who hastily thrust him into the studie, and there locked him, and went to let them in. Then entred Sim Swashbuckler, Captaine Gogswounds, and Lawrence Longfword-man, with their appurtenances. made inquirie as if they had beene Officers indeed, for a young Seminarie Priest that should be lodged there that

She simpered it, and made curtesie, & spake reverently vnto them, as if she had neuer seene them before, and that they had beene such as they seemed, and told them she knew of none fuch, and that none lay there but her felfe. With that through fignes that shee made, they spied where his clothes were fallen downe betweene the chest and the wall: Then they began to raile vpon her, and call her a thousande whoores, faying they would make her an example, I mary would they, and vse her like an Infidell for her lying, nor would they stand searching any longer, but shee should be constrained to bring him forth: And that they might bee fure he should not start, they would carie away his clothes with them. As for the closet, because it was a Gentlemans out of the towne, they would not rashly breake it open, but they would fet watch and ward about the house till the morning, by which time they would resolue further what to do. So out of doores go they with his clothes, doublet, hofe, hat, rapier, dagger, shooes, stockings, and twentie marks that he had in his fléeue, which he was to pay vpon a band the next day for his father, to a merchant in Canning streete, and lest Nicholas Nouice staruing and quaking in that doghole. The morning grew on, and yet the yong Ninihammer, though he was almost frozen to death. flood still and durst not stirre, till at length the good wife of the house came and let him out, and bad him shift for himfelfe, for the house was so belaid, that it was not possible for him to escape, & that she was vtterly vndone through his comming thither. After manie words it grew to this vpshot; that he must give her a ring worth thirtie shillings, which he then had on his finger, onely to helpe him out at a backe doore, and in so doing she would lend him a blanket to cast about him. Which beeing persourmed, like an Irish begger he departed on the backefide of the fieldes to his chamber, vowing neuer to pay so déere for one nights lodging during his life.

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How a Curbar was dreft with an vnfauourie perfume, and how a notable whore was crosbitten in her owne practife.

Notable whoore of late daies compact with a hooker. A whom conicatching English cals Curbar, bargained with a countrie Gentleman or Tearmer aforesaid, to tell her tales in her eare all night: & according to appointment he did fo. The Gentleman having fupt, and readie to go to bed. The willed him to lay his clothes in the windowe, for (quoth she) we are so troubled with rats in this place (which was in Peticote lane) that wee cannot lay any thing out of our hands, but they will in one night be gnawne to peeces, and made worth nothing: but her intent was this. that the Curbar with his crome might the more conveniently reach them; not that she cared so much for his apparell, as for his purse, which she knew was well stored with crownes, and lay in the fleeue of his doublet: whereupon he was ruled by her, and so entred the lists. Within two houres after, he beeing fore troubled with a laske, rose vp and made a double vie of his chamberpot, which going to throw it out at the window, he removed the clothes from before it, and fet it in the place till he had opened the cafement. At that instant the spring of the window leapt open of the one accord. Whereat being amazed, he stept backe with a trice, leaving the chamberpot standing still: then fearing the diuell had beene at hand, by and by he spied a faire iron instrument like a nut came marching in at the window verie folemnly, which in steede of the doublet and the hofe that he ferretted for, arrested that homely feruice in the member vessell, and pluckt goodman Iordan with all his contents down pat vpon the Curbars head and shoulders. Neuer was gentle Angler fo dreft: for his face, his necke and apparell were all beforeared with the foft Sirreuerence, fo that I warrant you hee stunke worse then a Iakes-farmer. The Gentleman hearing one crie out,

and seeing his messe altogether thus strongly taken away. began to gather courage to him, and looked out to fée what it was: where, to his no small contentment hee might behold the Curbar lying along almost brained, almost drowned, and well neere poisoned with the tragicall euent of the pispot: whereat he laughed merily, and suspecting his Leman to have a share in that conspiracy, and that for ten pounds it was her motion to haue him laie his clothes in the windowe, to the end he might have loft them and his money, she being a sléepe in the bed all this while, he quietly removed his owne apparell, took her gowne and peticoat and laid them in the steed. Forthwith the Curbar reuiued, in came the hooke againe verie manerlie, and clapt hold on those parcels, which together went downe with a witnesse. All which conforting to his wish, he went round to bed, and in the morning stole awaie early, neither paying dame Lecherie for her hire, nor leauing her one ragge to put on.

Here was wilie beguily rightly acted, & an aged Rampalion put besides her schoole-trickes. But simply, these Crosbiters are necessarie instruments now and then to tame fuch wanton youths, as will not let a maid or a wife passe a long the stréetes but they will be medling with her: what they do they learne of the tumbler, who lies fquat in the brakes till the Conie be come forth out of her burrow. and gone a gossiping ouer the way to her next neighbors, & then he goes between her and home, and as she returneth with two or three fleshly minded Rabbets or Simplers with them, with whom it maie be she hath made a bargain to go a bucking, then out flies the tumbler like ye crosbiter & feazeth on them all for his praie. I maruell that the book of Conicatching had not him vp in his table, fince by his first example he corrupted the Christian people. But you will fay, he is animal irrationale, and therefore to be borne withall, because he doth but his kind. Kind me no kind, there is more knauerie in Cauilier Canis then you are aware of, as you shall perceive by his discourse following.

A notable Scholerlike discourse vpon the nature of Dogges.

Now Gentlemen, will you give me leave to dallie a little for your further recreation, & I will prove vnto you that a dogge is a dangerous man, and not to be dealt withall: yea he is fuch a kind of creature that he may well be master and gouernour ouer all ordinary beasts: for first and formost, there is no man of experience that will denie but dogs do excell in outward fence, for they will fmell better then we, and therby hunt the game when they fee it not. Besides, they get the fight of it better then we, and are wonderfull quicke of hearing. But let vs come to speech, which is either inward or outward. Now that they haue outward spéech I make no question, although we cannot vnderstand them, for they bark as good old Saxon as may be: yea they have it in more daintie maner tha we, for they haue one kind of voice in the chase, and another when they are beaten, and another when they fight. That they have the inward speech of mind, which is chiefly conversant in those things which agree with our nature, or are most against it, in knowing those things which stand vs most in fleed, & attaining those vertues which belong to our proper life, and are most conversant in our affections, thus I proue: first and formost he chooseth those things that are comodious vnto him, and shunneth the contrarie: He knoweth what is good for his diet, and feeketh about for it. At the fight of a whip he runneth away like a theef from a hue and crie. Neither is he an idle fellow that liues like a trencher Flie vpon the fweat of other mens browes, but hath naturallie a trade to get his living by, as namely the arte of hunting and Conicatching, which these late books go about to discredit. Yea, there be of them as of men of all occupations, some Cariers, and they will fetch; some watermen, and they will dive and fwim when you bid them; fome butchers, and they will kill sheepe; some cookes, and they turne the spit. Neither are they void of vertue; for if that be **Iustice** 

Iustice that giues every one his deserts, out of doubt dogsare not destitute of it: for they sawne vpon their familiar friends and acquaintance; they desend those from danger that have deserved well of them, and revenge them of strangers, and such as either have, or go about to do them iniurie. Then if they have Iustice, they have all the vertues, since this is an Axioma in Philosophy, that one vertue cannot be separated from another.

Further, we fee they are full of magnanimitie, in incountring their enemies. They are wife, as Homer witnesseth, who entreating of the returne of Vlysses to his owne house, affirmeth that all his houshold had forgotten him but his dogge Argus, and him neither could Pallas by her subtill arte deceive in the alteration of his body, nor his twentie yeares absence in his beggers weeds delude anie whit, but he stil retained his forme in his fantasie, which as it appeared was better then any mans of that time.

According to Chrysippus, they are not ignorant of that excellent facultie of Logicke, for he faith that a dogge by canualing and study doth obtains the knowledge to distinguish betweene three seuerall things, as for example, where three waies méete, and of these thrée hath staid at two of them, by which he perceiveth the game hath not gone, prefently without more adoe hee runneth violently on the third waie: which doth argue (faith Chrysippus) as if hee should reason thus. Either hee went this way, or that way, or yonder waie: but neither that waie, nor yonder waie, therefore this way. Againe, when they are ficke, they knowe what disease they have, and deuise howe they may ease themselves of their griefe; if one strike them into the flesh with a stake, this policy they vie to get it out. They traile one of their feet vpo the ground, and gnaweth the flesh where the wound is round about with their teeth. vntill they have drawne it cleane out. If they chaunce to haue anie vlcer, because vlcers kept foule are hardlie cured, they licke the fore with their tongues, and keepe it cleane. And wonderfull well doe they observe the pre-

cept of Hippocrates that the onelie medicine for the foote is to rest, for if they have anie hurt in their seete, they beare them vp, and as much as lies in them, take care they be not stirred: when vnprofitable humours trouble them, they eate an hearbe, whereby they vomite vp all that is offenfive vnto them, and so recovers their health againe. How thinke you my masters, are these vnreasonable creatures, that have all this naturall reason in them? No, though they are beafts, yet are they not as other are, inhumane: for they have more humanitie then any other beafts whatfoeuer. But of them I have faid enough, & therfore I will proceede to my former argument: wherein for your better delight, I will acquaint you with a true storie latelie performed in Poules Church by a couple of Cutpurfes. The matter was of fuch truth, as I could for neede fet downe the Gentlemans name, and also the names of all the aflors therein, but I craue pardon, because the Gentleman was of good place and credit, and for more affurance my felfe was present: the whole matter fell out as followeth.

How a Countrie Gentleman walking in Poules had his purse cut by a new kind of conueyance, and in the end by the like wille beguily got it againe.

A Countrie Gentleman of some credite walking in Powles, as tearmers are wont that wait on their lawyers, was seene by a couple of light singred companions, that had got some gentlemanship vpon them by privile biting in y dark, to have some store of crownes in his purse coacht in a faire trunke slop, like a boulting hutch. Alas, they were mortall, and could not choose but bee tempted with so glurious an object. For what maie not gold doe with him that hath neither money nor credit? Wherefore in verse scale of a bad spirit, they conspired how to make a based in his pucket, and possess themselves of their pray.

out

out stratagems) that the one should go behind him, while the other gaue the stroke that should deuide life and soule. As they determined, so they brought it to passe, for the good old fellow walking verie foberly in one of the fide Iles, deuifing where to dine to faue the odde three pence, fodainly one of them stept behind him and clapt his hands before his eyes, faying: Who am I? Who am I? while the other gaue the purse the gentle ierke, and beguiled his purse of the gilt: which done, hee went sneaking awaie like a dog that had wearied a sheep. The good minded Gentlemā that was thus muffled, thinking that it had bin one of his acquaintance, that plaid bo péepe with him after that fort, cried to him, Now for the passion of God, who are you? who are you? Tell me I praie you who are you? For I shall neuer reckon while I liue. O, quoth the Cauallero Cutpurfe, you shall know by and by, and therewith plucking awaie his hands, looked him full in the face & laughed, but by and by starting aside, as if he had committed an errour, God forgiue me (quoth he) what haue I done, I crie you hartily mercie, I haue mistaken you for my acquaintance, one that is so like you, as one peaze is like another: and therefore I pray you pardon me. No harme done, no harme done, quoth the Gentleman, and fo they departed. Sinior who was to deuide his bootie where his companion attended him, and my neighbour Mumplimus to tyrannize on Buls pudding-pies for his fixe pence: short tale to make, his hungrie bodie being refreshed, and euerie one fatisfied, there entred in a dumbe shewe, the reckoning with a cleane trencher in his hand verie orderly, as who should say, Lay your hand on the booke. On him attended a well fed Tapster in a shining sute of well liquored fustian, wheron was engrauen the triumphs of many full platter, with his apron on his shoulder, and his knife vnder his girdle. At which fight euery man began to draw, and my honest penisather thought to droppe testers with the rest: but woe alas, his bréeches were like the bottomlesse pit of hell, for there was not one crosse to be found.

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Then began he to fume and chafe, and run vp and downe like a mad man, faying, Well a day yt euer I was borne Who am I? who am I? Whereat the rest of the Gentlemen wondring, he vp and told them the whole storie of his miffortune, as is afore recited. And faid, now I know who it was that faid, Who am I? who am I? for in troth he was a cutpurfe. But here did he not ceafe or spend much time in finging a De profundis over his emptie pocket, where was nought els saue Lent and desolation, but iumbled his braines together like stones in a bladder, and tost ouer his thoughts as a Tailer doth his shreds when he hath lost his néedle, to find out some meanes to setch home his straied purfe, and to be euen with those vndermining Pioners. In the end his pillow and prefent pouertie put this policie into his head. The next day early in the morning he went into Poules in the same apparell, and walking iust in the same place where he lost the maine chance the day before, having bought him a faire new purse with white strings and great tassels, and filled the same with brasse counters, and thrust it into the slop of his hose, as he was wont, letting the strings thereof hang out for a traine. Well, so it fell out, that he had scarce fetcht thrée turnes, but a poore woman that had the shaking ague in her head came to aske his charitie: he glad of anie occasion to boast his counterfeit wealth, to entrap the eyes of those hungrie espials, gaue her a penie, and therewith drew forth a number of counters, making shew as if they had beene French crownes: which was prefently perceived by Timothy touch and take, that had beene in the action the day before, who fitting vnder a piller, leaning like one twixt sléeping and waking, fell into a great longing, how he might have that purse also to beare the other companie. Still the olde Snudge went plodding in one path, and euer looked vnder his ouerhanged mossie eye-browes, to sée who came néere him, or once offer to iustle him. He had beside at either end of the Ile on of his men to watch, for feare any more, Who am I? shuld come behind him. At last out steps my nimble knaue,

knaue, and running hastily by him like some prentise, that had beene fent of an errand, he fliced it smoothly away, so as the gentleman neuer perceived it. But one of his men who had his fenses both of féeing and féeling better then his master, marked when he gaue him the gentle gléeke. and whither he went when hee had obtained his bootie: whereupon dogging him to a Cookes shoppe in Thames stréet; to which place also the Gentlemā followed aloofe off. He there laid hands on him, and challenged him for a Cutpurse, saving, he had séene him doe such a thing in Poules. and told him also from whom he tooke it. He swore and stared, and stood at vtter defiance with him. And the better to outface the matter, his partner, who being then lodged in the same house, came downe and fell in tearmes of doing the Gentleman wrong, and that he should answer him, or any man els. And (quoth he) if thou wert well ferued thou shouldest be stabd for offering to discredit him thus at his lodging. Meane while that these matters were thus difputing, and the poore feruingmans death with manie oathes vowed, in came his master, who spying, Who am I? to stand upon his pantofles so proudly, straight tooke him aside, and told him a tale in his eare, that did him small good at the heart, and faid flatly hee was the man, and no other whom he fought for, and either he would have restitution for his purse at his hands, or they would trie a conclusion at Tyborne. At which spéech their courage was somewhat abated: and in the end it so fell out to auoid further trouble they restored him both the purses with quietnes, and made him a fufficient recompence for the trespasse. Thus at that time they escaped, and all parties were pleased: but shortly after they were taken for such an other fact, for which they were both condemned and executed at Tyborne.

Now Gentlemen, haue you not heard a pretie pranke of Wilie beguily, where the cunning Cutpurse was pinched in his owne practise? fure I thinke neuer was poore Nip so nipt before. Wherefore I wish all those that are of

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hee) if you fay there be any now: So there past many shrewd and hot words betweene them. At length the guests vnwilling they should disagrée on so small a trifle, they vp and told how one came in and asked for his cosen, and tooke away the Salt, meaning to make a little mirth at dinner. But when they faw he returned no more, they contented themselues with patience, and went to dinner, as men at fuch times vse to do, with heavy hearts and cold stomackes.

Here are a certaine band of Raggamuffin Prentifes about the towne, that will abuse anie vpon the smallest occasion that is, and such men (whom they neuer came to the credit in all their lives to make cleane their shooes) these dare neuer méete a man in the face to auouch their rogarie, but forfooth they must have the help of some other their complices. Of this base fort you shall commonly find them at Playhouses on holy dayes, and there they will be playing their parts, or at some rout, as the pulling downe of Baudie houses, or at some good exploit or other. fo that if you need helpe, or you thinke your felfe not able to make your part good with anie that you owe a grudge to, no more but repaire to one of these, and for a canne of Ale they will do as much as another for a crowne: & these make no more conscience to beat or lame one, whom they neuer before faw nor knew, then the knights of the poafts when they are feed out of Poules to sweare falsly.

There are another fort of Prentifes, that when they fée a Gentlewoman or a countriman minded to buy anie thing, they will fawne vpon them with their cap in hand, with what lacke you Gentlewoman? what lacke you Countriman? See what you lacke. The Gentlewoman perusing divers commodities, findeth nothing that perhaps likes her: then going away, they come off with their ouerworne frumps. Will you buy nothing Gentlewoman? Its no maruell you should sée such choice of good ware. Then they begin to discommend her person to their

next

next neighbors, as good as themselves, and at next word, Send a fine dogge after her. These maie bee likened to currish Spaniels, that when a man comes into the house will fawne vpon him, but before he goes forth, if hee take not heed, will catch him by the shinnes. But if they meete with a countrie-man, he is the fittest man in the world to deale vpon. They will aske him iust twife so much as the ware is worth. The plaine simple man offers within a verie little of his price, as they vse in the countrie: which the Apprentife takes, and fweares it was not his for that money, and so makes the poore man a right Conie. I think few in the Exchange will account this for a Conicatching tricke. But if the countriman leaves them and goes his waie without buying anie thing, either for that hee likes not the ware, or that it is of too high a price: then will they come off with, Do you heare Countriman, will you giue me thus much, and leaue your blew coate for a pawn for the rest? or they will bid him sell his sword and buy a paire of shooes? or such like scoffing girds, that the poore man fometimes could find in his heart to give all the money in his purse, that he had them in Finsburie fields, that hee might revenge himselfe on them for abusing him: a verie great abuse to their maisters and chapmen.

To this focietie maie be coupled also another fraternity, viz. Water-rats, Watermen I meane, that will be readie & very diligent for anie man, vntil they can get them to their boates, but when they come to land to paie their fare, if you paie them not to their owne contentments, you shall be sure of some gird or other, yea and perhaps if they know they haue an Asse to deale with, stop his hat or his cloake, till he haue paid them what they list; but these are most commonlie feruants and apprentises: for the order is, that for euerie twelue pence they earne their maister allowes them two pence, so then the more they get, whether by hook or crooke, the more think they their gaine comes in. But this fort now and then meete with their mates, who in steed of a penie more in siluer, send them to

the Chirurgians with two penie worth of forrow.

But what need I to spend time in deciphering these common companions? These sew I have particularly named, but thinke you there are no more of this kind? But I let passe Carmen and Dreymen, as verie knaues as the rest, because these are better knowne then I can set them forth: I meane not at this time, nor in this Treatise to set forth the guiles and deceits accustomed in all trades and mysteries from the chiefest trade to the basest, but will content my selfe for this time, with that that hath beene alreadie dilated, intending in some other Treatise, at one time or other to relate in briefe what hath beene at large too long put in practise.

In the meane time curteous Citizens, let me exhort you to become good exaples to your family: for as the mafter is, so commonly is the feruant, as witnes the old verfes in the Sheppards Calender in September.

#### Sike as the Sheppards, fike beene her sheepe.

And be fure, if thy feruant sée thee giuen to spending, and vnchast liuing, there looke thy servant, when thou thinkest he is about thy businesse, not onely spends his time vainly, but that money, which by thy care in staying at home thou mightest haue saued. Such iollie shauers, that are déepe flashers of others, mens hides, haue I knowne (more is the pitie) to fit vp all night, fome at Cardes and Dice, fome quaffing and fwilling at the Tauerne, and other among their trulles, spending in one night some twentie shillings, and thirtie shillings often: some againe that can maintaine to themselues a wench all the yeare, and then they must filch and purloine whole péeces of stuffe for their gownes and peticoats, besides great store of mony: But these are such that can with a wet finger, and by reafon of abundance of ware purloine their maisters goods, & not easily be espied. But be sure at one time or other such villains wil come forth: for the pot goes so oft to the water, that at last it comes home crackt. And take this for a principle

principle and general rule, that whosoeuer he be that gives himselfe to this damnable sinne of lust, let him be assured, as sure as he had it alreadie, that a great punishment hangeth ouer his head. Therefore it behooves the maister to be wise in governing his servants, that they may bee as markes for their servants to shoote at, to see how their servants bee addicted and given, and not to be sterne and severe towards them, but rather keepe them in, that they wander not abroad more then necessitie forceth, remembring that rule that Ouid giveth,

Parce puer stimulis & fortins vtere loris.

Spare the whip, raine them hard: for fuch as are growne to yeares will hardly endure blowes, wherefore the raining them from their defires is the next way in my mind to bring them to good.

But here is the griefe that those that should give light are darke; those that should be guides have néed to be lead; those that should instruct to sobrietie, are inducers to vanitie, according to those verses in Maie,

Those faitors littell regarden their charge, While they letting their sheep runne at large, Passen their time that should be sparely spent, In lustinesse and wanton meriment. Thilke same be Sheppards for the diuels steed, That playen, &c.

Againe, what confeience they vie in bargaining and felling, witnesse the whole world, according to Diggon in Septemb.

They letten to fale their thops of thame. And maken a market of their good name. The theppards there robben one another. And layer baites to beguilde her brother.

And

And againe,

Or they bine false or full of couetise, And casten to compasse many wrong emprise.

In fine, to conclude with that which we have so long stood vpon, namely with vncleannesse, how hard it is for men to bee reclaimed from it: and as it is pernicious to all generally, fo particularly to young men that have newlie set vp for themselues, and have as it were newly entred into the world, soone maie they cast awaie them felues, except they looke the better about them: but most odious for fuch that have wives, with whom they may folace themselues. Pitie it is that such cannot be noted aboue the rest, it shewes an inordinate lust. And nowe it comes in my mind, I will impart with a tricke ferued vpon a maried man, and a tradesman by a good wench, as they call them, reported and heard from her owne mouth not long fince. The parties names I will conceale, because some of them are of some credite, although somewhat blemished by this skarre: and it was on this maner.

# How a Citizen was ferued by a Curtizan.

There was one Mounsieur Libidinoso dwelling at the signe of Incontinencie, having cast vp his accounts for the weeke past (for it was Saturday night) after supper resoluted with himselfe to walke, which way he cared not, but as his staffe fell, so would he wend: by chance it stell Westward, and Westward he went, vntill he came to Whitesriers. When he came thither he bethought himselfe, and held it a déed of charitie to sée some of his old acquaintance, whom hee had not visited a long time before: But they according to the ancient custome were removed, for they vse not to stay long in a place. He hearing that, made no more ado but sel aboord with one that came next to hand, as good as the best, one that had beene tried, and such a one as would not shrinke at a shower: little

intreatie ferues, and vp they goe. When after their beaftly sport and pleasure Mounsieur Libid. heat of lust was somewhat asswaged, and ready to goe, féeling his pocket for a venereall remuneration finds nothing but a Tester, or at least so little, that it was not sufficient to please dame Pleasure for her hire. He protested and vowed he had no more about him now: for (faid he) when I came forth I neur thought what money I had about me. My Ladie would not beléeue Monf. Libid. a great while, but searched and séeled for more coine, but at that time she was frustrate of her expectation: she seeing no remedie, fet as good a countenance on the matter as she could, and told him she would be contented for that time, hoping hee would bee more beneficiall to her hereafter. They were both contented: where no fooner hee is gone downe the staires, but shee whips off her gowne, and puts on a white wastcoate with a trice, and so dogs M. Libidinof. home to his house, and taking a perfect view of his house and signe, returnes back againe. On Monday morning she came to his house verie orderly in her gown with her handbasket in her hand, where she found Mons. Libid. and his wife in the shop: when she came in she called for this fort and that fort of lace, vntill she had called for as much ware as came to twentie shillings: when fhe was ready to goe, she whispered my Gentleman in the eare, and asked him, If he be remembred how sleightly fuch a time he rewarded her kindnesse, but now I am fatisfied for this time. M. Libid. was in a wonderfull streight, and gaue her not a word for an answer, fearing his wife should knowe anie thing. His wife noting her whifpering in her hufbands eare, and feeing no mony paid, asked her husband when she was gone, who she was. Hee verie fmoothly told her, shee was a very honest cutters wife, and that hee knew her a long time to bee a good paymaister. This answer contented his wife: but sul well I know he was not cotented in his mind al the day after.

Sée here how a man may bee vnawares ouertaken by these filthie Pitchbarrels. Then let this example teach thee to forgoe their allurements, least thou in time be defiled with the like blot, or ouerplunged in a deeper bog: Remember,

Fælix qui facit aliena pericula cautum.

- 120 (2

For these night birdes not vnlike the Syrens, the more you frequent them, the more you shall be intangled, according to these verses, *Diggon in Sept.* 

For they beene like foule wagmoires ouergrast, That if thy gallage once sticketh fast, The more to wind it out thou does swincke, Thou mought ay deeper and deeper sincke. Yet better leave of with littell losse, Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.

These may be motiues to all to avoide such infectious plague-fores: but how hard it is to get vp a tyred iade when he is downe, especially in the dirt every man knowes, and men wil have their swinge do all what they can, according to *Thenot in February*.

Must not the world wend in his common course, From good to bad; and from bad to worse; From worse vnto that is worst of all, And then returne to his former fall.

But for my part I am refolued and wish all men of the like mind sticking my staffe by Peirse in Maie.

Sheppard, I lift no accordance make With sheppard that does the right way forsake, And of the twaine if choise were to me Had leuer my soe then my friend to be.

F<sub>2</sub> The



# THE NOTABLE, SLIE, and deceitfull pranks of Doctor Pinchbacke.



Notable fellow of this trade well stricken in yeares, one that was free of the Nitmongers, trauelled with his boy into Yorkeshire. And having no mony in his purse, nor other meanes to relieue himselfe but plaine shifting, grewe into

vtter despaire of his estate, by reason hee had worne all cosonages threed bare, and made the vttermost of his wit that was possible. Wherefore complaining himself to his trustie page, that had beene patner with him both in weale and woe, and whom hee had brought vp in his occupation, and taught to be as fubtill as himselfe: but Maister (quoth he) take no care, for when all is gone and nothing left, well fare the Dagger with the dudgeon haft. I am young and have crochets in my head: I warrant you, while I have my five fenses we will not begge. Goe you and take vp your lodging in the fairest Inne in the towne, and call in lustily, sparing for no cost, and let me alone to pay for all. With this resolution they went into York citie, where feeing a verie faire Tauern, readie to outface the, according to the boyes aduife, they put into it, & called for a roome, and none might content them but the best chamber in the house. Then Iacke of the clocke house summoned the Chamberlaine before him,

him, and tooke an inventorie what extraordinarie prouifion of victuals they had for dinner, telling them his maister was no common man, nor would he be pleafed with anie grosse kind of fare. The Tapster, who hoping of gaine, feemed verie feruiceable, and told him he should want nothing. And although they had at that time fundrie strangers, by reason the chiefe Iustics of the shire fate there the same day about a Commission, yet promifed to give what attendance he might. Thus did the Crack-rope triumph, and walking in the yard while dinner was preparing, hamered in his head, & cast an eye about the house to see if anie occasion were offered for him to worke vpon. At last going vp a paire of stayres, hee spied in a faire great Chamber where the Commissioners sate, a side settle, whereon good store of plate stood. Yea, thought he? and it shall go hard but Ile make vp my market. So into the chamber closely hee stept, not beeing perceived by any man, covertly conueyed away vnder his cloake one of the greatest gilt goblets, and went immediately on the backfide of the house, where spying an old well, hee flung the same, and went his way vp to his master, to whom hee discouered what he had done, intreating him the better to furnish out the Pageant, to change his name, and call himselfe Doctor Pinchbacke.

This done, he went downe into the kitchin to see if dinner were readie: where the goodman of the house began to question with him what his Maister was, and who they called him. Sir, quoth he, Doctor Pinchbacke. What, is he a Doctor of Physicke quoth the host? Yea marie, quoth the boy, and a special good one. With that answer he ceased questioning any further, but sent up meat to his dinner, and went up himselfe to bid him welcome.

Dinner being done and the other guests ready to rise, the Goblet sodainly was missed, and great inquiry F 3 made

#### Greenes Ghost

made for it, but at no hand it would be found: all the feruaunts were examined, the house was thoroughlie fearched, none of the Gentlemen had it. This newe found Doctor sware hee sawe it not, the boy denied it also, yet still the goodman and the good wife kept a great stirre for it, and were readie to weepe for verie anger that they should kéep such knaues about them as had no more care, but retchlesly let a cuppe of nine pounds bée stollen, and no man knew which waie. Then the host made great offers to haue it againe, which the boy hearing, said, if they could entreate his Maister to take the paines, he could cast a sigure, and setch it againe with heave and ho. But not a word (quoth he) that I told you so.

The good man hearing that, ranne vp in all haft, and belought Maister Doctor for the passion of God to stand his friend, or els he was vndone. So it is, quoth he, that I vnderstand of your great learning and knowledge. and that by a speciall gift in Astronomie that God hath giuen, you can tell of maruellous matters, and helpe againe to things that are loft. I praie you as euer you came of a woman shewe mee a little seate about my cuppe: and though I have but small store of monev. vet will I bestowe fortie shillings on you for your labour. Maister Doctor at the first made strange of the matter, and feemed verie loth to deale in it, by reason of the daunger of the lawe: yet for that he séemed to bee an honest man, and it grieued him that anie such thing should happen whilest hee was in his house, hee would straine a little with his cunning to reléeue him in the best sorte, not so much for his monev as for his friendship, and swore hee would not doe it for any other for a hundred pounds, therefore hee desired him to leave him to himselfe, and to take order that no man came to trouble him for fome two houres space. and he should see what he would do for him.

Two

#### haunting Conicatchers.

Two houres hée flayed alone by himfelfe tofting him by a good fire till he fweat againe, then painting his face with a deadish colour, which hee caried alwaies about with him for fuch a purpose, and then calling vp the hofte, told him that hee had laboured fore for him, and almost indaungered himselfe in vndertaking the action, yet by good fortune hee had finished his businesse, and found where the cuppe was. Haue you not a well (quoth hee) on the backe fide of your house that stands thus, and thus, for mine owne part I was neuer there (that I can tell of) to see. Yes that I haue, fayd the Hoste. Well (said Maister Doctor) in the bottome of that well is your cuppe: wherefore goe fearch prefently, and you shall finde my words true. The goodman with all expedition did as hee willed him, and drew the well drie: at last hee spied his Goblet where it lay. It was no néede to bid him take it vp, for in his owne person hee went downe in the bucket: and full lightly to Maister Doctour Pinchpackes chamber hee trudged, and caried him fortie shillings, offering him besides a moneths boord in requitall of his great curtesie. This counterfeit forfooth would feeme to refuse nothing, but there lay and fed vpon the stocke, whilest my goodman hoste did nothing but fill the countrie with his praise.

Not manie daies passed but a Gentleman of good credite drawne thither by the ordinarie report, came to visit him, who desirous to make triall of his cunning, he craued to knowe of him (his wife then beeing big with child) whether it was a man childe or a woman childe she went withall? Hee answered he could say little thereto except he saw her naked.

The Gentleman although hee thought it was no viuall thing for a man to see a woman naked, yet Physitions haue more priviledge then others, and they

#### Greenes Ghost

they as well as Midwiues are admitted to any fecrets. Wherefore he perswaded his wife to disclose her selfe to him, and to dispence with a little inconvenience, so they may be resoluted of so rare a secret. But this was Doctor Pinchbackes drift, hee thought to have shifted the Gentleman off by this extraordinarie imposition, thinking he would rather have furceased his sute, then anie waie haue suffered him to sée his wise naked. In conclusion a chamber was prepared warme and close, in which she shewed her selfe, & twife walked vp and down the chamber naked in the presence of M. Doctor and her husband, who demanded M. Doctors answer to his former question, which was as followeth: Quoth he, from meward it is a boy, and to me ward it is a girle: other answer they could get none of him. Wherefore the Gentleman was greatly offended against him, calling him Asse, Dolt, Patch, Cockescombe, Knaue, and all the base names he could deuise. But awaie went maister Doctor as skilfull in those cases as a blind man when he throweth his staffe: and durst not answer the Gentleman one word. And the Gentleman greatly repented him that he had been fo foolish to shew his wife in that fort before so sottish a companion.

About foure dayes after the Gentlewoman fell in labour, and was deliuered of a boy and a girle: whereat the Gentleman remembring the blunt answer of the Doctor, and finding it to be true, was greatly astonished, supposing indéed hee had mightily wronged the Doctor: to whom he went immediately crauing pardon for his former follie, shewing himselfe verie forowfull for his fault, and offered him in recompence of amends all the fauour he might possibly doe him, granting to him his house at commandement, and his boord for so long time as he would continue with him. Wherupon in signe of loue and amitie he went and soiourned at the Gentlemans house: Whereupon the Doctors

#### haunting Conicatchers.

credit still more and more began to increase, so that all the countrie round about told no small tales of the great cunning of Doctor Pinchbacke, to whom they resorted early and late.

It fortuned foone after there was a Faire neere to the Gentlemans house, where the people diversly talked of the Doctors skill and cunning, and that he could doe anie thing, or tell anie thing that was done in anie place. Naie (quoth a plaine Countriman) I will venture twentie Nobles that hee shall not doe it. I will my felfe goe personally to him, and hold something in my hand, and if hee tell me what it is I will lose my money. I take you, fayd one or two, and the wager being layd, awaie they went towards the Gentlemans house: and passing thorough a meadow, the man tooke vp a Grashopper out of the grasse, and put it into his hand, so close that no man might perceive it. Then forward they went, and met with Maister Doctor, and they defired him to fatisfie them of that secret which was vpon his credite, to tell them what one of the companie held in his hand. Whereunto the Doctor was loth to answer, considering he had no such skill as people bruted abroade: neuerthelesse he cast in his mind. how he might excuse the matter by some pretie sleight, if he should guesse amisse, and therfore concluded in this iest, he called to mind that his owne name was Grashopper, and if (quoth he) I take him by the hand, I may say hee hath a grashopper in his hand, and yet I may iustly defend it for a truth. Whereupon the Doctor taking him by the hand, faid he had a Grashopper in his hand: which beeing opened was found true. Whereat the Cuntrimen wondred, and went their wayes. Some faid hee was but a cosoning knaue: others reported what wonders hee could performe: Some faid he could

#### Greenes Ghoft

goe round about the world in a moment, and that he walked euerie night in the aire with spirites: some faid hee had a familiar: thus the people gaue their cenfure; fome liking, and others misliking him. And in a word, fo manie men, fo manie mindes, but the greater part of the countrey admired his deepe knowledge, and published his excellent learninge, fo that he became famous amongst the people, and the Gentleman not a little proud of fo worthy a guest: in so much that hauing one onely daughter, whom he loued most entierlie, and as parents most desire their children should match themselues with such, by whom they hope preferment should come, on a daie brake his minde to the Doctour in his daughters behalfe, affuring him hee should not onely finde her a louing and dutifull wife, but would give him foure hundred pounds, and make him affurance of all his land, which was worth (fayd hee) better then two hundred markes a yeare after his decease, if so it would please his worship to accept his kind offer, which hee assured him proceeded of meere The Doctour a while coylie refused the Gentlemans offer, but beeing carneftly entreated of the Gentleman, he answered him to this effect.

Sir, for your great friendship hitherto and vnex-pected kindnesse, at this time I cannot but confesse my selfe much indebted to you: and because you are so importunate with me to marie your daughter (although I protest it is not for my prosite) I doe willingly take her to my wise: for I haue (saith hee) resused many faire and personable Gentlewomen in mine owne countrey with large dowries: but to make you part of amends for your vndeserued kindnesse, I here am content to yeeld to your request. The Gentleman humbly thanked him, and prolonged not the

#### haunting Conicatchers.

time I warrant you, but with great expedition hafted the mariage daie: where with great feasting and ioy with his friends they passed that day with much pleasure and musicke.

The Doctour about a moneth after defired the Gentleman for his wives portion, which the Gentleman willingly paid him. When two or three dayes were passed he told the Gentleman hee would goe into his owne countrie to sée his friends, and withall prepare and make readie his house (which was let forth to farme) for himselfe to inhabite, and that he would come againe when all things were readie and fetch his wife. The Gentleman was verie vnwilling to leaue the Doctors companie; but séeing the Doctor so importunate, at last yeelded, and so lent the Doctor and his boy two of his best geldings: who as soone as they were on horsebacke, neuer minding to returne againe, tooke their iourney into Deuonshire, and there so long as his foure hundred pounds lasted made merie with their companions, till at last having spent all, beganne to renue his olde trade, and after being taken in companie with fome fuspected persons was apprehended, and by the law (as I heard) was condemned to bee hanged for a murtherer.

Thus although peraduenture hee was not guiltie of the murther, yet it was a iust punishment for his villanie before practifed.

The Gentleman after a quarter of a yeare was past, beganne to looke for the Doctors comming home againe, but in vaine; so hee passed a tweluemoneth, expecting his fonne in lawes returne: at last as happe was one of the Gentlemans acquaintance having beene at his house, and seeing the Doctor there, brought word home to the Gentleman that hee sawe the Doctor G 2

#### Greenes Ghost

Ctor for certaine executed at Exceter in Deuonshire, for a muder. In what a melancholy humour the Gentleman was in, and what griefe and forrowe the young Gentlewoman tooke to heart at these heavie tidings,

I refer it to the Reader, and none but those that have tasted of those griefes doe sufficiently know.

FINIS.



# AUE CÆSAR GOD SAUE THE KING

BY

SAMUEL ROWLANDS

REPRINTED FROM THE UNIQUE ORIGINAL
1603



PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB
MDCCCLXXXVI



#### PREFATORY NOTE.



T was only after the Works of SAMUEL ROWLANDS had been completed that it became known that a tract bearing his initials was reprinted by Mr. Henry Huth in "Fugitive Poetical"

Tracts" (Second Series, 1875), and there Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, who edited them, fuggested Rowlands' authorship of "Aue Cæsar." The late Mr. J. Payne Collier, in "Bibliographical Notes" still in manuscript, after unhesitatingly assigning its authorship to Rowlands, goes on to say: "The writer's well-known initials are at the end of this Epitaph on the death of her most Royall Maiestie, our late Queene which sollows his Aue Cæsar, and both are full of loyalty on the one hand and lamentation on the other."

The question having been lately referred to Mr. Edmund Gosse, his communication will be read with interest: "I am convinced that Aue Casar is a pamphlet of Rowlands: I could not be more sure of it if his name was affixed to the title page. It bears all the peculiarity of his tone and versification; the clear and even style, the six-line stanza

#### PREFATORY NOTE.

that he so sondly affected, the trite plain morality, all are his or nobody's. Then notice that W. F. and G. L. are W. Ferbrand and George Lostes, Rowlands' publishers, who brought out Looke to it: For Ile Stabbe ye, in 1604. There are various little similarities between this and other pamphlets of Rowlands. Note, for instance, the stanza beginning 'Most sacred Tyme,' which was the germ of the Terrible Battell of 1606. To my mind, the authorship of Rowlands may be afferted without a particle of hesitation."

From this weight of opinion in favour of ROWLANDS' authorship, it has been decided to iffue "Aue Cæsar" as a part of the Hunterian Club edition of his Works. This reprint is, as near as may be, a typographical facsimile of the original, of which only one copy is known to be in existence, preserved in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. It was probably looked upon, when published, as of too ephemeral a character to merit being entered in the "Stationers' Registers," as no trace of it is to be found there.

GLASGOW, March, 1886.

## Aue Cæfar. God faue the King.

The ioyfull Ecchoes of loyall English hartes, entertayning his Maiesties late ariuall in England.

With an Epitaph vpon the death of her Maiestie our late Queene.

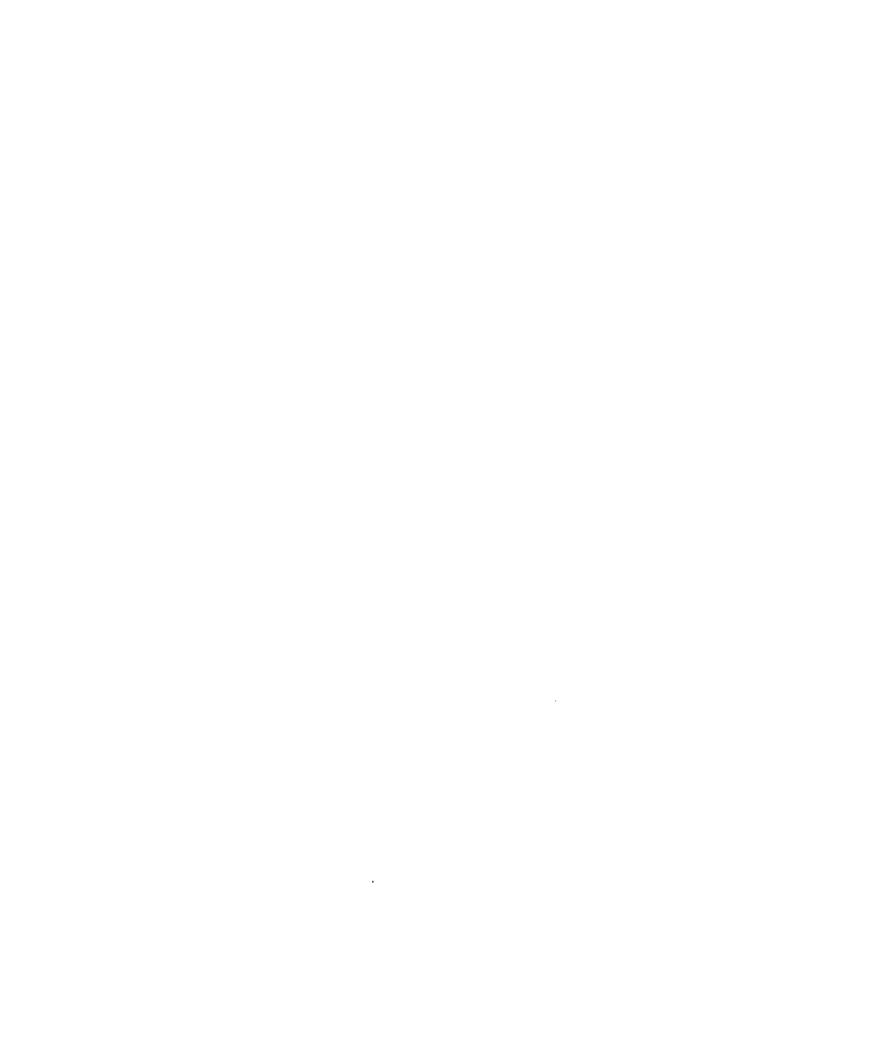


Our weeping eyes do bath Elizaes Tombe, Our louing hartes yeelde Iames her Princely roome.

LONDON,

Printed for W. F. and G. L. and are to be fold in Popes-hed-Ally neare the Exchange.

1603.





It were ingratefull to forget the peace,
The plentie, and the great prosperitie:
The manifold great blessings and encrease,
In source and source yeeres selicitie,
Vnder the Scepter of our gratious Princesse,
Our peace-preserving, world admired Empresse.

If Dauid mourned for the death of Saul,
And did the people therevnto prepare?
Haue not we caufe to become mourners all
For her, with whom King Saul was no compare;
Although fome vertues in him might be found,
They were fmall Starres; her Sun-shine did abound.

In Scarlet he did *Ifraels* Daughters cloth, And ornaments of Gold vnto them gaue: But shee adorned soule and body both, With richest clothing that a Realme can haue. There is a Garment hath a Wedding name, Most happy guest that can put on the same.

A iii.

That





#### AVE CÆSAR.

As Esaw wish'd for Isaacks dying day, And fayd, the dayes of forrowing are at hand, My Father dead, I will my Brother slay: So did the bloody Esawes of this land, Whose plots to more then wishes did extende, For many wayes they did attempt her ende.

But neuer could the Deui'll by his perfwasion,
Effect his purpose to her ouerthrow:
Not Poyson, Dagger, Pistoll, nor inuasion,
Could make dayes short, where heaven would yeeres
He that of life doth number every hower,
Will put lifes lymits in no humane power.

Death came vnto her having Gods Commission,
That she to heaven her progresse must commence:
For to this world she came vpon condition,
To leave the same when God did call from hence:
Her Kingdome heere, was varying by succession,
But that's a Kingdome endlesse in possession.

It





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The plentie, and the great prosperitie:
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And did the people therevnto prepare?
Haue not we cause to become mourners all
For her, with whom King Saul was no compare;
Although some vertues in him might be sound,
They were small Starres; her Sun-shine did abound.

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A iii.

That





#### AVE CÆSAR.

That glorious habit hath her foule put on,
And in the Court of Heu'n is refident:
Where all fing prayfe to him fits on the throne,
The King of Kings, and God omnipotent
There rest faire Soule; thy Body heere abide,
Thy fame slie through the world both farre and wide.

### An Epitaph on the

death of her most Royall Maiestie, our late Queene.

Acred Celestiall Deities Divine,

Mortall's that do proceed of humane line,
All you that know what griefes and forrowes bee,
Come and teare-wash an Empresse Tombe with mee.

Melpomene thou tragike dolefull Muse,
Put on some blacke, which thou did'st never vse,
And in the saddest Sable can be had;
Let all thy Sisters in the like be clad:
Their liquid Pearles in plentie we must borrow,
Because it is no common vsuall forrow.

The





The Phenix of the World to Heaven is flowne, And of her Ashes there remeyneth none: The Pellican that did her young-ones good, Hath yeelded all her vitall streames of blood. Cynthia that gaue the World a glorions shine, Shall never more be seene with mortall eyen: The fayrest Rose, the sweetest Princely Flower, Lyes with red now by Death's coold nipping power. You spirits of the highest Element, You heavenly sparkes of wit, with one consent Conioyne, and from the treasurie of Artes, Give honour to the Queene of good-desartes: The reverent Lady, Nurse of all our Land, That fway'd a Sword like Iudeth's, in her hand. The Debora that indged Israell: Whose blessed actions God did prosper well: She that did never purpose wrong to any, Though iniuries to her, were done by many. She that no longer rule on earth did craue, Then best, and most desired, she might have. She that with Mercyes winges adorn'd her Throne, And yet with Iustice ballance fate thereon. Report her Prayse to all have eares to heare it,

Sound



A iiij.



Sound out her Fame as farre as Fame can beare it.

Let from the Earth, her fame to Heauen sounde,

Let from the Heauen, her fame to Earth rebounde:

Let through the Ocean waves pronounce the same,

And whirling windes be agentes of her Fame:

Let Heauen, Aire, the Ocean, and the Earth,

With Ecchoes sound blessed Elizabeth.

Yea let the very Stones where shee shall lie,

Tell ages following, this of ours gone by:

Within our marble armes we do enclose

The virgin Queene, the White and Red-crown'd Rose,

That rul'd this Realme so happy, fourtie fowre,

As never Prince did raigne the like before.

From Men, with Saincles shee lives in high esteeme,

Seated in blisse, which best doth her esteeme.

S. R.

Stay





It were ingratefull to forget the peace,
The plentie, and the great prosperitie:
The manifold great blessings and encrease,
In source and source yeeres felicitie,
Vnder the Scepter of our gratious Princesse,
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That



A iii.



#### AVE CÆSAR.

Neuer did King set soote on *English* ground, With more applaw'd then our renowmed *Iames*: For as great ioyes within our hartes abound, As euer were contay'd in all his Realmes: Our loues to him the eyes of heau'n doth see, Sound, as the subjectes should to Soueraigne bee.

Not great King *Henrie*, fecond of that name, When with his royall Nauie he did fayle, The rude and barb'rous *Irishmen* to tame, Where most victoriously he did preuayle, Subduing them vnder his Scepters length, By honourable valour, Martiall strength.

Nor his sonne Richard, Lyon-harted King,
That deedes of Armes in other landes pursew'd
Could cause more joy from peoples hartes to spring,
When they return'd from Countries they subdew'd:
In entertayning them to Englands shore,
Where tonges did shew what harts the subjects bore.

Nor





Nor yet fift *Henry's* comming out of Fraunce, From those high deedes that there he vndertooke: Nor's Father, whom desartes did so aduaunce, The peoples deare beloued *Bullenbrooke*, Could have more love ready prepard to meete them, Or more affection, pressing foorth to greete them.

Their welcomes were from warres they had in hand, Which losse of blood, and valour caus to cease:
Thy welcomes are from out a quiet Land,
Inlarging vs a wondrous league of peace.
O welcome Prince of Peace and quietnesse:
The God of Peace thee and thine Issue blesse.

Most facred Tyme, that with the World began, And art ordayn'd Gods special Instrument, To deale in all affayres concerning Man, Numb'ring each minute that on earth is spent: Thou that mak'st expedition with the winde, To sly, and run, with Eagle, and with Hinde.

Lay



B ii.



#### AVE CÆSAR.

Lay downe thy fickle thou hast in thy hand,
Because thou must performe a nimble place:
Turne quicke about thine Hower-glasse of sand,
Run for thy life to entertaine his Grace:
Make speed good Time in this, to do vs pleasure,
For all the Realme doth waite vpon thy leasure.

Linger not by the way, to harken newes,
But let thy charge be rightly vnderstood:
Flying reportes, let fooles and Ideots vse,
Tale-carriers thou doest know were neuer good:
If any such thou chaunce to ouer-take,
A base account of them thou art to make.

I know thou know'st how to falute our Prince,
That hast bin guide of Kinges into their Thrones:
That office thou hast well performd long since,
Vnto all Gods elected holy-ones:
The chifest thing we have in expectation,
Is, that thou hie him to his Coronation.

Our





Our Nobles all, to their immortall fame, (Deserving Peeres, of Honours best desartes) Are duetifull prepared for the same, With sirme consent of all true English hartes, Who from their soules vnsaignedly do pray, That even this present, were crownation day.

The Cittie with the loyall Magistrate,
The Maior, the Shrieses, the Aldermen, the rest,
Haue saythfull welcomes to him consecrate,
And all endeuour: loue may be express.
Yet can no triumph nor externall show,
Describe aright the inward loue they owe.

For often loue abounding in the minde,
From center of the hart, which doth containe it,
Cannot so absolute a passage finde,
As in an outward fulnesse may explane it:
Loues treasurie hath very seldome bin
As soone layde out, as it is gath'red in.

B iii.

Descend





#### AVE CÆSAR.

Descend you Muses from Parnassus hill;
Bring Art in librall handes, and now bestow-it:
Let euery one present a flowing Quill,
In honour of our famous Kingly Poet:
And as the chearefull Larke doth mounting sing,
So eleuate the honour of the King.

Ioue adde a length of yeeres vnto his dayes,
That long in peace, by vs he be enioy'd.

Apollo tune thy Musicke to his prayse,
To better vse it cannot be imployd.

Sound Triton through the Seas vast kingdame, sound
That Englands King is comming to be Croun'd.

Ver, strow the Ground with thy delightfull greene, For in thy feason doth our Monarch come:
Be all the Fieldes in Sommers liuerie seene:
Attire the Trees, and let the Plants haue some:
Be bountifull and forward gentle Spring,
Thou canst not welcome a more worthy King.

Aboue





Aboue all Trees, be kindest to the Rose, For tis a Flower of a princely price: There is a White and Red togither growes, I thinke the Plant came (first) from Paradice: Let it be watred with some heau'nly shower, For (on my life) it beares a blessed flower.

Blest chiefly in the grast Earle Richmond made, For till his time, those Roses were at strife, Hee in a happie hower all quarrels stay'd, Takeing sourth Edwards daughter to his wise: So did the Houses both in one vnite, Mixing the kingly Red, with princely White.

A glorious Arbour from this roote hath sprong, Of sweetest Roses, crown'd with Diadames: From Prince to Prince, the branch hath run along, And now the noble Flower is cald King Iames. Lord we intreat thee for our Countries good, Graunt that his stocke may neuer want a bud.

Biiii. Let



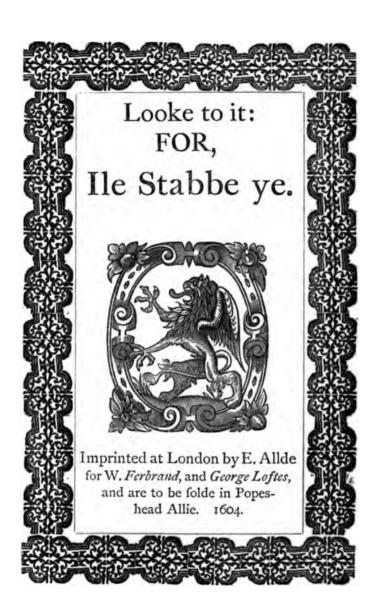


Let Angels pitch their Tentes about his Throne: Be thou his strength, his trust, his God, his guide: Graunt that his dayes may be like Salomon, A mirrour vnto all the world beside,

That those which heare his fame farre of to ring

Like Sabaes Queene, may all admire our King.

FINIS.



.



There is a Humour vi'd of late,
By eue'ry Rascall swagg'ring mate,
To giue the Stabbe: Ile Stabbe (sayes hee)
Him that dares take the wall of me.
If you to pledge a health denie,
Out comes his Poniard; there you lie.
If his Tabacco you dispraise,
He sweares, a Stabbe shal end your daies.
If you demaund the Debt he owes,
Into your guts his Dagger goes.
Death seeing this, doth take his Dart,
and he performes the Stabbing part.
he spareth none, be who it will:
his lisence is the World to kill.

A 2.

S.R.

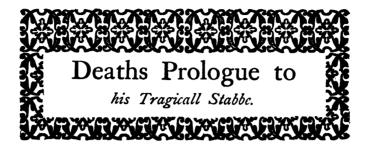




Do defie the World and all therein,

My challenge at the S My challenge at the Scepter doth begin: Downe to the Plough Swaine, come who dare in blace, Set foote to mine, and looke me in the face. My flesh and fat, doth make no burlie show, A raw-bone fellow, all the World doth know. To deale at fundry Weapons, F refuse, As Fencers (when they play their prizes) vfe: Of Sword and Dagger I have little skill: Rapier I neuer wore, nor neuer will. My fight is very bad to have about, For Ile affure you both mine Eyes be out. But at the Irish Dart F onely deale: Whose Hart I hit, I nere knew Surgeon heale. My Horfe is pale, well pac'd; I neuer shoo-him, Sainct Georges Gelding was a Iade vnto-him, I would ride often, when I go on foote, But there's no Shoo-maker can fit me' a Boote.



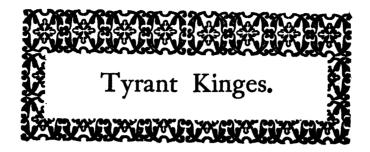


To no degree or facultie, I do intende offence; Al those I threaten heere to slab, & fend the wretches hence Are fuch, as tremble when they heare, what fatall Stab I give, For though I kill both good and bad, all creatures that do live, The good are never terrified with any power I have: I open the them Doore of life, the chiefest thing they crave. But to the wicked graceleffe fort, most fearfull I appeare, Because I sende them to a place, doth passe all torments heere. To the the name of Death feems Death, Oh tis a fearful found For of the hope of life to come, they want affured ground; From this bad World vnto a worse, I send them forth to dwell I am the Iaylor, leading them vnto the vault of Hell. Good newes vnto the good J bring: but to the wicked, euill: Because I fend the one to God, the other to the Deuill. Such as feare God, they feare not me, but bid me do my worst If any finde himfelfe agreeu'd, ile slabbe that fellow first.

A 3







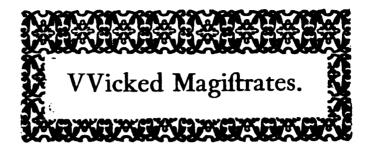
You high Imperious crowne-contending Kings, Who for Earth's glory (not Religions good)
Turne humane bodies into bloudy fprings,
And die the ground with flaught'red christians blood
That for the gayning of an earthly Crowne,
Will tosse a spatious Kingdome vpside downe.

You that deuorce the husbands from their wives, By fatall warre, the endlesse foe to peace: you that denye poore new-borne Babes their lives, and will not graunt sweet life an howers lease:, That care not how, or by what meanes you raigne, So you the golden Crowne and Scepter gaine.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Wicked





N Obles and Iudges, mightie men on Earth, That carelesse cast the sword of Iustice by:
And let your pleasures surfeit in their myrth,
Not lending poore mens Plaints, eare, hand, nor eye:
Suff'ring the Iust vuiustly be opprest,
When the oppressor lives at ease and rest.

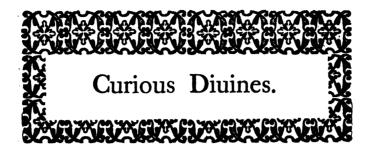
Forgetting God, whom you should represent,
In all the actions of your publique place:
Yeelding the world your hartes, with full consent,
To gather *Mammon*, hoording wealth apace.
You that nere thinke your selues must once appeare
To give account how you have Iudged heere:

Ile Stabbe yee.

Curious







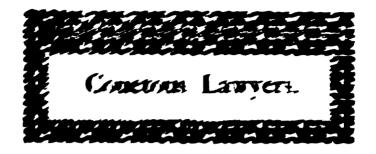
Divines, that are together by the eares, Puft vp, high-minded, feedes-men of diffention, Striuing vntill Christes feame-lesse garments teares, Making the Scriptures follow your invention, Neglecting that, whereon the soule should feede, Imployde in that, whereof soules have no neede.

Curious in thinges you neede not stir about, Such as concerne not matter of saluation: Giuing offence to them that are without: Vpon whose weaknes you should have compassion, Causing the good to grieve, the bad reioyce; Yet you with *Martha*, make the worser choyce.

Ile Stabbe yee.

B Coue-





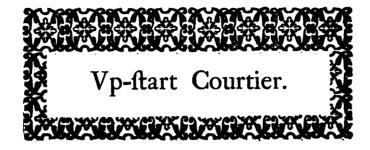
Amper: his work the last to your attention.
The house, in backward in you please:
had know, your layests possessed in backward.
The lane has not Prive possessed thereto.
Her carrie have take could be trained in tail.
The you your lane not you public to the without.

That while you hade with hagely lette the Deutil. Notable you haddle Continue out of toware, Constructed, you haven't a damaed entit; had you you wrap it with you in your Goware. You that with it's with and a democra, delayer. Wing Contac in continuations and decayer.

The Station yes.

V¢-





Courtier, whose hart with pride, so mighty growes, thou wilt not to thy Father mooue thy Hat, because he weares a paire of russet Hose, Thy Veluet Breeches looke awry at that:

Nay, ere he shall disgrace thee, thou wilt rather Sweare by the Lord, that he is not thy Father.

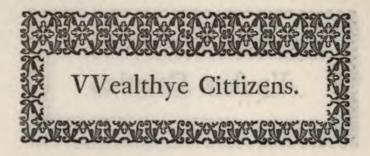
You that deny the stocke from whence you came, thrusting your selfe into some Gentle kin, you that will giue your selfe an other name, Which must not from an old Thatcht-house begin. you that will have an Armes shall grace you too, Though your poore Father cobled many a Shoo.

Ile Stabbe yee.

B 2

Wealthie





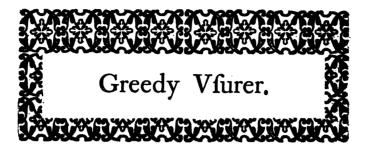
You Cittizens that are of *Diues* wealth, His coftly cloathing, and his dainty fare, Regarding nothing but felfe-ease and health: How euer *Lazarus* lyes poore and bare: your Dogges are not so kinde to licke their fores, But rather serue to bite them from your dores.

You that do make your Tables Poulters stalles, Great prouocation to the sinfull slesh: And though the famish'd, hunger-starued calles For Iesus sake, with Crummes our wantes refresh: Your Dishes haue the food for which they cry: You play with that, for which they pine and die.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Greedy





Thou Fur-gown'd flaue, exceeding rich and olde, Ready to be deuowred of the Graue:
Thou that wilt fell a foule, to purchase Gold,
And gold, still gold, nothing but golde dost craue:
Thou most extreame hard-harted cruell wretch,
Whome Hell gapes for; the Deuill comes to fetch.

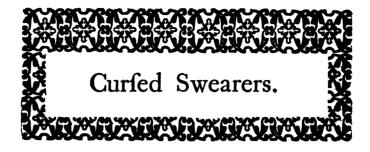
Thou that wilt not forbeare an howers time, But wilt a forfayture feueerely take: Thou that by crueltie to wealth dost clyme, And threatnest Dice of poore mens bones to make, Hauing that rustie gold vpon thy hand, For which, there's thousandes perish in the land.

Ile stabbe yee.

 $B_{\mathcal{J}}$ 

Cursed





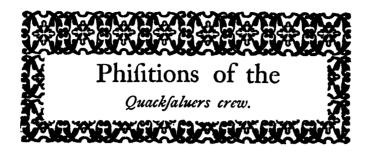
Thou that dost take Gods holy name in vaine, Which is of wondrous feare and reuerence, Thou that reprou'd, wilt vtter Oathes againe, To grieue him, that admonish'd thy offence. Thou that wilt say, He that's agreeu'd with swearing, May stop his eares or get him out of hearing.

Thou that wilt sweare a truth, not to be so,
And sweare that which is false, to be most trew,
Thou that wilt vow most absolute to know,
That which thy conscience knowes thou neuer knew.
Thou that wilt sweare, thou car'est not what thou because the deuil and thy tongue are nearest. (swearest

Ile stabbe yee.

Phisition





Doctor, or rather Dunce, that purge with Pill, Vntill that filuer haue a cleane Purgation: You Artlesse Bussard, that abuse the skill, Of Learned men, deseruing reputation. You that had neuer Doctorship in Schooles, But got your grace from women or from Fooles.

You base Quacksaluer in a Common wealth,
That practize Phisicke out of olde wives tales,
you that can make them sicke which have their health
And learne by Almanackes, to pare your Nayles.
You that can tell what signe is best affected
To picke ones Teeth, or have his Beard corrected.

Ile Stabbe yee.

B 4 Gentle-





Allant that takes the Altitudes on hie,

and like a Fawk'ners Hawke do hood your wife,

Giuing those golden Angels leaue to flye,
your Father kept close prisoners all his life:
you that are Sonne to him that held the Plow,
Transform'd by Gold, into a Gentle now.

You that are Fashions spie, and Humors Ape, A silken Asse, a very Veluet Clowne: A perfect Gull, that lets no Fashions scape, To swagger it in London, vp and downe. you that within a suite of Cyuit dwell, And Garlike was your Fathers onely smell.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Coun-





You that will put your Poniard in mens guts: You that last Voyage, were no more but swabber, Yet you cracke Blades as men cracke Hasel-nuts, You that try all your manhood with a Puncke, And fight most brauely when you are most drunke:

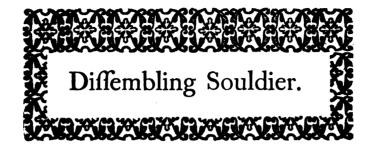
You that protest the Feather in your Hat, came from a Countesse Fanne by way of fauour: Your Rapier, why the great Turke gaue you that For mightie monst'rous *Marshal-like* behauiour. You that weare Scars and Gart'rings for your hose, Made all of Ancients, taken from your soes.

Ile Stab yee.

Diffem-



C



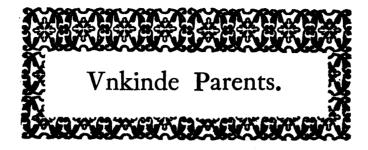
You Sirha, that vsurpe a Souldiers name, Vaunting your selfe a Thunder-bolt of Warres, Vowing that euery ioynt you haue is lame, By piercing Bullets, bloudy woundes, and scarres: You that some hundred men at once withstood, And sought most brauely to the knees in blood.

You that haue flaine more men by breake of day, Then could haue graues digg'd for them in a weeke, You that haue made your foes to run away, Starke naked, when their breeches were to feeke: You that haue compass'd all the earth's globe round, Yet neuer trod a step from English ground,

Ile Stab yee.

Vnkinde





Parentes, which so vnnaturall are growne,
That for your Children you will not prouide
Becomming so obdurate to your owne,
With hardned heartes you can them not abide,
But to a stranger will extend more good,
then to the ofspring of your blood.

You that in rage and fury, most vnkinde, Will vtter Curses where you ought to blesse: For which God often yeeldeth to your minde, and sayes Amen, to wished ill successe. You that from all humanitie haue ceast, Man-like in shape, in manners but a beast.

Ile Stabbe yee.

C 2

Dijobε-





C Hildren that most vindutiful doe liue,
Forgetting what the Law of God commaundes:
You that no reuerence to your parents giue,
But follow that which with your fancie stands,
That onely like the Prodigall, will spend,
But come not home (as he did) to amend.

You that propound your felues vnthriftie wayes, And will not vnto found adule confent: you that doe runne like Follies witles strayes, Vntill some prison teach you to repent: you that liue as you please, do what you list, and admonition vtterly resist.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Drun-





Ou filthy flaues, whom I do often fee, fleeping in Tauerns on the benches drunke:
That will haue full carowfes come to thee,
Till with the liquors lading thou art funke.
Then fill vs Boy one quart of *Charnico*,
To drinke a health to *Dicke* before we goe,

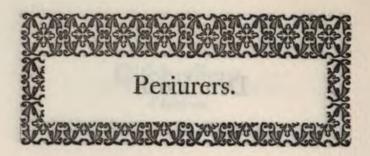
You that will drinke Reynaldo vnto death: The Dane, that would carowse out of his Boote, and quasse an hundred Flemings out of breath, Laying as many French-men vnder soote: you that no other course observe and keepe, But either drinking, drunke, or els a sleepe.

Ile Stabbe you.

C 3

Periurers





Villaine, that runn'ft the ready way to Hell, and neuer art at home, till thou com'ft there, Base slaue, that for base Bribes thy soule wilt fell, And any thing wilt vndertake to sweare.

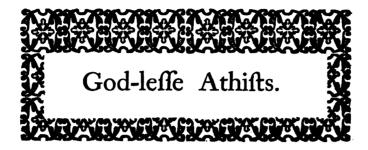
Thou carest not for God, nor mans law seares, Vntill the Pillorie bite off both thine eares.

Thou that dost make thy tongue a Serpents sting,
To wound and hurt the Innocent withall:
Thou that confusion to thy selfe dost bring,
And wilfull wilt into perdition fall:
Thou that art knowne amongst the best and most,
and Officer of Hell, Knight of the Post.

Ile Stabbe yon.

God-





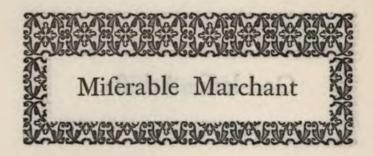
Thou damned Athist, thou incarnate Deuill,
That doest deny his power which did create thee:
a Villaine apt for euery kinde of euill,
And all the eyes in heauen and earth do hate thee.
That mak'st account when thou shalt breathlesse lie,
Thy soule and bodie like a beast do die.

That Pharoa like dar'st aske what fellow's God? Esteeming sacred Scriptures, to be vaine: And that the dead in earth shall make abode, and neuer rise from out their graues againe: That say'st; eate, drinke, be merrie, take delight: Swagger out day, and Reuell all the night.

Ile Stabbe thee.

Misera-





M Archant, that doest endeuour all thy daies,
To get commodities for private gaine:
Caring no whit by what synister wayes,
Nor by what hazard, travell, toyle, or paine:
Neuer respecting other mens hard crosses,
So thou mayst sell deerepen-worths by their losses.

Thou that doest couet all in thine owne hand, and for another let him sincke or swim:

Thou that hast blessinges both by Sea and Land, Giuen by God, yet neuer thankest him: thou that with carefull nights doest breake thy sleepe; to gather wealth, which long thou canst not keepe.

Ile Stabbe thee.

Deceit-





A Rtificers, and Crafts-men of all trades,
That deale by craft in felling and in bying:
You that with falfhood often times perfwades
Men to giue credite to vntrueth and lying:
That care not, fo your ware content the eye,
Though your owne Father be deceived thereby.

You that protest to vse a man most kind, And serve him that, shall well be worth his mony, When he that tryes you, shall be sure to finde The deedes prove Gall, & words contains the Hony. You that are out-side goodly protestations, But all the in-side false dissimulations.

Ile Stabbe yee.

D.

Wretched





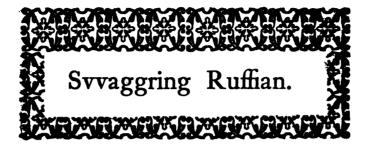
YOu Husband-men that heape & hord vp Corne, And neuer laugh, but when it waxeth deere:
You whom the poore do wish had nere bin borne,
Because you samish and vndo them heere.
You that an Almanacke still beare about,
To search and sinde the rainy weather out.

You that at plentie euermore repine, And hang your felues for griefe, to fee the fame. You that will weepe when as the Sunne doth shine, And sigh to heare but of faire-weathers name. You that for nothing but deare yeeres do pray, To Gentleman your Sonnes, another day.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Swag-





Your head beshagg'd with nittie lowsie lockes.
You that vpon Tabacco vertue stand,
Your only soueraigne Medcine for the Pockes
You that weare Bootes, and Ginglers at your heeles,
Yet whe you ride, your coatch hath but two wheeles.

You that will meete one by the high-way fide, And fweare Gods woundes, Deliuer me thy purfe. You that for Bawdy houses do prouide, Though many honest true men speed the worse. You that will cousen, cheat, robbe, kill, and steale, Till for your cloathes, Hangman and Broker deale.

He Stabbe yee.

D 2.

Proude





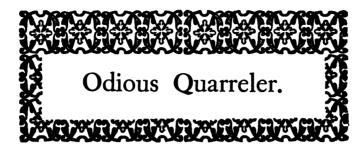
YOu Gentle-puppets of the proudest size,
That are like Horses, troubled with the Fashions,
Not caring how you do your selues disguise,
In sinfull shameles, Hels abhominations.
You whom the Deuill (Prides father) doth perswade
To paint your face, & mende the worke God made.

You with the Hood, the Falling-band, and Ruffe, The Moncky-wast, the breeching like a Beare: The Perriwig, the Maske, the Fanne, the Muffe, The Bodkin, and the Bussard in your heare: You Veluet-cambricke-silken-feather'd toy, That with your pride, do all the world annoy.

Ile Stabbe yee.

**Odious** 





YOu Sir, that are so quarrelous by nature,
That you scorne all men, be they what they will:
Tearming each one a cowardly base creature,
That will not sweare and curse, stab, sight, and kill.
You that will challenge any to the seelde,
Vowing while you can stand, neuer to yeelde.

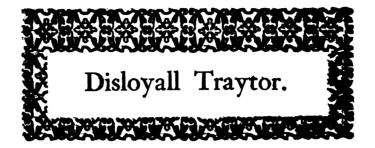
You that without any offence at all,
Will shoulder him you meete vpon the way.
You that (by wounds and blood) will haue the wall,
Eu'en in despight of him that dare say nay.
You that inhumane, brutish, most vncyuill,
Professe your selse a Champion for the Deuill.

Ile Stabbe you.

D 3.

Difloyall



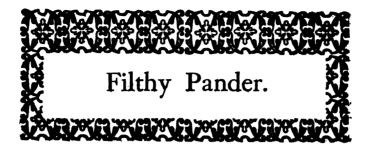


Alfe harted Traytor, bred of *Iudas* kinde,
Sent from the Furies, about Helles affayres:
That vnto mischiese wholy art inclin'd,
And neither for thy soule nor body cares:
Thou that with *Sinon* wishest *Troy* might burne,
To serue and sit the Deuill, thy Maisters turne.

Thou that doest plot and practife gainst the state, And Gods Annoynted dar'st with treason touch. Thou that can'st to thy Soueraigne be ingrate, Whom thou art dearely bound to honour much: Ile syle no handes upon thee; I abhore thee, But Ile giue order to the Hangman for-thee.

Filthy





Ou scurule fellow, in the Brokers suite,
A Sattin Doublet, fac'd with Greace and Ale,
That of the art of Bawdry can'st dispute,
To picke a lyuing from a damn'd Whores tayle,
Thou that within thy Table hast set downe,
The names of all the Squirils in the towne.

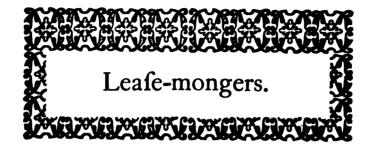
Thou that can'st holde a Fanne, and keepe a Dore, And offer any Constable the stable:
Thou that about the streetes can'st walke a Whore, And bring her vnto him that wantes a Drabbe.
Thou that art out-side horned like an Oxe,
Thy in-side all *Tabacco*, and the Poxe.

Ile Stabbe thee.

D 4.

Lease-





Rent-raying raicals, you that care not how You do exact upon the needy wretch,
That liue euen on the poore mans sweating brow,
And from his painefull toyle, your ryches setch:
Early and late, his labours all are spent,
To pay a churlish dogged Naball rent.

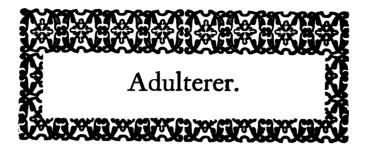
You whom the *Prophet* curfeth with a woe, House-mongers, that on earth would euer dwell: Grinding the poore, as their distresses shoe: And at the price of old Shooes do them sell. You that of Earth enough will neuer haue, Till soule in Hell, and body in the graue.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Adul-







Thou filthy fellow of a beaftly life,
Poluted both in body, and in minde:
That breakeft wedlocke with thy lawfull wife,
And think'ft all's well, if thou the world canft blinde.
Tut, Death ha's worke enough with other men,
Heele come when th'art an old man; God knowes
(when.

Tell thee of Iudgement, or of Gods displeasure, Why, thou wilt answere, He hath grace in store: And for Repentance, thou wilt finde some leasure, When Age will let thee follow Whores no more. Thou that wilt serue the Deuill with the best, And turne God to his leauings, and the rest.

Ile Stabbe thee.

E. Idle





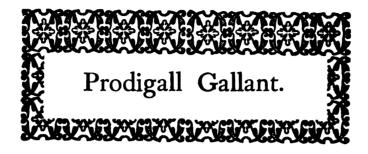
Fine, neate, and curious mistris Butter slie,
The Idle-toy to please an Idiots eye
You that wish all Good-huswiues hang'd for why,
Your dayes work's done each morning whe you rise
Put on your Gowne, your Russe, your
Then dine & sup, & go to bed againe. (Chaine

You that will call your Husband Gull & Clowne, If he refuse to let you have your will: You that will poute and lowere, and fret and frowne Vnlesse his purse be lauish open still. You that will have it, get it how he can, Or he shall weare a *Vulcans* brow, poore man.

Ile Stabbe thee.

Prodigall





You Sir that have your purse cram'd full of crownes
The lively picture of the Prodigall: (woundes
That have your mouth furnish'd with blood and
And come in Whores, Wine, Fidlers: you'le pay all.
You that are like the *Dwarfe* in *Athens*, right,
Who in five dayes, spent's Patrimony quite.

You that are churched once in feuen yeere, But in a Tauerne you could liue and die: You that haue your Ioy in Belly-cheere, In Dice, in Dauncing, and in Venerie. You that for pennance of your passed sinne, In Woodstreete, or the Poultry, meane to Inne.

Ile Stabbe thee.

E 2.

Gluttone





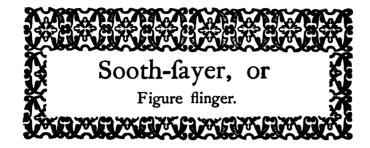
YOu goodman Glutton, bellyed like a Butt,
Fac'd like the North-windes-picture in a Map:
Thou with the neuer fatisfied gutt,
VVhofe life is eate, and drinke, and take a nap.
Thou that if Wolner were aliue againe,
VVould'ft eate more at a meale, then he in twaine.

Thou most vnhealthy lothsome rauenous beast,
That tak'st delight in nothing but excesse:
And hast a nose to smell out any Feast:
A brazen face to ceaze on euery messe,
That vndertakest nothing with good-will,
Vnlesse it be thy Pudding-house to fill.

Ile Stabbe thee.

Sooth-





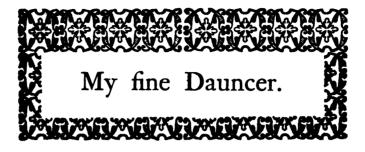
You Cunning man, or rather co'fning Knaue, That will tell good-man Ninney of his Mare: Cysley, how many Husbandes she shall haue, Tom Carter, when the weather will be faire: My neighbour Powling, who hath found his Purse, And Ione his wife, who did her Chickens curse.

Whether a man shall have a happy life, Whether a Louer shall his Loue enioy: Who shall die first, the husband or the wise? Whether the childe vnborne, be girle or boy? You that can fetch home Servantes runne away, And finde out any Cattle gone astray.

Ile Stabbe yee.

E 3. **My** 





Heigh, w'on turne more, let's fee this Galliard out, I promise you the sellow doth it well: How nimbly at his trade he turnes about, At hopping vp and downe he doth excell: Well, let him daunce it out, and when tis done, A daunce twixt him and Death must be begun.

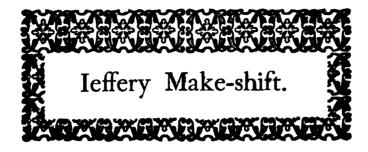
You nimble skipiacke, turning on the toe, As though you had Gun-pouder in your tayle: You that do leape about and caper foe, Esteeming our old Country Daunces stale. You that do liue by shaking of the heele, By hopping, and by turning like a wheele.

Ile Stabbe yee.

*Ieffery* 



38



SHifter, that lives without a lawfull calling, And onely basenesse with your humor fittes, That cares not in what myschese you are falling, But make an occupation of your wittes: You that have alwayes cheating Dice in store, With, Come sweete Five, I holde yee sixe to source.

You that can cunningly in Cookes shops brawle, And shew your selfe in Chollers mighty heate: while your Consort steales Victuals from the stall, To finde your poore and needy stomacke meate. You that for all your diet with your Hoast, Do set your hand in Chalke vnto his Poast.

Ile Stabbe you.

E 4.

Spende





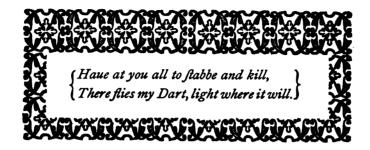
You carelesse wretches of the wastfull vaine,
That for your Families will not prouide:
But liue in Idlenesse, and take no paine,
Spending your owne, and other mens beside:
That wise and children vtterly neglect,
And to your servantes never have respect.

You that do wish them hang'd, will purchase landes, Tearming him that spares Mony, worse then madde: You that commit your Stocke to Vitlers handes, With Tush, a merry Hart outliues a sadde.
You that are a good sellow to your friende, Druncke from the weekes beginning to the ende.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Haue





Ee that will take no warning, let him chufe, Few wordes my maisters, I intende to vse: My deede and word, togither alwayes goe, I loue plaine dealing, you shall finde it fo. The Stabbe I promise, and the Stabbe Ile pay, Your Hartes shall have it, on their dying day. But thinke that day is very long to come, And you shall live more yeeres then other some: Thinke though your friendes and kindred dayly die, You shall escape, your turne is nothing nie: Put my remembrance farre out of your minde, For wicked men no hope in Death can finde: They thinke vpon me with a cruell feare, They quake, and tremble, when my name they heare. I bring but heavie newes, their foules to greeue, Yet till I come, they will it not beleeue.

F. Hee





Hee that hath health and ease, with gould stor'd still, And nere in's life did good, nor neuer will, Tell him of Death, of Iudgement, and the Grave, And what reward in Hell, the wicked haue: That very shortly he shall not be heere, (cheere, That with his flesh the Wormes shall make good-That other men his hoarded goodes shall share, That hence he must depart, poore, naked, bare: That earth's delightes shall be of no esteeme, That all the world cannot a Soule redeeme: That Diues begg's for drops, where torments dwell, That there's no comfort to be had in Hel. That they which have done good, to Heau'n shall go That they which have done ill, to endles wo. His blockish Sences, worldes conceites so smother, It enters one eare, and goes out at tother. Therefore let him that will hold on his courfe, Goe on in euill, and be worse and worse: Tis nothing vnto mee, if heele not mende, Ile Stabbe him for the Deuill, there's an ende. Drinke and be merry as good fellowes do,

And





And if you please you may be drunken to. Carouse your drunkardes health's from day to day, Till I, and Sicknesse, take your health away. Sweare and blaspheme Gods sacred holy name, And take delight in doing of the same. Thunder out Oathes, fuch as in Hell are bred, Vntill I teare thy tongue out of thy head. Beare thy felfe proude as loftie as thou can, Dispise the poore, disdaine an humble man, Boast of thy store of wealth, thy worldly wit, Ile turne thy flesh and bones to rot for it. Mallice thy neighbour, cause thou see'st him thriue, And for to get away his lyuing, striue. Vndoe him if thou can'ft, and for that finne, Ile leaue thee but a Clout to wrap thee in. Rayse Rentes apace, builde Houses, purchase Landes, Be alwayes raking with Oppressins handes. Thinke all is lawfull purchase, thou can'ft catch from thy diftreffed friendles needy wretch. Buye thy poore neighbours House ouer his head, Turne him and's children out to begge their bread.

F 2.

Deale





Deale cruelly with those are in thy debt, And let them at thy handes no fauour get. Send them to Prison; there in all distresse, To taste the mercie of the mercilesse. Ile shackle thee, for stirring handes or feete Within a Coffin and a Winding-sheete. Say to thy felfe, as once the Churle did fay, (Whose foule the Deuill fetch'd that night away) For many yeeres, much goodes thou hast in store, Eate, drinke, be merry; take delight therefore: Exclude all Pittie, Conscience, and Remorce. Get Goodes it skils not how, by fraude or force. Ile come vpon thee, when thou thinkest least, And thou shalt die, as thou did'st liue, a Beast. Dissemble cunning, do it with a grace: Giue all kind wordes before thy neighbours face. Protest thy kindnesse he shall neuer lacke: Yet hang him (if thou can'st) behind his backe. Flatter, and fawne: with falshood pray vpon him: Bestow the courtecie of *Iudas* on-him: Of all thy villany I keepe a score,

Ere





Ere long thou shalt deceive the world no more. Be a Time-feruer; liue as others doo: With fome prophane, with fome religious too: Yet howfoeuer thou hast done, or spoke, Let thy Religion ferue but as a cloke. (flowes, Thinke th'art a man from whom much wifedome If thou can'ft blinde the eyes of men with showes. To get thy felfe Gods curfe, with worldlings prayfe, Why, t'is a finne most common now adayes. Looke to it Wretch, as fure as Death; fo fure, An euerlasting Hell, thou shalt endure. Striue and contende, reuenge the least offence: Threaten by Law: vrge to extreame expence. Spende many a pound, in quarrell of a penny, And be it right or wrong, yeeld not to any. Let no man have the ending of thy cause, But onely Lawyers; try it by the Lawes. Ile Stabbe thee foole; there's no Atturnyes fee Can finde out Law to be reueng'd on mee. Builde fumtuous Houses, tytle them thine owne: Make wrong pay-maister for the wood and stone.

F 3. Let

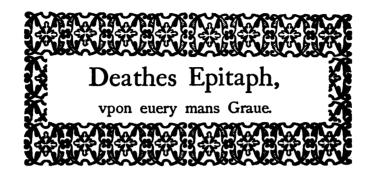




Let thy Wiues pride, be all thy Tennants woe, Because the Deuill and shee, will have it so. Hood-her, and Mask-her; Fanne her with a Feather: Let Vanitie and Lightnesse, go together. Vpon the pleasure of thy Hawkes and Houndes Waste it away most prodigall, by poundes. Be bountifull in spending on a Whore, And myferable to relieue the poore. Feaste euery day, as once the Glutton did, And none but Gluttons to thy Banquets bid. Receive thy foode, as Beaftes do feede on Graffe. Sit downe like th'Oxe, and rife as doth the Affe, Steale Gods good guiftes, and neuer vse his name, Vnlesse in swearing, to abuse the same. Liue as thou lift: but for thy time fo spent, By me to Iudgement, hence thou shalt be sent. And this resolue, however Sinne doth dlind-thee, Eu'en as Death leaues thee, fo shal Iudgement find-thee

#### FINIS.



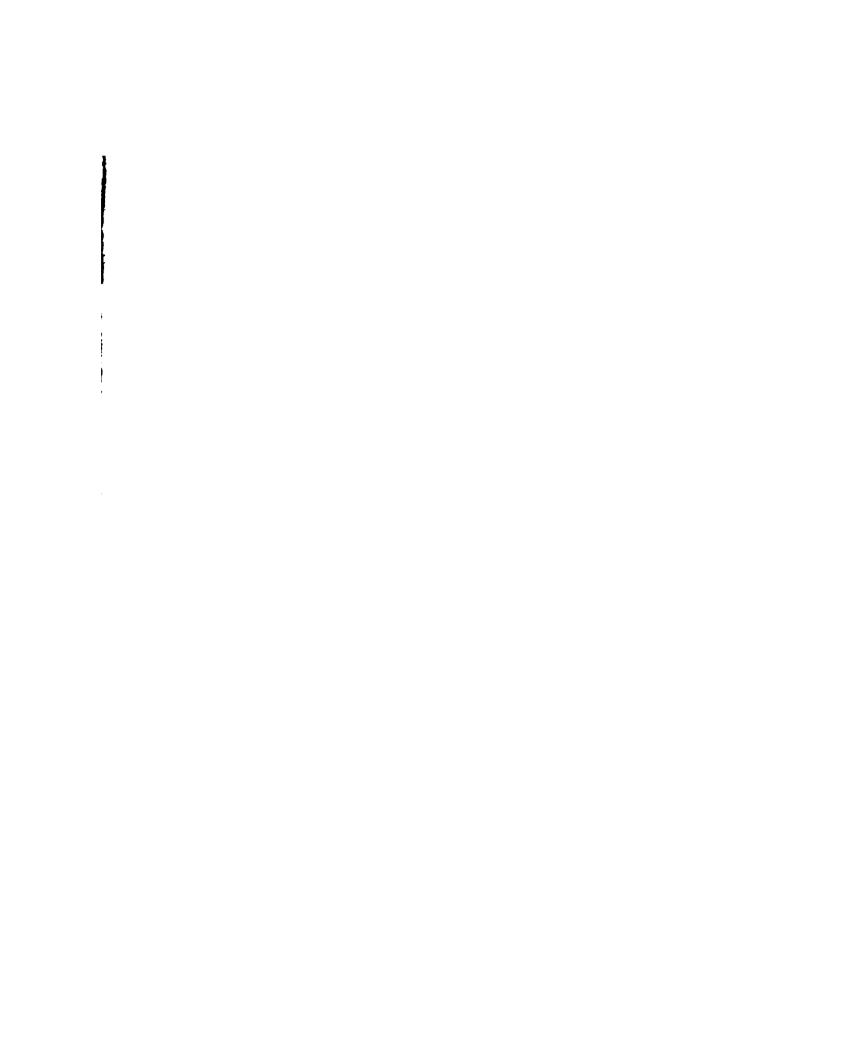


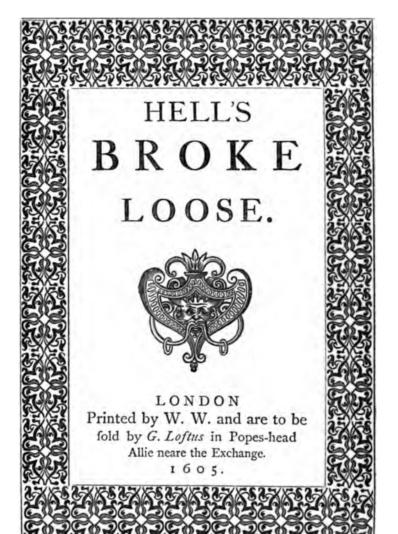
Behold the state of all the Sonne of Men,
That live to die, and die they know not when:
How Flowerlike they wither and decay;
How soone Deaths Sith doth mow them downe like Hay.
How vaine a thing of all thinges els, is Man,
How short his life is measur'd out a span:
How he is borne with teares, brought vp in paine,
And how with sighes, he leaves the world againe.

FINIS.

S. R.







# An Aduertisement

to the wife and discreete

Reader; hee that in discription of a wicked man, doth personate him, is to speake as that wicked man, not befeeming a good man; or else he can not aptly deliuer him in his kinde, so odious as hee is: In respect whereos, let not any speach herein be misconstrued, which is onely set downe as spoken by the rebellious Heretiques, the more truely to explaine them as notorious as they were. Vale.



# TO THE READER.

N this vn-weeded Garden of the World, hath sprung vp through al ages of the same, most innumerable euen of all sorted kindes, that have been opposite to Vertue, and pursuers of Vice; Such as have with great travell and labour taken paynes to goe to Hell, and

runne the broade way path with Hindes feete, in all poasting speede that the Diuell could employ them. Amongst the rest of this fearefull race runners (of their variable qualities) here is a description of the most notorious Rebels and Heretiques of Europe, certaine Germane Anabaptistes, such as would have all things common, and all men at free will and libertie to do what they list, without controwle of any Authoritie: cuery mans Will Law; and cuery ones Dreame Doctrine.

Before the comming of our Sauiour Christ; Theudas, and Iudas Galilæus, two seditious fellowes of factious spirit, seduced the Iewes: The first of them saying, that hee was a Prophet sent from God for mans good; and that by his owne powerfull word, hee could deuide the waters of Iordan in as admirable





fort, as Ioshua the servant of the Lord had done. The other, did carnestly promise to enlarge the Iewes from the servitude and yoke of the Romans: both of them by these meanes, drawing after them great multitudes of people; and both of them comming unto deserved destruction: For Fatus the Governour of Iury ouertooke Theudas, and sent his head as a monument to Ierusalem: and Iudas likewise perished, and all his following consederates were dispersed.

After our Sauiour Christ, in the time of his blessed Apofiles, Elimas the Sorcerer mightely withstood the proceeding of Paule & Barnabas, sowing the seed of Heresie in the minde of Sergius Paulus Deputie: but the indgement of God ouertooke him, and he was strucken with blindnesse. Not long after him, in the raigne of Adrian the Emperour, arose an other called Bencochab, that professed himselfe to be the Messias, & to have descended from Heaven in the likenes of a Starre, for the safetie & redemption of the people: by which fallacie, he drew after him a world of seditious people; but at last, hee and many of his credulous route were slaine, and was called by the Iewes (in contempt) Bencozba (that is) the Sonne of a lie.

Manes, of whom the Maniches tooke their name and first originall, forged in his foolish braine a fiction of two Gods, and





and two beginners; and reiesting the old Testament, and the true God, which is revealed in the same; published a fift Gospell of his owne forgerie, reporting himselfe to be the Holy Ghost: When he had thus with divulging his divelish Heresies and Blasphemies insected the world, being pursued by Gods inst indigement, hee was for other wicked practizes taken, and his skinne pulled over his eares alive.

Montanus that notorious blasphemous wretch, of whom the Montanists tooke their ofspring, denyed Christ our Sauiour to be GOD, saying: Hee was but Man onely, like other men, without any participation of Divine essence: Hee called himselfe the Comforter, and Holy spirit, which was promised to come into the world; and his two Wives Priscilla and Maximilla, he named his Prophetesses, and their writings Prophesies: yet all their cunning could not prevent nor foretell a wretched and desperate end which befell him; for after he had of long time deluded the world, in imitation of Iudas, hee hanged himselfe.

Infinite are the examples that may be collected out of the registers of foregone ages, touching the lamentable euilles, slaughters, blood, and death, that have ensued from the damnable heritical Instruments of the Divell; and how the peo-





ple (affecting Nouelties, and Innovations) have concurred from time to time, with the plotters endeuours, Histories are full of their memories. Most Rebellions do pretende Religion for them selves: No Villaine but dare turne a good outside to the eye, though the inside be as bad, as heart can imagine.

These infamous Rebels and Heretiques in Germanie, pretended Religion; they would be Reformers of the Church, and State: new Doctrine of their owne franticke conceites: no Childred should be Baptized: all thinges should be common, & no Magistrate to gouerne, but every man at his owne libertie to doc what he list; take what soever he stood in need of, without pay: pluralitie of Wives: no recoverie of wrongfull detayned Goodes, and such like villanous roguish stuffe, that never a Theese in the world would refuse to subscribe vnto it.

This was no fooner taught by Iohn Leyden, alias Yoncker Hans a Dutch Taylor, Tom Mynter a parish Clarke, Knipperdulling a Smyth, and Crasteing a Ioyner; but it was imbraced by thousandes of the Boorcs, and vulgar illiterate Clownes, who in great companies dayly resorted unto them foorth of all Townes and Villages: A most rude rascall companie that regarded neither Gods feare, nor mans fauour, even HELLE BROKE LOOSE.

In





In their outragious madnes, they attempted much villanie, omitting to put nothing in practize that flood with their kumours lyking; as good Commons Wealths men, as Iacke Straw, Watt Tyler, Tom Myller, Iohn Ball, &c. in the raigne of Richard the 2. and as found Divines for Dollrine, as Hackets Disciples; that preached in Cheapeside in a Pease-cart: Yet they found of their owne fraternitie to mannage the Diuels affayres; and mustering themselves togeather, all composed of the scumbe and waste worser-sort could be raken up, they proceeded so farre, that they tooke the Towne of Munster, and there for a time, domineerd as if they had been Electors apeece to the Emperour; vntill beeing beleagerd by the Duke of Saxon, they were taught to taste how Extremitie did sauour, finding the bitternesse of their rash and gracelesse attemptes, to punish them most seuecrely in the end: For when Cattes, Dogges, Rattes and Mycc, grew scarce and daintie, (No common dish, but choyce dyet for Iohn Leyden, and the Lordes of his counsaile Knipperdulling the Smyth, Crafteing the Ioyner, and Tom Mynter the Clarke;) They were constrayned to frie old grease Buffe leather Ierkins, and Parchments, Coouers of Bookes, Bootes in Steakes, and Stew-pottes of old Shoes, till in the end being famished as leane as dryed Stock-





Stock-fish, they were subdued: and Leyden (who had tearmed himselfe King of Munster) with his Nobles, made of Smyth, Ioyner, and Parish-Clarke, were according to the iust reward of all Rebels, put to death, with great torture: and being dead, their bodyes were hang'd in Iron Cages upon the toppe of the high Steeple in Munster called S. Lamberts Steeple, for an example to all of Rebell race: Their Confederates in great multitudes having perished with the Sword and samine, may togeather with all Traytors witnesse to the world throughout all ensuing ages, how GOD with vengeance rewardes all such State-disturbers, and factious Rebels.





# THE GHOST OF IACKE STRAW. Prologue.

In fecond Richards young and tender age:
And there recei'ud from Walworths fatall hand,
The stabb of Death, which life did countermand:
Am made a Prulogue to the Tragedie,
Of LEYDEN, a Dutch Taylors villanie.
Not that I ere consorted with that slaue,
My rascall rout in Hollenshed you haue:
But that in name, and nature wee agree,
An English Traytor I, Dutch Rebell hee.
In my Consort, I had the Priest Iohn Ball;
Mynter the Clarke, vnto his share did fall.
Hee, to haue all things common did intend:
And my Rebellion, was to such an end.
Euen in a word, wee both were like apoynted,

То



A 3.



# PROLOGVE.

To take the Sword away from Gods Anoyated:
And for examples to the worlds last day,
Our Traytours names shall never weare away:
The fearefull Path's that hee and I have trod,
Have bin accursed in the sight of God.
Heere in this Register, who ere doth looke,
(Which may be rightly call'd The bloody Booke)
Shall see how base and rude those Villains bee,
That do attempt like LEYDEN; plot like mee.
And how the Divill in whose name they begon,
Payes them Hells wages, when their worke is don:
"Trasser are bloodie; blood thereon attends:
"Trassers are bloodie, and have bloodie ends.

FINIS.



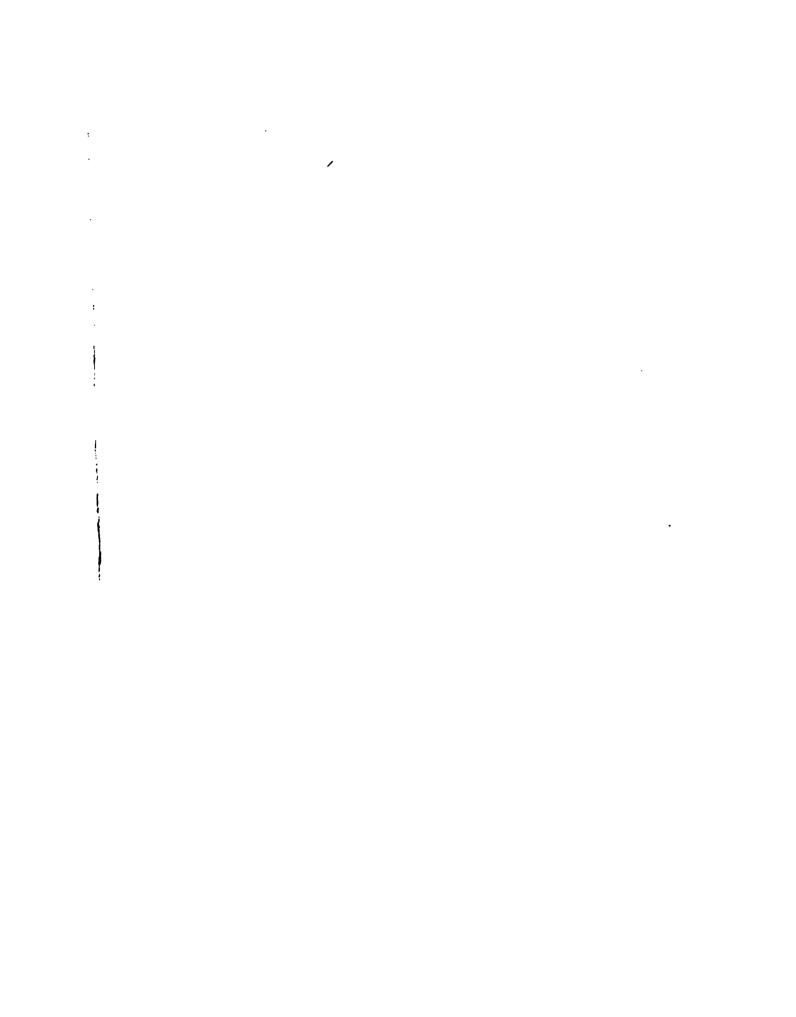


# THE ARGVMENT.

Rom darke Damnations vault, where Horrours dwell, Infernall Furies, forth the lake of Hell Ariu'd on earth, and with their damned euils Fill'd the whole world full of Incarnat Deuils: For all the finnes that Hells vast gulfe containes, In every age, and every kingdome raignes: Murder, and Treason, False disloyall plots, Sedition, Herefie, and roguish knots: Of traytrous Rebels; Some of highest place, And some of meanest sort, most rascall bace: Of which degree, behold a cursed crue, Such as Hells-mouth into the World did spue: IOHN LEYDEN, but a Taylor by his trade, Of Munster towne a King would needes be made: A Parrish Clarke, a Ioyner, and a Smyth, His Nobles were, whom hee tooke counsell with: To these adiouned thousands, Boores and Clownes, Out of the Villages, and Germane Townes: Whereof great losse of blood greeuous ensew'd, Before that Campe of Hell could be subdew'd.

S. R.







# THE LIFE AND DEATH OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Hen nights blacke mantle ouer th'earth was laide, And Cinthias face all curtaine-drawne with clouds: When visions do appeare in darksome shade, And nights sweet rest, dayes care in quiet shrowds; About the hower of twelue in dead of night, A mangled Corse appeared to my sight.

Skin torne, Flesh wounded, vgly to behold: A totterd Body peece-meale pull'd in sunder: Harken (quoth hee) to that which shall be told, And looke not thus amaz'd with seare and wonder: Though I am all bestabbed, slash'd, and torne, I am not Cæsar, him, an's ghost I scorne.

Icke bin Hans Leyden; vnderstandst thou Dutch? IOHN LEYDEN King of Munster, I am hee, That haue in Germanie bin feard as much, As any Casar in the world could bee: From the first houre that I arms did take, I made the Germaine Gallants seare and quake.

By



B.



By facultie at first, I was a Taylour,
But all my minde was Kingly eue'ry thought:
For e'en with Cerberus, Hels dogged Iaylour,
A combat hand to hand I durst haue sought:
Then with my trade, what's hee that hath to doo?
Old Father Adam was a Taylour too:

Hee made him Fig leave Breeches at his fall, And of that stuffe his Wise a Kirtle wore: Then let both Needle, Threed, my Sheares and all, Keepe with the trade; a Noble minde I bore: And let this Title witnes my renowne, IOHN LEYDEN Taylour, King of Munster towne.

My Councellers were these, a valiant Smyth, As tall a man as euer strooke a heate, Call'd Knipperdulling; wondrous full of pith: Crafting the Ioyner, one of courage great: Tom Mynter, a madd Rogue, our Parrish Clarke, Whose doctrine wee with diligence did marke.

'Hee





Hee taught on topp of Mole-hill, Bush, and Tree, The Traytors text in England; Parson Ball Affirming wee ought Kings apeece to bee, And every thing be common vnto all: For when old Adam delu'd, and Evak span, Where was my silken veluet Gentleman?

Wee Adams Sonnes; Hee Monarch of the Earth, How can wee chuse but be of Royall blood? Beeing all descended from so high a birth? Why should not wee share wealth, and worldly good? Tush Maisters (quoth Tom Mynter) reason binds it, Hee that lacks Mony, take it where he finds it.

Why, is not every thing Gods guift, we have? Doe Beaftes and Cattell buy the Graffe they eate? Shall that be fould, which *Nature* freely gaue? Why should a Man pay Mony for his Meate, Or buy his Drinke, that parboyld Beere and Ale, The Fyshes broth, which Brewers do retayle?

B 2.

Pray





Pray who is Landlord to the Lyons den? Or who payes House-rent for the Foxes hole? Shall Beastes enioy more priviledge then Men? May they feed dayly vpon that is stole, Eating and drinking freely Natur's store, Yet pay for nought they take, nor goe on score?

Do not the Fowles share sellow like together, And freely take their soode eu'en where they please, A whole yeeres dyet costes them not a Fether? And likewise all the Fyshes in the Seas, Do they not franckly seed on that they get, And for their victu'als are in no mans debt?

And thall Man, being Lord of all the reft, (Vnto whose service these were all ordayned)
Of meate, nor drinke, nor clothing, be possest,
Vnlesse the same by Mony be obtayned?
Pay House-rent, buy his foode, and all his clothing,
When other Creatures have good cheare for nothing?

Wee'le





Wee'le none of that (quoth I, to my conforts.)
No (quoth *Tom Mynter*) frends, it ought not bee:
Come *Libertie*, and *Wealth*, and *Princely fports*:
Why, Kings are made of Clay; and fo are wee:
Wee'le ayme our thoughts on high, at Honors marke:
All rowly, powly; Tayler, Smyth, and Clarke.

Wee are the men will make our Valours knowne,
To teach this doting world new reformation:
New Lawes, and new Religion of our owne,
To bring our felues in wondrous admiration:
Let's turne the world cleane vpfide downe, (mad flaues)
So to be talk'd of, when w'are in our Graues.

Braue Knipperdulling, fet thy Forge on fire. It shall be done this present night (quoth hee,) Tom Mynter, leave Amen vnto the Quier. Quoth Tom, I scorne hencefoorth a Clarke to bee, Cornellis, hang thy woodden Ioyners trade, For Noble-men apeece you shall be made.

B 3. And





And fellow mates; Nobles and Gallants all,
To Maiestie you must your mindes dispose:
My Lord Hans Hogg, forsake your Butchers stall.
Hendrick the Botcher, cease from heeling Hose.
Classe Chaundler, let your Weick and Tallow lye,
And Pecter Cobler, cast your old Shooes by.

For you my valiant Lords, are men of witt, And farre too good for base and servile trades, Your Martiall power may be compared fitt, Vnto the strength of our strong Germane Iades: Who if they had but knowledge to their force, What whistling Car-man could commaund his Horse?

Your guifts are rare, and fingular to finde, Beeing full of courage, refolute, and wife: Yet to behold these parts you have bin blinde. Oh could you see your Valour with mine eyes, You would exclame that Ignoraunce so long, Hath done so worthy Men, such open wrong.

But





But now my Lyon-harted Caualiers, Let vs march after war-like *Mars* his Drome, Your Prentiships are out of subject yeeres; Now let vs show the Houses whence wee come: For wondrous matters there are to be done, Crownes must be conquerd, Kingdoms must be wonne.

Tom Mynter, goe and preach vnto the Boores
All Libertie, all Freedome, Ease, and Wealth:
And if they will, alow them Queanes and Whores:
Bid them Drinke sree, and pledge Good-sellows health:
Say Goods are common, each man to suffize,
The Rich-mans purse, is Poore-mans lawfull prize.

Tell them, they need not stand on honest dealing, To borrow Mony, and to pay againe:
And those that haue occasion to be stealing,
May take a Purse, if need do so constraine:
Poore Men must haue it: Gentlemen must liue:
Good-fellowes cannot stay till Misers giue.

B 4. Ther's





There's none of vs (my Maisters) but may want, Our Purses may have emptie stomackes all, But he shall finde his dyet to be scant, Whose credit's scord vpon an Ale-house wall, I owe a debt my selfe onely for Beere, Amounts to more then I have earnd this yeere.

And let me come to a base Tapsters house, Where I but owe some twentie doosen of Beere, The rascall will not give me one carowse, But tels me straight how every thing is deere: Tis a hard world, the Brewer must be pay'd: Thus on my emptie Purse the Villaine play'd.

This is his state, whose Purse is lyned thin, And goes on trust, beholding for his shot, With, By your leaue, hee must come creeping in: I pray you Brother, let vs haue a Pot, How does all heere? pray is mine Hostes well? Cursse not your debters: How does honest Nell.

This





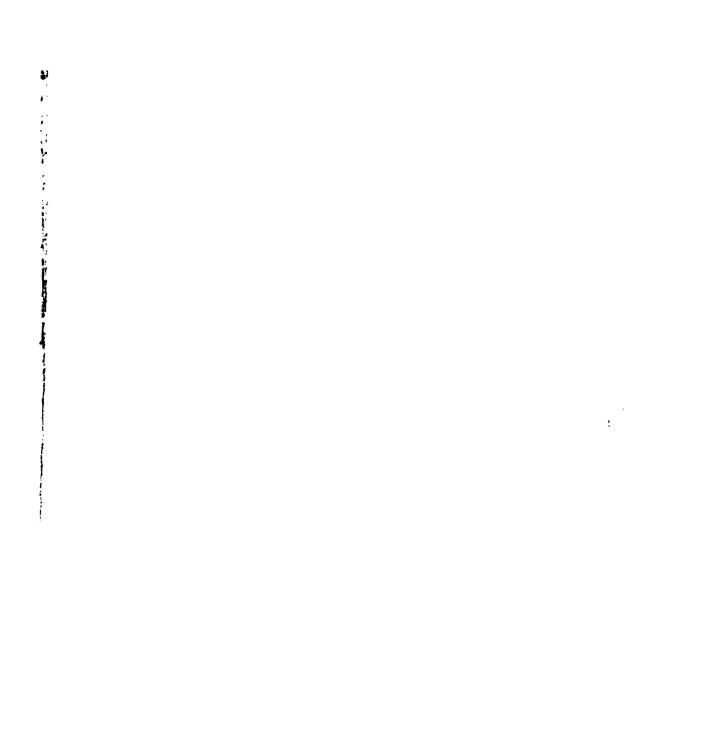
This shaking humor, I do much detest,
Which emptie Purses do inslict on some:
I can not be beholden, I protest,
Mony must make mee welcome where I come:
If Siluer in my Pockets do not ring,
All's out of tune with mee in eu'ry thing.

What extreame griefe doth Monyes want procure? How madd and franticke doth it make the minde? Againe, how chearefully can Mony cure? When Phificke comes in Gold, and Siluer's kinde, To thinke on this, what's hee, that would not craue it, And fight himselfe out of his skin to haue it?

Thus my braue Caualiers, you plainely fee, Vpon what golden ground wee fet our foote, Courage *Dutch* bloods, I fay couragious bee, Wee will haue Wealth, and Libertie to boote: Let vs goe forward as we haue begone. And wee'le make bloody fport before ti's done.

C. Iohn







# IOHN LEYDEN, TOM MINTER, KNIPPERDVLLING, and their

confortes; the first inuentors of the Dreames and Dotages of the heriticall Anabaptists in Germanic.

Here neuer was so odious a pretence,
Nor any Act so wicked and so vile,
But some would take vpon them a defence
To colour it; the easier to beguile
The simple sort, which have vnstayed mindes,
Whose hastie Iudgment Errour easy blindes.

So these leawd wretches, sprung from Villain race, That had all Pietie in detestation:
A Rascall fort, that were eu'en spent of Grace, Would take on them *Religions* reformation:
And in the fore-front of their villanie,

Tom Mynter vtters new fond Herezie.

C 2.

Deare





Deare Friends (quoth he) that wee may have successe, In this our honorable enterprise:
Which you shall see the very heavens will blesse,
If from a Christian zeale it do arise,
Let's mende the Church in matters are amisse,
Especially in one thing; which is this,

Christ gaue commission to the twelue, faying: Goc Into all Nations; Preach, and there Baptize.

So that you see the very wordes doe showe, And from the substaunce of them doth arise, Wee first must be of yeeres to vnderstand, Before wee take that Sacrament in hand.

Therefore wee'le hauc no Babes to be Baptized, Vntill thy come to yeeres of ripe discretion, That of the Fayth they may be first adulfed And yeeld the world accompt of their profession: For you may see, vnlesse your sight be blinde, Beliefe is first, and Baptisme comes behinde.

And





And yet (my Maistars) you may dayly see, In any Country where so ere you come, Such store of little Children christned bee: T'is infinite for one to count the summe: But let vs take another course, I pray; Those forward Sucklings shall hereaster stay.

What fay you to it? are you all agree'd,
That this fame doctrine shall be our chiefe ground?
It shall (fayd Leyden) and I have decreed,
That it be helde for holsome, good, and sound:
And for example I have thought it best,
To be new Christned heere, before the rest.

Let's haue a Bason, and some Water straight, With all the present speed it may be brought: For I perceive this matter is of waight, My Christ'ning when I was a Child, is nought: Surely I thinke I am no Christian yet, A Booke good honest Mynter quickly get.

C 3. Well





Well fayd, ar't readie? Shall wee need God-father? Yes: take you Harman Cromme, or any other: I have a minde to Knipperdulling rather: And Tannekin may ferue to be God-mother, Or Knipperdulling ioyn'd with Harmon Cromme: Let it be fo: fome water; quickly come.

Thus on they goe, with errours foule defil'd, In rude prophaning Holy ordinaunce: And Mynter asketh, Who doth name the Child? Call him (quoth Knipperdulling) Yoncker Hans, His noble minde, and nature do agree, And therefore hee a Yoncker Hans shall be.

Now (quoth *Tom Mynter*) let mee make a motion, To which I do befeech you all incline:
Let euery man that's heere, with one deuotion,
Come follow mee to drinke fome Rennish wine;
Our inward loue, let outward deedes reueale it,
And to the Tauerne let vs goe and seale it.

The





The Rebels dayly increasing in great multitudes of the rude Boores, and illiterate Clownes, propounded vnto themselues divers monstrous absurdities, consirmed by their Captaines Yoncker, Hans, and Knipperdulling: which by them are Intituled Twelve Articles of Christian Libertie.

What is it from the *Cocatrice* doth paffe, But fuch a natur'd *Serpent* as him felfe? What fees an Ape within a Looking-glaffe, But a deformed, and ill fauour'd elfe? What Good fruite commeth from an euill tree? Or how should Villains ought but Villains bee?

Like desper'at mad-men, voyde of Reasons vse, They run to any outrage can be thought: And Libertie is made the Rebels scuse, Which now by Dreames and Fancies so hath wrought, That Yoncker Hans vnto his rable rout, Twelue Articles of Libertie giues out.

And





And first sets downe: They need not stand in seare Of Magistrate or Ruler, for offence:
But they themselues might causes freely heare,
And so end matters; saving much expence
Of Coyne in Fees, which vnto Lawyers fall:
For wee'le (quoth Yonker Hans) be Lawyers all.

If that a wrong to any man be done, Let him repaire to mee, and my two Lords, Wee'le end the strife fo soone as ti's begone: For halfe a doozen of Beere, in quiet words, And make them drinke together, and be friends, Shake hands, and like good fellowes make amends.

Next, if a man's disposed for to ride, And hath no Horse, nor doth intend to hire, Hee may take one vpon the high-way side, To serue, as his occasion doth require, All-wayes prouided, when his Iournye's don, Hee is to turne him loose, and let him run.

Alfo,





Also, if any Woman chaunce to marrie, And that her Husband prooue not to her minde, Shee shall be at her choyce with him to tarrie, Or take an other whom she knowes more kinde: Wee thinke it meete no Woman should be bound, To him in whom no kindnes can be found.

For if shee match for Wit, and hee turne Clowne, Or any way her bargaine prooueth ill,
Shee may stay with him till her wedding Gowne
Be worne, and then be at her owne free-will,
To take another, and exchange the Lout:
This Law of our's, shall serue to beare her out.

Yea, further (which should have bin fayd before) That man which hath not Wife enough of one, Why, let him (if he please) take halfe a score: Wee'le be his warrant, for to builde vpon: Wee in our wisedomes do alow it so, For good sound reasons that wee have to show.

D. For





For lay, you meete with fuch, as most men do.

Of this same proud, and idle huswife brood.

Shrewish, and toyish; foolish, queanish to:

Full of bad faults, and nere an inch that's good:

What should men do with fuch vagratious wires?

Turne them to graffe, and so line quiet lines.

Besides, Tenants shall need to pay no rent,

The Earth's the Lord's, and all that is therein:

Land-lords may hang them-selues with one consent;

And if they please, next Quarter day begin:

Wee will not be indebted vnto any,

But be Free-holders, paying not a penny.

All Bonds and Bils, shall be of no effect:
And hee that will not pay his Debt, may chuse:
This Hand, and Seale, no man shall need respect:
Day of the month; and toyes that Scriueners vse:
Sheepe-skins, and Waxe, shall now no more preuayle,
To bring a man into the dolefull Iayle.

All





All Prisons shall be presently pul'd downe, For wee will haue good Fellowes walke at large: A paire of Stocks shall not appeare in Towne: This in our names, wee very straightly charge: What reason is it when the hands haue stole, To put the Legs into a wodden hole?

No man shall need obay any Arest,
Let th' action be what t'will, trespasse or debt:
All Surety-ship, shall be an idle iest:
No Creditor thereby shall vantage get:
All Beasts and Cattell, Oxen, Sheepe, and Kine,
Shall be his that will haue them: yours, and mine.

All Forrests, Parks, and Chases, shall be free For each man that delighteth in the game: Orchards and Gardens likewise common bee: All Fruites and Hearbs, let him that will come clayme: And euery thing that any man shall need, According to his will, let him proceed.

D 2. Who





Who will not draw his weapon in this cause, And fight it out, as long as he can stand? Which of you all will disalow these Lawes, And will deny our Articles his hand? Then all cry'd out, This Doctrine wee'le desende, And lives a peece about it wee will spende.

Our Will's our Law; our Swordes the fame shall pen, What wee decree, let's see who dare resist? Wee care not for the Lawes of other men, But will without controule do what wee list: Wee are growne strong; and wee are very wise, My honest Gentlemen, let this suffize.

With courage now let vs our felues addresse,
Attempting on the sodaine Munster Towne:
Let euery one be in a readines,
Kind Fortune smyles: regard not who doth frowne:
At euery Church wee'le hang a Tauerne signe,
And wash our Horses seete in Rennish-wine.

The





The Rebels in a furious refolution, enter the Towne of Munster: where with infolent proude audatious Spirits, they inflict most iniurious wronges vpon the inhabitants, taking greatest glorie in acting villanie.

Ith desp'rat Resolution, mad-braine heat,

Munster they enter like to sauage Beares:

The Cittizens no sauour could entreat,

For all their goods are common, Leyden sweares

Catch that catch may; hee bids his Souldiers share,

Deuide the spoyle, and take no surther care.

Freely fupply your wants, who euer lackes: Chearely my harts; eate, drinke, and domineere, Ryfell the rich and wealthy Marchants packes: Make all things cheape that heeretofore were deere: And where you finde an Vfurer, be bold To cut his throat, and take away his gold.

D 3. Adorne





#### THE LIFE AND DEATH

Adorne your selues in princely braue attire,
Put downe with State the Emperours of Roome:
And giue the soolish world cause to admire,
And say, wee passe, each base and common Groome:
Though some of you (my Lords) came from the Plow,
Wee'le make them stoope, that have distained to bow.

Haue you not heard that Scythian Tamberlaine
VVas earst a Sheepheard ere he play'd the King?
First ouer Cattell hee began his raigne,
Then Countries in subjection hee did bring:
And Fortunes sauours so mayntain'd his side,
Kings were his Coach-horse, when he pleas'd to ride.

Do you not see our valorous successe, How easily wee haue attayn'd this Towne? VVhat thinke you then in time wee shall possesse, VVhen Greatnes comes to backe vs with renowne? VVhy sure I thinke our shares will so increase, That wee shall let out Kingdomes by the lease.

Fill





#### OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Fill Bowles of VVine, and let vs drinke a health: Carowse in Glasses that are fine soote deepe: You worthy members of the Common-wealth, *Munster* is ours, and *Munster* wee will keepe: Boone-fier the streets; set Bells a worke to ring For ioy a Taylour is become a King.

Bring foorth all Pris'ners prefently to mee, And let the Magistrates supply their place; Prisons for true-men now shall only bee: Braue Theeues, with many fauours wee will grace, Such men as they, with courage do proceed, And of their service wee shall stand in need.

For Theeues (you know) of feare make no account, They'le hazard hanging, for a little gaine:
And though vnto the Gallowes top they mount,
Both Halter and the Hang-man they disdaine,
How many die at Tyburne in a yeere?
VVould make vs gallant Souldiers, were they heere.

D 4.





#### THE LIFE AND DEATH

Ile tell yee Maisters, I haue knowne men die, That haue out-brau'd the Hang-man to his face: Such as would giue an *Emperour* the lie, And valiant take a Purse in any place, Bid a man stand vpon the hige-way side, When he hath had exceeding haste to ride.

As full of courage as their skins could hold, Spending as franckly as they freely got: Scowring the ruft from Siluer and from Gold, That Mifers hoorded vp and vfed not: As honeft men as wee, in all their dealing, And yet are hang'd for nothing but for stealing.

Example to you of a friend Ile make, And I befeech you all, to note the thing: Who being to be married, went and spake Vnto a Goldsmith for a wedding Ring, And comming for it when he should be wed, The dores were shut, and e'ry one abed:

Hee





## OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Hee had no reason stand and knocke all day, But brake the windowes open, in a iest, Taking all Rings he sound, with him away, To chuse his owne the better, from the rest: Meaning to put the Gold-smith but in seare, In making him suppose some Theese were there.

Well, this poore fellow hee was apprehended, Brought to the Barr, and as a Fellon try'd, And yet you fee hee iestingly offended, Hauing good reason for it on his syde: But all his protestations were in vaine, For he was hang'd in earnest for his paine.

Another honest fellow as hee went,
Did draw a Halter after him along,
Thinking no hurt, nor hauing an intent
To offer any kind of creature wrong:
One comes behind him was the Hang-mans frend,
And tyde a Horse vnto the Halters end.

E. The





#### THE LIFE AND DEATH

The owner met him leading of his beaft, And charged him with fellony (poore man) Although in this fame matter he knew leaft, There is no remedie, fay what he can To prison, hang him for an arrant thiese. How say my maisters is not this a griese?

But wee'le take order for fuch matters now, For theeues and Gentlemen shall be all one, To take a purse, or horse, we will allow, And let him boldly do it that hath none: Take any thing that any man shall lacke, To fill the belly and to cloth the backe.

If any finde himselse herewith agreeued,
Let him be whipt and banisht forth the towne,
With rich mens goods we meane to haue releeued
The very poorest meane and basest clowne,
Weele haue it so my Lords, it shall be thus,
Lets see who dare but stand on tearmes with vs.

Tom





#### OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Tom Mynter, prethe fearch the towne with speed, Chuse out the fayrest of the semale kinde, Some lustic wenches of the Germane breede, For to the sless I feel my selfe inclinde: Some halfe a dosen wives for me provide, And stocke me with some Concubines beside.

Go to the Goldsmithes in my princely name, Will and commaund them presently sorthwith They send such chaynes and Iewels as I clayme By *Knipperdullings* mouth, my Lord the Smith, Without demaunding any thing therefore, I neither meane to pay, nor go on score.

Let others to the Mercers shops repayre, And tell them we do silke and veluet lacke, Our seame-rent Souldiers are exceeding bare, Scant any tatters hanging on their backe. Rich Taffata and Veluet of three pile, Must serve our vse to swagger in a while.

E 2. Com-





#### THE LIFE AND DEATH

Commaund the Marchants to supply our Court With all abundance of the choysest Wine: Vnto the Butchers likewise make resort, Bid them prouid vs Oxen, Sheepe, and Swine: Charge Brewers to present vs with their trade, And that their Beere be somewhat stronger made.

The Baker in his office to appeere, His Mealy-worship wee do greatly want: And store of Cookes let vs haue likewise heere, To dresse our dishes, that they be not scant: All things in plentie, and abundant store, Bee merry, eate, and drinke, and call for more.

This for a Resolution wee set downe,
And do ordaine that it continue still:
All is our owne that is within the Towne,
And wee are men that haue the world at will:
Fill Bowles of Wine, carowse a High-Dutch round,
For Cares lye conquerd, and our Ioyes are croun'd.

Munster





Munster being beseiged by the Duke of Saxonie, the Rebels indure great myserie, and extremitie by famishment; but constrained in the end to yeelde: their principall Captaines Leyden, Knipperdulling, and Mynter, are tortur'd and put to death, for example to all of Rebellious damned disposition, ending as desperate, as their lives were divelish.

Ambitions wheele, which Traytors do aspire, Hath brought the Rebels to their altitude:
And now declining, downe-ward they retire, By iust Reuenge a downe-fall to conclude, From top of Treason, thus they turne about:
For now behold, their cursed date run out.

The Martiall *Duke* layd feige vnto them now, Preuenting them of needfull wants fupply, With Hungers sharpest sword, to make them bow: No expectation but resolue to dye, Their length of life was measur'd by their store, Which could not be enlarg'd a crum the more.

E 3. Yet





#### THE LIFE AND DEATH

Yet most extreame hard cruell shift they made, Holding the towne besieg'd aboue a yeere, In which sharpe time their paunches were betraide Of all their former seastes and belly cheere, For each man's stomack deem'd his throat was cut, There was such emptinesse in ery gut.

When wholesome soode was all consumde and gone, After a hard allowance they had past, Horses and Dogges they lickt their lips vpon, Then Rats and Mise grew daintie meate at last, Olde shooes they boyld, which made good broth beside, Busse-lether Ierkins cut in Steakes they fride.

Not an olde payre of Bootes did walke the streete, Their bellies could not spare their legs the lether, But stew'd they were, and hunger made them sweete, For with that sauce they shar'd alike together. Couers of Bookes were in like maner drest, And happie he was such a dishes ghest.

The





#### OF IOHN LEYDEN.

The Chaundlers crawling tallow vtt'red well, It feru'd *Hans Leyden* and his Lords owne table, There was no fault found with the taste nor smell, Their onely griefe was this, they were not able To maintaine that good cheere, which grew so scant, Of filthic kitchin stuffe they sound great want.

When they had eaten vp the Chaundlers trade, As likewife all the ware Shoomakers had, The Scriueners shops for parchment they inuade, And seize vpon it euen hunger mad, Cancelling with their teeth both bond and bill, Looke after debts and pay them he that will.

In these extreames (quoth Leyden to the rest) What shall we doe in this accursed case? Aduise me now Tom Mynter what were best, What's to be done in this same hungry place? Speake Knipperdulling lets have thy aduice, There's no provision lest of Rats and Mice.

Why





#### THE LIFE AND DEATH

Why, fire the Towne, as late I did my Forge, (Quoth Knipperdulling) I do thinke it meete, Least Saxon imitate English Saint George, And trample vs like Dragons vnder seete: Like Troy, let slame and smoake ascend the skyes, Wee burne like Phenix, that in fier dyes.

Or let vs on a fodaine iffue out, And rush vpon those rascals keepe vs in: Most desperat in that wee go about, As not respecting if wee lose or win: Be as it will, wee haue but lives to spend, A pusse of breath, and therewithall an end.

In this estate despayring of their liues, Iohn Leyden plots in his fantastique hed, To send out of the Towne one of his Wiues Vnto the Duke, to tell him shee is fled From those accursed Rebels, to his grace, To signifie the Citties weakest place.

Thou





## OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Thou must (quoth hee) play *Iudiths* part for all, And free vs from this same *Assirian* host:
Bring *Holoscrnes* head vnto the wall,
That thus against *Bethulia* doth bost:
I had a Vision did appeare to mee,
Which signified thou should'st our *Iudith* bee.

And by thy meanes deliueraunce procure, Sauing our liues, to thy immortall prayse: Then holy woman, put this worke in vre, Thou feest we die, if wee indure delayes: Thou hast rare beautie, on with rich attire, And good successe incline to thy desire.

This filly Woman casily deluded, Prepares her selse vnto the enterprise: Departs the Towne as *Leyden* had concluded, Vnto the *Duke*, attyred in disguise, As if shee had by secret made escape, Taking on her an Hipocrites true shape.

F. Deliuers





## THE DIFE AND DELTE

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A braine on motion is the light of the Account that they might recover a payer and Padicionage Accounts for season account the first animal to the first account to the formal is that fell the name of the formal is a first formal to the form

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غمذ





#### OF IOHN LEYDEN.

And heere ends LEYDENS kingdome and his raigne, His counterfayted tytle's out of date, Hee is Iohn Leyden Taylor now againe: And those that were his Noble-men of late, Are eu'en restored to their first degree, Smyth, Clarke, and Ioyner, arrant Knaues all three.

To their deferued deaths they are appoynted,
For all their villanies, and extreame wrongs:
Drawne through the Cittie streets, and then disioynted,
Their flesh torne from the bones with fiery tongs:
And as their liues did to all mischeise tend,
So did the desp'rat vnrepentant end.

Being dead, there were three Iron Cages made For strength and substaunce to endure and last, And into them their bodyes were conueyd, And on the Citties highest Steeple plast, Leyden hung highest, to expresse his pride, Mynter, and Knipperdulling, on each side.

F 2. The





## THE LIFE AND DEATH

The like reward, be like offenders due.

Let Traytors ends be violent, and euill:

And as these past, so all that shall ensue,

Let them receive their wages from the Deuill:

Hee sets a worke, and stirres them to aspire,

And is to pay them vengeaunce for their hire.

FINIS.





# Terrible Battell be-

tweene the two confumers

of the whole World:

TIME, and DEATH.

By Samuell Rowlands.



Printed at London for Iohn Deane, and are to be fold at his fhop at Temple barre vnder

## **然级数据数据数据数据**

To the wife and well accomplish Gent: M. George Gaywood, health and happinesse.

IR, the great and good report which my belowed friend (the bearer hereof) hath ginen of you, hath made me more then halfe in love with you, which makes me thinke in some sort (as the rude and rusticke phrase is) to scratch acquaintance of you. But fir believe it to be thus, for you shall finde it so, that

this is not done of purpose to draw from you any bounty or rewarde to me, for my Penne neuer was, nor neuer shalbe, (God saying Amen,) Mercinarie: but to let you know that the bringer hereof, who doth acknowledge himselfe to be more indebted to you then his poore estate or deiected lifecan make satisfaction for) hath some friends, that will in some measure giveyou thanks for the more then fatherly kindnesseyou have shewed to him. This vnspeakable love and kindnesse of yours extended to him, hath made me to dedicate this silliework vnto you, which by the generall report of your worthinesse, I thinke vnworthie your acceptance. But if it please you to call back againe some of the love which you have heretofore borne him, and with all to consider that this is sent to you, but as a gratulation from me for him, then I make no doubtout you will accept it for his sake, if not, yet still I will rest your friende and Wel-willer, made so by my friends report.

.S .R



## A bloudy Battell betwixt Time and Death.



Read potent Monster, mighty fro thy birth, Time.
Gyant of strength, against al mortal power,
Gods great Earle Marshall ouer al the earth: Taking account of each mans dying houre,

Landlord of Graues, and Toombs of Marble stones, Lord Treasurer of rotten dead-mens bones.

Victorious confort, Slautering Caualier, Mated with me, to combat all aliue, Know worthy Champion, I have met thee here, Only to vnderstand how matters thriue: As our affayres alike in nature be, So let vs loue, conferre, and kind agree.

A 3

Great

Great Regester of all things vnder Sunne, Gods speedy poast, that euer runs and slyes, Ender of all that euer was begun, That hast the Mappe of life before thine eyes: And of all Creatures since the worlds creation, Hast seene the sinall dusty consumation.

Death. Let me entreat thee pardon me a while,
Because my businesse now is very great,
I must go trauayle many a thousand mile,
To looke with care that Wormes do lacke no meat:
Theres many crawling seeders I maintaine,
I may not let those Cannibals complaine.

I must send murtherers with speed to Hell,
That there with horror they may make abode,
I must shew Atheysts where the Deuils dwell,
To let them seele there is a powerfull God:
I must invyte the Glutton and the Lyer,
Vnto a banquet made of slambes of fire.

Ι

## betweene Time and Death.

I must bring PRIDE where Fashions are inuented, [You ydle headed Women, quake and feare] Your toyish fooleries will be preuented, A shute of crawling Serpents you shall weare: You that endeuor onely to go braue, What Hel assoords, you shall be sure to haue.

I have the swagring Ruffian to dispatch,
That moth and canker of the common wealth,
The graceles Theese, that on the pray doth watch,
The dronkard a carrowsing of his health:
And of all sinners such a damned rowt,
As full of worke as *Death* can stir about.

This lawfull but'nes I do well allow,
But in my absence how wilt thou proceede?
I must be present too as well as thou,
Before Time come thou canst not doe the deed.
My Sythe cuts downe; vpon thy dart they die,
Thou hast an houre glasse, and so have I.

Looke

Time.

Looke my kinde *Death*, here is some sand to run, [What do I bid thee look that hast no eies]
Let's suffer their last minute to be don,
Some man repents the instant when he dies:
As one example I remember chiese,
Of him that died a Saint, and liu'd a Theese.

Death Thou speak'st it true, that penitent indeede
Had neuer happy houre till his last,
But of like second sinner who can read?
From such a hellish life to heauen past,
But one, to keepe pore sinners from dispaire,
And from presumption, one, and he most rare.

Thou knowst all flesh that is of woman borne, Corruptly vnto sin gives full consent, Seruing the Diuell with the finest corne, Their pleasure, youth, and strength, on him is spent: And when the night of age brings painfull grones, Then in Gods dish they cast their rotten bones.

Who

## betweene Time and Death.

Who would not cenfure him a foolish man, To loyter out the spring and sommer tide? And when another reapes, make seede time than Expecting what the season had deni'de, Yet such bad husbands hell affourds good-cheap Will vndertake to sow, when others reape.

Some make my picture a most common thing, As if I were continual in their thought, A Deaths hed seale vpon a great gold ring, And round about Memento Mori wrought: Which memory with gold cannot agree, For he that hates the same best thinks on me.

I onely am a welcome frend to fuch As know by me they enter vnto reft, And that no fecond death their foules can touch, The peace of conscience harbors in their brest, And with the diuell, slesh and world, still striue, Vntill at *Canaan* they doe ariue.

B 2 But

But *Time* for tother thou shalt witnesse be, How most vnwilling those same wretches die, Their ends thou daily doest behold and see, And can'st enforme the world I do not lie, With horror, griese, and anguish discontented, In soule, and body, suriously tormented.

Time Surely they are, their states cannot be told,
We apprehend but outward things in sight,
Most fearefull are those objects to behold,
That curse their birth and time they saw the light;
Sinne hath no salue but mercy, that they craue-not,
Repentance, sindeth grace, and that they haue-not.

Death I came to kill a Vsurer of late,
And staying by his bed a while for thee,
His speech was all of mony-bags and plate,
But not a word of God: nor thought of me:
Quicke, setch a scriuener, let a bil be drawne,
Sirrha, your day is broke, ile keepe your pawne.

Intreat

## betwixt Time and Death.

Intreat me not: you should have kept time better, Thou shalt buy wit, a foole must feele the smart, Get me a Seriant, to arest a debter, And with that word, my mace went through his heart, Thus died the wretch, with Mony, Bond, and Bill, And if God have him, t'was against his will.

When this bad fellowes date was thus crost out, I do remember we came to a place
Where laye a *Dives* groning of the gowte,
Crying *Lord*, *Lord*, methought he ment for grace:
Vntill I heard the burden of his song,
Was, *Lord where may this* Doctor stay so long.

Sir (quoth his wife) twere good haue a Diuine; Thou art a foole (faid he) I need him not, I haue a hart as perfect founde as thine, What is there not a Doctor to be got? A Doctor with al expedition wife, My legges wil make me weary of my life.

B 3

This

Time This mifers answere I have noted frend,
In sicknes men on Doctors most relie
Vnto Apothicaries shops they send
Till phisicke gives them over, they must die:
And when they see there is no way but one,
Fetch a Divine, God shal be thought vpon.

Death T'is true indeede, but weele giue pill and potion
To fuch as whole on outward meanes depend,
And come to god for want, more then deuotion,
As forc'd vnto it at their helples end,
For ere the doctor could a drinke prouide
I stab'd my dart, thus deepe into his side.

Death From him thou know'st we to a lawyer went,
Time. Tis right, we found him arguing of cases,
This is (quoth he) the very lawes intent,
With that the golden sees came in by braces:
Wher's your instructions, and his declaration?
I cannot answere thee, till next vacation.

Come

## betwixt Time and Death.

Come thou in Tearme thy matter shal be heard, Sir I remember'd you the other day, The bill you wot off, I haue now preserd, With that stept I and said, frend Lawyer stay: An execution gainst your life I haue, You must vnto my Iaile, is cald the Graue.

Leauing him to the Sexton and the bels,
We came vnto a Marchant in this towne
That mighty bags of money ouer-tels,
Wrapt very orderly in his night gowne,
Sirra (quoth he) is not the poste come yet?
Make speed and summe me vp this bill of debt.

There can no ships come yet, Ile raise my price, Oh that the winde would hold but thus a while; There comes into my head an odde deuice, The very thought thereof doth make me smile: Some shal be sure to pay if this geare hold, The plot is pretious, and must yeeld me gold.

Thus

Thus he sat plotting till I spoild his braine, With Oh I feele my felse exceeding sicke, I gaue his hart a gripe, it grond againe, By this, on price of wares he would not sticke But lay a gasping, while the bell did towle, And there his body lies without a soule.

Next doore to him, we found a London dame Vpon her bed, with finger aking laide, And there most bitterly she did exclaime Against the misdemeanors of her maide, Base queane (quoth she) how dost thou make me fret? To see my russe of that ilsauord set.

Your manners huswise you have quite forgot, As sure as death ile make your ioynts to bow, You whore, the poking yron is too hot, Durst thou presume to vex thy mistris now, If I were well thou queane I would not misse To had my sists about thine eares ere this,

Let

#### betweene Time and Death.

Let me not rise, for if I doe; no more: Few wordes are best, I thinke you will repent it, Ile make you seele your sides this fortnight fore, Except Death crosse my purpose and preuent it: With that I stept betweene to part the Fray, The Mayd scapt blowes, and Mistris brake her day.

A Muskie-Gentle, we did visit then,
A Silken Gallant, very curyous fine,
That kept a swaggring crew of Seruingmen,
Whose rapyer-hylts embrued with gold did shine,
And for he would from all contention cease,
He wisely bound his weapons to the Peace.

One that would fend his challenge to his Foe, And braue him out with paper in difgrace, But to the fielde, he alwaies fcornd to goe, For he kept men, that would fupply the place: He would preferue his life, yet fend his Gloue, His perfon must attend on Ladies loue.

Well

Well this same signeur with the tender skin,
That dedicateth all his daies and houres
To dauncing, drunkennesse, and Venus sinne,
Neuer respecting Time and Deaths sterne powers
Was met by me thinking his life secure,
I killed the knaue to keepe my hand in vre.

Where went we then, doest thou remember Time?
Yes very well, we visited a Poet,
That tyrd inuention day and night with rime
And still on Venus service did bestow it:

Death
Tis true indeed a Poet was the next,
With soolish idle love extreamely vext.

Time All that he did endeuour to deuise,
Was onely Venus praise, and Cupids power,
Within his head he had a mint of lyes,
On truth he neuer spent, in's life an houre:
His sictions were to feed those in their pride,
Who take delight to heare themselues belide.

For

### betweene Time and Death.

For flaunder, women to haue vertues many, Admird their beauties, when they lack good faces, Say they haue wit at will, not feeing any, Tell them their empty minds are full of graces: Why then they thinke you loue them past compare, And euery toy they weare becoms them rare.

This Poet thus a fonneting we found, Riming himselfe euen almost out of breath, Cupid (quoth he) thy cruell Dart doth wound, Oh graunt me loue, or else come gentle Death: I heard him say, come gentle death in Iest; And in good earnest graunted his request.

Death

Leaue him a rotting, then we march'd along

Vnto a Godly reuerent graue deuine,

Whose faith on *Christ* was grounded firme and strong,

And all his hope to heauen did he incline;

At prayer deuout, we found him on his knees,

And with these words he spake, his hart agrees.

C 2 The

The wounds that IESVS suffred for my sinne, Are mouthes that cry, O love him with thy hart, The thornes that pierced thorow his slesh and skin, Are tongues, (pronouncing) Love is his desart, The torturing whips, that did to anguish move him, Are Ecchoes sounding, Wretched Sinner love him.

With *Peters* finnes in greatnesse mine abound, Who by his oathes and cursses *Christ* denied, And with the woman in Adultry found, The filthinesse of finne in me doth bide: With *Magdalens* in multitudes they be, Her seauen Deuils haue insected me.

The shame of sinne vpon my soule doth fall, That on the wretched *Publican* did light, The cruelty of sinne I haue with Paul To prosecute the holy and vpright: And with the Theese, that all his life did ill, Vnto my graue, my sinnes attend me still.

Oh

## betwixt Time and Death.

Oh come fweet Iesus, for thy servant coms, I doe beleeue, Lord helpe my vnbeliese:
My debt of sinnes amount to mighty sums,
Of Mercies treasure onely thou art chiese:
Though sinnes be red as scarlet, yet I know,
Thy precious blood can wash them white as snow,

To be diffolued, greatly I desire,
This world doth passe, the things thereof are vaine,
To be with *Christ*, I onely do require,
And see the Citty where his Saints do raigne,
He is my life, *Death* is a gaine to me,
With that his soule ascends where Angels be.

A happy foule, one that had learn'd to die,

And rightly vnderstood his earthly state,

Whose constant faith ensor'cd the Deuill sty,

That still assaulteth men with deadly hate,

For thou know'st *Time* how that same hel-hound striues

About the hower that men yeeld vp their liues.

C 3 For

For in mans ficknes Sathan doth conceiue, It may be mortall, that disease may end-him, And therefore no temptation he will leaue, That to eternall torment he may send-him: Tis time (saith he) to do my most endeuor, If now I loose his sowle, tis lost for euer.

First then heele tempt him to impatient mind,
To grudge and to repine, at Gods correction,
Whereto with paine and griese he seemes inclin'd,
But finding grace preuenteth that insection,
He seekes to draw him to a pride of hart,
To thinke himselse a man of great desart.

And one in whome perfection doth abound, That conftantly aduerfities can beare, For his good workes deferuing to be crownd, And that of fin he need not ftand in feare: If this cannot his fowle for hell prepare, He labors then to drive him to defpaire.

Com-

## betwixt Time and Death.

Compares Gods iudgements and his fins together, And bids his conscience looke vpon the law, Where damned soules remain, he must go thither, No mercy such a sinner euer saw; It stands not with Gods iustice for to saue-him, The Deuils come, and onely he must haue-him.

Thus plots that foe, and thus he oft preuailes, And doth enlarge his kingdome wondrous thus; Millions of fowles go hel-ward with these gales, When men from memory do banish vs: "To count thee precious all men haue great reason: "To thinke on me, is neuer out of season.

Death, it is true but that same monster sin, That brood of hell, that Deuils eldest childe, Which with the fall of Adam did begin, And all his off-spring odious hath defil'd: That Viper of the soule doth still appeare, To all those sinners entertaine it heere.

Time.

Sinne,

Sinne, the despising of Gods Maiesty, And the contempt of his Eternall power, The death of Vertue, Graces enemy, Canker of true selicities faire flower, The obscure darkenes of mans vnderstanding, Rebell to all the lawes of Gods commanding.

Sinne, the director vnto all mishap,
The fetters of the ternall vault of hell,
The tempters net he vseth to intrap,
The price wherewith the Deuils buy and fell,
The feed of Sathan daily by him sowne
In those hard harts which are become his owne.

Sinne, euerlasting poison, curelesse killing, The imitation of the evill sprites, Folly of men, to vvhich the world runs willing, Pleasing destruction, fil'd with loath'd delights, Soules pestilence, from darke insections Den, The cause of all Gods plagues that light on men.

Hath



## betweene Time and Death.

Hath ouer man fuch rule and Empire got, And generally on earth beares fuch a fway, That ther's not one doth good and finneth not, The righteous falleth feuen times a day: This is the cause the Lyon roares about, And heavens narrow way, is hard found out.

True time: Well, then we went with expedition (Killing about fome hundred by the way)
Vnto the mansion of a rare phisition,
That with my subjects bare a mighty sway,
Of sicke, and lame, and gowty, ery sort,
Gaue all of him a wonderfull report.

Death

Within his hand he held a vrinall, Which after he had view'd a little space, This party (quoth he) very shortly shall Be perfect well, and in a healthy case: There is no daunger, do as I haue wild, Yet that same person I had newly kild.

To

D

To many he gaue notes, what they should take, Some pill, some potion, others must let blood, And divers compounds some with speed must make, And on his life this phisicke would do good, Quoth I, *Phistian cure thy selfe fond man*, Thou diest this howre, prevent it if thou can.

About this time much worke I had to do, As wofull London did both feele and fee, A dreadfull plague began fix hundred two, Which did continue out fix hundred three, The bloody busines I had then in hand, Became a terror vnto all the land.

Deadly destruction was in e'ry street,
A daily mourning and a daily dying,
Great vse of Coffin, and of winding Sheet,
From empty houses many hundreds slying:
Each faculty, profession, and degree,
Tooke counsell with their legs to run from me.

But

## betweene Time and Death.

But how they sped experience can declare, How many lest their liues vpon the way, Poore mortals in my hands are brittle ware, Like Vapor, Buble, Flower, wither'd Hay; Where can they run, but I am still behind-them? Where can they liue secure, but I will sind-them?

The Cittizens that out of plague time, euer Are entertain'd with welcomes in all Townes, To shun like Serpents, each man did endeuor, Amongst the rusticke rude vnciuill Clownes, The name of *Londoner*, that very breath, Had power to terrifie as much as death.

Let him be friend or kinfman, what he will, Maister, or servant, husband, or the wife: You must keepe out, saies *Iobson* with his bill, The plagu's about him neighbors on my life: Heere is no meat and drinke for horse or man, Starue if thou wilt, or get it where thou can.

God

God which detefted cruelty feeing this,
Gaue vs commission ouer all the land,
That slesh and blood might know the plague was his,
And he had power to strike or hold his hand:
Then we his officers to worke did go,
And make the Country tast of Citties wo.

How could they shun their owne infection now? That held the Londoners contagious foes, What vertue can their worm-wood smels allow, To charme the plague, for comming neare their nose? Angellica is but a rotten root, Hearbe-grace in scorne, I trample vnder-soot.

Vnicorns horn's not worth a marrow-bone, Though men esteeme so precious of the dust, Bugell is even as good as Beaser stone, If I but say, Sirrha away you must: Prepare thy soule, repent the guilt of sin, Cossin, and sheete, attend to take thee in.

I

## betwixt Time and Death.

I wonder what men thinke that daily fee,
Their friends and kindered carried to the graue,
How they can count themselues secure to be,
That not an howers time, of life-time haue;
That find they are but tenants heere at will,
Yet liue, as they could liue free-holders still.

Where's old Methufelah that long liu'd man? Whers's al the fathers faw so many daies? Their liues were but the length of Dauids span, A vapor that most sodainly decaies: Th'are borne, grow strong, wax old, fall sicke, and die, So other do: and others them supply.

Where's that strong man that did so many kill? And admirable things by valour did, That carried Asah gates to Hebron hil, And rent a Lyon like a tender Kyd:

Looke in the graue where this great man doth lie, There's no strength lest, to kil a silly slie.

Whers

Wher's that most rare and comely shaped prince, That would have puld his Father from his throne? Whose like no age hath seene for stature since, Nor any age before his age had known: Not a locke left of all his goodly haire, Hundreds ago, his scull was bald, and bare.

Wher's Hellor gone, and Hercules become? What newes with Pompey and Achilles now? Where marcheth Alexander with his drum, To Cafars scepter who doth yeeld or bow: Where are these great and mighty conquering ones, Time, shew an ounce of dust of all their boxes.

Time Death preethy stay, let this discourse stand by,
And make me answere vnto one request,
Some doubt and difference is twixt thee and I,
Which to resolue in my conceit were best,
And this it is; The world exclaimes on me,

For divers actions that are done by thee.

If

#### betwixt Time and Death.

If thou stab children in their mothers wombe, Or kill a king as soone as he is crown'd, Or make the bloodie field the Souldiors tombe, Or in the Seas cause thousands to be drown'd, Why presentile what will the people say? Their Time was come: thus Time beares blame awale.

If this be all, let it not greeue thy hart,

To heare thy selse abused now and then,

But ile reuenge, I vow it with my dart,

I marry wilt thou, but I preethy when:

To soone by many daies ile meet with some,

If thou but say, strike for their Time is come.

I thats another matter, now you speake:

By my glasse all thy tragedies are acted,

The prison of mans soule thou canst not breake,

With wals of sless and blood, and bones compacted;

Nor give the same enlargement to go free,

Before my hand, to thy commission be.

Thou

Thou knowst *Time* is Gods agent in affaires, And hath bin so, euer since the creation, Thou knowst he seateth *Monarchs* in their chairs, Admitting kings vnto their corronation: If long they raigne, *Time* gives their yeares the length, If short they rule, *Time* cutteth off their strength.

The ornaments of heauen, fun, and Moone, With al the glittering brauery of stars, Are taught by me, their morning, night, and noone, I order them, which else disorder mars: Their motions, revolutions, and aspects, *Time* with his iust proportion, due directs.

Death Why what a bragging and a coile do'ft keepe?

Best take my dart, be Time, be Death and al,

Ile into graues, and there go lie and sleepe,

And answere thou when Gods affaires do cal:

Be Lord of Coffin, Pickaxe, Sheet, and spade,

And do my worke, with those in ground are laid.

Thou

## betweene Time and Death.

Thou art for kings, and thou dost this and that, And without thee, ther's nothing to be done, To crowne, depose, and do I know not what, Nay thou art busie with the Moone and Sunne: Thou hast an ore in e'ry bodies boate, Vpon my conscience thou begin'st to dote.

I haue bin *Death* almost six thousand yeares, Yet neuer heard thee vaunt so vaine before, Thou coun'st thy selfe my better it appeares, But if thou doest, thy aime is wide a score; I tell thee *Time*, thou doest insence me now, Knowing my selfe a better man then thou.

At least thy selfe knowes I am sull as good, Being Gods steward, sinnes reward to pay, He that denies it I will see his blood, Be he the greatest Monarch liues this day; If he were Casar of the earths whole Globe, Ile make him poorer then the Deuill made Iob.

The mony-bag whose Idols in his cheft, Whose Gods his gold, whose golds his prisoner, Whose thoughts are euer haunted with vnrest, And loues that best, becomes his murderer: I take him sodaine from huge heapes of treasure, The slaue was scraping all his life times leifure.

Wounds, hart, and blood, that wil not fell his fwearing To him would give him forty pound a yeare, That vowes a tale is dull and harfh in hearing, Vnlesse by oaths the matter be made cleare: Oft when the tempter chiefely doth provoke-him, His mouth being fil'd with bitter oaths, I choake him.

The fwaggering Ruffian in his heady braules, Whose hand is euer on his ponyard hilt, That bloody fraies his recreation cals, Chiefely delighted with soule murders guilt: Whose thoughts are onely for the stab pretence, I have a tricke for him and all his sence.

#### betweene Time and Death.

The quaintly futed Courtier in attyre,
Whose lookes are fixt no lower then the sky,
Is crost by me, in height of his desire,
And vnder ground I make his carrion lie:
He scorn'd the earth, and that I make his bed,
Wrapt in a rotten sheet, from soot to head.

And wherefoeuer, or what ere he be,
For countenance, for credit and condition,
Dignity, calling, office, or degree,
Peffant, or prince, patient, or els Phifition:
Euen from the Crowne and scepter to the plow,
I make all looke as I my selfe do now.

Perhaps thou think'st because thy beard is gray, I owe officious reuerence to thine age, And must believe whatsoever thou say, Applauding thee chiefe actor on earths stage: Ile neuer do it, *Time* expect it not, For at my hand ther's nothing to be got.

E 2

But

But prethee tell me, what is he feares *Time*? Not one vpon my life that doth expect thee, For all the finful brood of *Adams* flime, Do every day, and every hower neglect thee: To vse time well, who is not flow and flacke? But with their evils, al men loade thy backe.

Pyrats and theeues take *Time* to fit their turne, *Time* must assist them ere they can preuaile, The fawning slatterer doth *Time* subborne, To give him leisure for his lying tale; The lustfull Letcher borrowes thee by night, And makes *Time* pandor to his sinnes delight.

The scatter good, in *Time* consumes the wealth, That might sustaine both him and his successor, The drunkard takes his *Time* to pledge a health Till drinke, to wit and sence be an oppressor; Nay not an euill since the world begun, But *Time* was accessary till twas done.

Wel

#### betwixt Time and Death.

Well preethy flander on, ile heare thee out, And thy vntruths, with truth I will confute, Touching the wronging me, thou goest about, Thou art not able for thy life dispute: *Death*, th'art a lying fellow in this case, I scorne thee I, for vsing *Time* so base.

Time.

What (Father gray-beard, doth your choler rife? Can you so ill digest to heare your crimes? Why goodman bone-sace, with your vaulty eies, What i'st to me if men abuse their *Times?* Where learnd your dry and empty pate the skil, That *Time* should answere for mens doings il.

Death

Time

Man is ordaind by th'almighty maker, To fpend his *Time* of earthly pilgrims state So holy, that he proue soule sinnes forsaker And with faire vertue sinish out his date: I being the *Time* and limmit for that vse, My il imployment, is the worlds abuse?

What

What simple reason hath thy braine in store, That dost all sence so vtterly sorget? Shal I be charg'd to answere sinners score, That neuer past my word to pay their debt: Proue that, and let all that is good detest me, Th'art a leane knaue: Take witnes and arest me.

Death By my darts point, (I fwore not so this yeare, Ile fight with thee, next time we meet in field, Time Why if thou hast a stomacke try it heere, I feare thee not, my sith is newly steeld:

And take this warning ere the fray begins, Looke to your legs, ile cracke those rotten shins.

My shins you whorson vglie prating saue,

Death Sirrha ile keepe you at the point aloose,

For dotard know ther's not a bone I haue,

But tis compos'd of stuffe, full cannon proofe,

Laie on my legs an houre by thy glasse,

Als one, to heve a pillar made of brasse.

Peace

#### betwixt Time and Death.

Peace bragging foole, I laugh thy vaunts to fcorne, Thy tongue inclines to much vnto thy lying, Feare children with thy force but newly borne, And terrifie the ficke that lie a dying: I know the houre when God did first begin thee, Thy mold and making, and how much is in thee. Time.

Thy office is to murder and to kill,
Stabbing of men, is folace to thy hart,
Tho goeft about and carrieft with thee stil,
A Spade, and Pickaxe, Hower-glasse, and Dart:
VVith one toole, thou dost give a cowards wound
Vnseene, and with tother turne men vnder ground.

Thou lookest like the inside of a tombe,
All rotten bones, with sinnews bound togither,
Thy guts are gone, for they lacke belly roome,
And all thy flesh is lighter then a feather:
Thy head is like an empty drie oile iarre,
VVhere neather teeth, nor nose, nor eies there are.

From

From eare to eare thou hast a mouth vnshut, With armes and hands like to a Gardners rake, Thy ribs shew like a leather Ierkin cut, Thy voice resembles hissing of a snake: Thy legs appeare a paire of Crane-stilts right, And al thy formes more vgly then a sprite.

Thy picture stands vpon the Ale-house wall, Not in the credit of an ancient story, But when the old wives guests begin to braule, She points, and bids them read *Memento mori*: Looke, looke (saies she) what fellow standeth there, As women do, when crying Babes they seare.

No memory of worth to thee belongs,
To call thee famous is condemned error,
And though fometime th'art baletted in fongs,
Thy names imploide vnto no vse but terror,
Thy companie both rich and poore defie,
Loathsome to eare, most vgly to the eie.

Time

#### betweene Time and Death.

Time, I perceive thou art dispos'd to raile, So am not I, my head is not so vaine, Thy tearmes are very base, most scuruy stale, And th'art a testie old soole, for thy paine: What needst thou wie this speeches vnto me, A man so hansome thou wilt neuer be.

Death

Best shapen forme, by natures powerfulnesse, And sweetest face on which loues eies do fawn, The chiefest stature, prais d for comlinesse, Are but my picture when the Curtaines drawne: Remoue the veile of slesh and blood away, Tis Death's true picture all the world wil say.

But what art thou, a foule mishapen monster, Behind all bald, a locke elle long before, With clouen feet, whereby a man may conster, Caron from hell hath brought thee late a shore, Which if he did, thy swiftnes doth declare, Thou ranst away and neuer paid his fare.

Actaons

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## 

#### betweene Time and Death.

Giue me thy hand, imbrace, let choler paffe: Death
For my part I do beare thee no ill-will,
Take heed (good Death) thy bones will crack my glaffe, Time
I would be loath to do thee fo much ill: Death.
Lay downe thy fith, as I lay downe my dart:
Shake hands, and so be friends before we part.

Time Death

Where goest thou now, Marry harke in thine eare: I have a Lady presently to kill:
One thats at dice, and doth no daunger feare?
But have at al she saies, come set me stil:
She is at passage, passing sound and wel,
And little thinketh on the passing-bel.

And then I go to baile an honest man,
Lies in the Counter for a little debt,
Whom's creditor in most extreames he can
Doth deale withal, now he is in the net;
He sweares heele keepe him there this dozen yeare,
Yet the knaue lies, this night ile set him cleare.

F 2 And

And then Igo to see two sellowes fight, (With whome there is no reason to be had)
About a cup of wine they dranke last night,
One swore twas good, and tother vowd twas bad;
Ile giue one that, no Chirurgeon's like to heale,
And with the tother let the hangman deale.

And hundreds more, come *Time* with speed along, About our busines we have stood heere now: Till Priest, and Clarke, and Sexton have the wrong, More dead worke for their profit lets alow: My dart is dry, ther's no fresh blood thereon, VVe suffer sicke to ly too long and grone.

Harke a monstrous rich fellow a Cittizen.

Time. VVeele take him with vs euen in the way, (Preethy be thou a quiet man a while)

Some hower, by my glasse he hath to stay,
Besore the date be come of his exile;

And then in such a hole he shal be placst,
He is not like be seene againe in hast.

## betwixt Time and Death.

The villains rich, exceeding rich indeed, And loues a bag of gold most dearely well, His wise is of a proud and dainty breed, And for imbrasing fashions doth excell: She married him for pure loue to his wealth, But hath a friend for tother thing by stealth.

His children long, as mifers children do, To be a sharing, ery months a yeare, They hope heele dy, their minds consent thereto, And then their gallant humors wil appeare, The angels kept in darknes by his might, Shal by their power approach and come to light.

Vintners make welcomes ready for they come, Let them not want (I praie) *Potato* pies, And Cheaters with false dice looke out for some, No little profit to your shares will rise: But Bawds and whores haue you a special care, To fit them penni-worths with your pocky ware.

As the oppresser got it wicked in,
The prodigal wil fend it vainly out,
One wickednes requites anothers fin,
If vengeance haue a plague to bring about:
For what is got by rapine and by wrong,
The Deuil wil be doer in't ere long.

Let them haue Lord-ships, and be Lords of Towns, Let them inioy the world, at wit and wil, Let them bequeath fine hundred mourning gownes, And prosper al their daies in doing il: Gine backe their goods when life is almost spent, As *Iudas* when to hange himselfe he went.

VVhat of al this, it warrants not from hel? The wicked getting is not iustifyed, Because the rich disposeth riches wel, Wrong gotten, and wel giuen when he died: For tis like him, steales from anothers store, And of that coine giues almes vnto the poore.

#### betwixt Time and Death.

The vfurer whom God forbids as plaine, Take any intrest, as the theife from stealing, And yet wil venter soule for mony gaine, Opressing al that vndergo his dealing, Thinks it inough to make an honest wil, How ere he got his goods, that shal not skil.

Thus men delude, deceiue, beguile, betray
Themselues, their sowles, their hope, their happines:
Running the common beaten passage way,
That leads to hel, the haunt of all distresse:
And like the foolish Virgins knocke too late,
When ther's no entrance in at heauens gate.

One builds a house, and titles that his owne, Giues it his name, to keep his name in sound, When presently a graue with one square stone, Wil serue his bodies turne to ly in ground, Ten thousand pounds his costly house requires, A cossin of a crowne's al death desires.

Another

Another fals to purchasing of land, Heele haue it out of Orchard, field, and wood, And onely with his humor it doth stand, To get much in his hand, and do no good: This Mole that in the earth is moiling thus, With six foot ground is satisfied by vs.

Death No more, away, looke heere my glasse is out,
Thou art to tedious Time in telling tales,
Our bloody businesse let vs go about,
Thousands are now at point of death, breath failes:
To worke, to worke, and lay about thee man,
Let's kil as fast, as for our liues vve can.

Harke, listen Time, I pray give eare, What bell is that a towling there?

FINIS.

# DIOGINES

LANTHORNE.

Athens I feeke for honest men; But I shal finde the God knows when.



Ile fearch the Citie, where if I can fee One honest man; he shal goe with me.

LONDON

Printed for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be folde at his Shop in Popes-head Pallace, neere the Royall-Exchange. I 6 0 7.

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## Prologue.

N odde dayes worke Diogines once made, And 'twas to seeke an honest man he said. Through Athens with a Candle he did goe, When people fawe no cause he should doe so: For it was day-light and the Sunne did shine; Yet he vnto a humour did incline To checke Mens manners with some od-crosse iest, Whereof he was continually possest. Full of reproofes where he abuses found; And bolde to speake his minde, Who euer fround. He spake as free to Alexanders face. As if the meanest Plow-man were in place. Twas not mens perfons that he did respect; Nor any calling: Vice he durft detect. Imagine you doe fee him walke the streetes, And euery one's a knaue, with whome he meetes. Note their discriptions; which good censure craues Then judge if he have cause to count them knaues.

SAMVELL ROVVLANDS.

A 2



State .



# DIOGINES In his Lanthorn Humoure.



Ow fye vpon feeking honest men in knaues skins, I am euen as weary as euer was Platoes Dogge. Not a Stréete, Lane nor Alley in Athens but I haue trode it, and cannot méet a man worthy the giuing good morowe too: why what raskalles be

these? have they banisht honest men out of the Towne quite? Alas poore *Vertue*, what hast thou done to deferue this contempt? base is thy attyre, as thrid-bare in thy apparel as my Gowne: thy company out of request, for thou hast walked so long alone, that thou art euen walked away with thy selfe: ther's no goodnes to be found Al's set vpon villany. Yonder walkes *Bribery*, taken for an honest substantiall graue Cittizen, I marry is he, pray make him one of your Common Counsell.

There goes Crueltye and Extortion, put off your hattes to him: tis well done, he is one of the principall and best in the parish, he hath borne all Offices and neuer did good: a most abhominable rich fellowe, but how the deuill came he by his wealth? Widowes, widowes, three or source olde rustie golde-begetting widowes, three or source olde rustie golde-begetting widowes

#### Diogines Lanthorne.

dowes have crown'd him with their wealths, and that wicked Mammon is déerer vnto him then his owne foule: Nay, if he had five thousand foules, he would fell them all for five thousand Dukcats of golde.

Stay, let me fee! what's he? Oh tis *Prodigallitie* and his whore, a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman, they are walking towards the fuburbs of a Bawdiehouse for their recreation: yonder rides the Bawde in her Coach before, and they two come leysurely (with the pox) behinde, but will all meet together anone to make worke for the Chirurgio, who will answer their loose bodyes with the squirt.

Now Ile assure you though I laugh but sildome, I must néedes make merry with yonder Asse: why he is trapt for all the world like Alexanders horse, such a Feather in's head, fo begarded, and the very fame trot: I have knowne his Father well, he was a most grave Senator (in regarde of his gray beard) and did much little good in the Cittie, got wealth, and pylde vp golde euen as they pyle vp stockfish in Island, and now his Sonne (the fecond parte of a foole) has all, all: mary what doth he with it? (flay, let me fnuffe my Candle and Ile tell you) euen like one of Signieur Scattergoods Polititians he deuides it into partes: A great portion for Dycing, a good fumme for drinking, a parcel for whoring, a moytie for pride, a third for dauncing, fix shares and a halfe for swaggering, and all the remayner for beggery. Walke along knaue, walke along.

Who have we next comes créeping with the palfey in his ioynts, a great leather pouch by his side as large a gammon of Bacon, his long stockins, and a side coat crosse-bard with veluet to his knées? stay (light, light) let me sée! oh I know the damnd slave, tis Mounsieur Vsury, what a leane lanke thin-gut it is: he lookes meruailous like a long emptie Cats-skin pursse, I

would

#### Diogines Lanthorne:

would I had his skin to make me a Sommer payre of Buskins.

O what a bleffednes is it to me, that I neuer came into such a villaines clutches! What doe's he pray as he goes, his chaps walke so fast? No, no, the rogue is ruminating vpon his pawnes, he chawes the Cud in contemplation of Bonds and Billes, I dare be sworne he neuer champes so much vpon his dinner or supper, for his paunch cryes out on him, and all the guttes in his pudding-house rumble and grumble at their slender alowance. He obiects the olde prouerb to his belly, Many a Sacke is tyed vp before it be full. I would I had the dyeting of him some month with my rootes, I would send him déeper vnder ground then ere they grewe: the Canibal should neuer séed more vpon poor men, & play the Dice-maker with their bones: hang him rogue hang him.

How now thou drunken knaue, canst not sée but réele upon me? I would I had bene ware of thée, thou shouldst haue borne me a good bange with my staffe: what a slaue's this, as I liue I was almost downe.

Looke how his cloake hanges, one fide to his ankles and th'other fide to his elbowe: his steppes take the longitude and the latitude, hoyse, hoyse: This fellow is now (in his owne conceit) mightily strong, for he dares fight with any man: he is exceeding rich, scornes money, and cares not for twenty thousand pound: he is marueilous wise, and tut tel not him, for he knowes more the any man whatsoeuer. What's he that dares refuse to pledge him? as sure as Death if he could séele or finde his Dagger, stabbes would be dealt: harke how the villaine sweares, there's all his Hostesse hath in pawne for his score, yet hee's a passing good Customer for vtterance, about a Barrell a day goes downe his gutter. So take him in there at the red Lattice, he has cast Ancker at the blew Ancker for this day, fill

#### Diogines Lanthorne.

him of the best, for hee is euen one of the best guestes that euer tooke vp sodden water with chalk-ccredite on a post. Out vpon him, out vpon him, Ile reade his Destinie, dye in a ditch knaue, or end in an Hospitall Rascall, chuse whether thou wilt.

How lookes yonder fellow? whats the matter with him trow? has a eaten Bul-beefe? there's a lofty flaue indeede, hee's in the altitudes: Oh ist you Maister Ambition? I would be glad to fee you hang'd awhile, for an old acquaintance: A great man with the Emperor ile assure you, a great man with the Emperor: his voice is heard in the Court now, and his Fathers voice was wont to be heard in the Cittie: for I haue heard him many a time and often crye broomes in Athens: a good plaine honest man, and delt much with old shooes: I heard him once tell this proud knaue (being then a Boy) a good discourse of *Iustice* out of a Broome: Sirra faid he, heere's Birch to correcte you in Child-hood, and when you growe to be a great lubber, heere's a staffe to be-labour you: If that will not ferue to amend you, why then heere's euen a With to hang you vp: Amen fay I, hee's growing towards it apace: aspiring to rise hie, plotting to be mightie: and what tooles has a out of the deuils shop for this worke? Treason, Treason he will ascend by Treason, though he climbe the Gallowes for it, and cracke his necke in comming downe againe. If I falute him, and put off my cap, I would my Lanthorne were in my belly. Vertue scornes him, I know him not: strout along sirra, strout along, for thou hast not long to strout it.

More knaues abroad yet? yonders Bosting & Prefumption, I hold my life as old as I am ile take his Rapier from him with my walking staff, he is al sound and breath; tongue and talk; seares no man, cares for no man, beholding to no man: but trie his valour, put him to it, see whats in him, dare him to the proose, and there's

#### Diogines Lanthorne:

there's mine emptie fellowe like a water bubble flying in the ayre till a puffe cracke him: I neuer knew (fince I knew reason) a wordie sellow prooue a worthy sellow: a man must set his hand to his man-hood and finger it, 'twil not be had with wounds and blood, hart and nayles, as euery rafcally knaue makes account: when two Curres méete, all the while they bark they haue no levsure to bite: Alexander had a bragging Soldier that fwore he had kild fiue hundred men with fillips, yet this fellowe sware the peace against a woman that had broken his head with his owne dagger: and tother day I followed a couple of notorious braggarts into the field, one fware he would imbrewe his Rapier hilts in the bowels of his foe, the other vowed to make him eate iron and steele like an Estrige: whe they came to the place appoynted, both drew their weapons, layd them presently downe, and went to buffetts for a blody nose, which I seeing, ran to the towne and cry'd murder, murder, & fo brought three hundred people togeather to laugh at them, I tould tell many like examples of Signieur feather cap and his fellow, but that I fpy another knaue cominge, that puts me out. Tis, Contention (nay ile go low enough to the kenel, y shalt not iustle me for the wall) looke how a stares fee how a frownes, he has had a poore man in law this three yeare, for bidding his dog Come out cuckolds curre, yet if the dogge could speake he would beare witnes against his maister for horne worke that he hath feene wrought by his mystris in her chaber to make her husband night caps of.

Oh strife is the som of his desires, tis the solace of his sowle, he is neuer well at harts ease if he be not wranglinge with one or other: ile try it by law (sayes hee) the law shall judge it: ile come to no agreement but law, ile pynch him by law, I have a hundred poud to spend at law, and all law, law: yet he himselfe

#### Diogines Lanthorne.

is altogether voyd of equitie: hee'l neither take wrong nor doe right: bytes his poore neighbour doggedly by the backe, scornes his Superiour, tramples vpon his inferiour, and so he may be wrangling, cares not with whome it be, to keepe his hand in vre. He neuer went to bed in charitie in his life, nor neuer wakes without meditating shrewd turnes. Oh he loues wonderfully to be féeding on the bread of strife, and immitates the Camels which delight to drink in troubled pooles: well he shall ioyne no neighbour-hood with me for it: my Tunne stands farre inough off from his house: I had rather have a Beare to my next neighbour, then fuch a brabling rascall, goe walke a knaue in the horse-faire. I have nothing to fay to thee but farwel and be hanged. and when th'art going that iourney, take all thy fellowes with thée.

Well met, or rather ill met Hipocrifie: Ah thou smooth face villaine with the fawning tongue, art thou become a Citizen too? then looke about you plaine sellowes, you shall be sure to want no deceite: he hates swearing, so doe I: tis well doone to hate it, but he loues lying, and wil ouer-reach you in a bad bargaine or with salse weight and measure: Yes indeed, I truly will he. Héele sigh and say ther's no Conscience nowadayes, and then makes his owne actions beare witness to it: by yea and nay if he can he will deceive you.

Looke to his handes, harken not to his tongue, and fay I haue given you faire warning, For a Philosopher hath bene cousned by him. I had rather haue it said, Diogines was deceived, then to heare it reported he is a deceiver. I payde for a better Cap then I weare, and my gowne is scarce worth halfe the money it cost me, marry what remedie? nothing: I have learn'd by it onely A knacke to knowe a Knaue: and while I live ile looke better to Yes truelye, and I indeed: Hipocrisse shall never fell me good wordes againe while he lives: Ile nev'r buye breath more for money

#### Diogines Lanthorne:

money. If a Theife should meete me going home, and take away my pursse, I would say I met with an honester man then hee that couson'd me in the buying of my Gowne, for the Theise would proue a man of his worde, and tell me what I should trust to in the peremptory tearmes of Stand, deliver your Pursse.

But my Gowne-brother, he promist me good stuffe truly, a great peny-worth indeed, and verily did gull me. But let him take leaue of my pursse, hée's a villaine, an arrant villaine, and I could euen finde in my harte to eat his Liuer sry'd with Parsley to morowe morning for my breakfast.

How now, what's the matter? whether goes all this hurly burly? héer's a clutter indéed. Now I fée, now I fée. Cousnage the Swaggerer is caryed to prifon: I heare the people fay he hath stab'd the Constable, beate the Watch, broke the Tapsters head, and lyen with his Hostesse.

Héer's no villaine: pray' fearch his pockets, I tolde you asmuch: false hart, false hand, and false dice: what crooked tooles are those in's tother pocket? pick-locks, pick-lockes: This fellowe lives by his wits, but yet longs not to Wits Common wealth: he sweares he is a gentleman: I but of what house? marry Cheaters Ordinary: an Ingenious flaue that workes a liuing out of hard bones, and has it at his fingers ends: euery man him is a very rogue and a base gull: He threatens stabs and death, with hart, wounds & blood, yet a bloody note hath made him call for a Chirurgion. He scornes to dwel in a suite of apparell a weeke: this day in fattin, to morow in fackcloath: one dayll new, the next day all feam-rent: now on his backe, anon at the brokers: & this by his reckning is a gentlemans humour. Sure I cannot deny but it may be fo, but I pray' then what humor is the gentlemā in? he is neuer (in my opinion) like to prooue gentlema by the humor.

B 2 Away

#### Diogines Lanthorne.

Away with him, away with him, make fure worke, chayne and kennell him vp in Iayle, make him a knight of the dolorous castell.

He wil do better farr tyed vp, then loose at lyberty, let him not play the wandring pilgrim in any case, ther's no remedy for such wilde fellowes but to tame them in the dungeon of darkenes: follow him close watchmen with your halberts, least he show you a new daunce call'd run-awayes galliard. So, so, by this tyme he lyes where hee's like to proue lowse, if there be not some speedy remedy vs'd, with a medecine made of hempe seede, to kill his ytche.

Who have we next pray? I should know him by his villanous, scuruy looks, a makes a wry mouth, & has a grinninge countenance, for all the world like *Detraction*, why tis he indeed: a rope stretch him, has not the crowes peckt out his eyes yet? See how hee laughs to him selse, at yonder playne gentlewoman in the old sashon, because she has not the trash & trumpery of mistris *Loose-legges* about her.

Dost thou deride Cyuility knaue? is decency become rediculous? looke vpon thy selse, thou rascall, looke vpon thy selse, whom all the wisemen in the world may laugh to scorne indeede.

Thou hast nothinge in thee, (if thy inside were turned outward) worthy of the least commendation, and yet such villains wil euer be scoffing (deriding and detracting, from those of the best spirrits and worthyest endeuours) learned mens workes, industrious mens trauells, graue mens counsells, famous mens vertues, and wise mens artes, Detraction wil spit venome at: nothing is well done that flowes not from his durty Inuention: he has scoffes for them he knowes not, and iests for those he neuer saw, what a world's this? when a foole shall censure a Philosopher? a doult, an ideot? one that hath wit in's heele & head alike to condemne

#### Diogines Lanthorne.

and depraue natures miracles for wit and wisdome.

This is he that can mend euerie thing that is ready made to his hand, detracting from the worthines of euerie mans work: tis a villaine, a right villaine bred and borne, he came not long fince along my tub-house and scoffing at mee, asked why I made it not a tap-house? Mary (quoth I) I have determined so to doe, but I want such a Rogue as thou art, to make mee a signe of: with that a cal'd me Dogge. Said I, thou didst neuer heare me barke, but thou shalt seele mee bite, and so thrust my pike-staffe through his cheekes, that I made his teeth chatter in his head like a viper as he is.

Nay then we shal neuer haue done: looke where Ielose is, as yellowe as if hee had the yellow Iaundice: his wife's an honest woman in my conscience, loyall and true in wedlocke, but because hee like a fornicating rascall vses common Curtezans, hee thinkes her curtesies and theirs are al alike to euerie man, come who will: his eyes followe her seete whersoeuer she goes: if any friend salute her, shee dares not replie, but mnst passe strager-like without any show of curtesie: he sweares shee's a whore, and himself a large horn'd cuckold, all be to runne butt with all Cuckolds in the Towne.

Nay hee's growne to such out rage, that he is euen franticke with *Iealousie*, sometimes offering to lay wagers y no Bull dares encouter with his head, and that his hornes are more pretious then any *Uni*corne: the Haberdasher cannot sit him with a Hat wide enough: the Barbor cannot trim his fore head close enough, and yet the pox hath made his beard thin enough: he saies he thinkes there's not an honest woman in *Athens* to his knowledge, and the reason is, he is samiliar with none but whores. A bawdie house is for his bodily exercise, and hee cannot liue without

his letchery, he hath whores of all coplexions, whores of all fyzes, and whores of all defeases: and this is the cause that the vilanous fellow deems all to be whores.

But maisters marke the end of him that hath beene laide five times of the pox: if he be not throughly frenchefied, and well peper'd for his venerie, then wil I for feauen yeares eate hay with a horfe: wel Ile croffe the way to tothor fide the streete, before hee come too nie me, I dare not indure him, tis good fleeping in a found Ikinne: I would not be in's coate for Alexanders rich gowne, out stinking knaue out. Hold off thy Cart knaue, wilt ouer runne me? thy horse hath more honestie in him then thou, for he avoides mee, and thou drawst vpon me. So Villaine so, curse the creature that gets thy liuing, & see how thou wilt thriue by it. Thou blinde knaue Porter, doost rush vpon me with thy basket, and then saist by your leave? belike thou meanst to instell me againe, for thou didst aske no leave the first time beforehand, what brutish slaves doe I meete with? my staffe shall meete with some of you anon, take thou that knaue, for crying broomes fo loud in mine eares, heeres a quoile indeed: your cittie shuflings, rumbling, and tumbling, is not for my humor. What a filthie throat has that Oyster wife, I thinke twill eccho in my braine-pan this houre. This is the raging streete of out-cries, ile outwalke it with al the speede I can.

Hetherto haue I met with neuer an honest man, well, ile burne out my Candles end, and then make an end and get we home. So, this is good to begin withall, had your streete neuer a knaue to encounter my first entrance but Discord? Malum Omen, Malum Omen, This is he that sets countries and kingdoms together by the eares, breedes Cittie mutinies, and domesticall contentions, Prince against Prince, nation against nation, kindred, neighbour, friend all at varience.

varience, This is he that calles *Peace* with her palme tree, idle huswife, and foundes defiance through out the whole world: you are wrong'd (faies he) put not vp fuch a vile indignitie, this disgrace no manhood can indure, your valour and reputation is in state of prejudice, tis wounded by fuch a one, and you cannot in any wise put it vp, for the whole world takes notice of it, and all men will censure you.

This is the Rascall that made me sall out with Plato, call him proud sellow, and trample vppon his bed, because it was somewhat hansomer and better deckt then mine. In all his life time, (and ile affure you tis an old, gray, leane, drie, rotten bond villaine) did hee neuer show cheerefull countenance but at the sight of some mischiese: he would rather byte his tong thorow then bid any man good morrow. So so, now it workes, hee's got amongst a crew of scolding sishwiues, off goes her head ittire, haue at tothers throate, too her green wast-coat, why now it works like waxe.

Thrust in Cut-purse, for theres good penniworths to be had amongst them, thy trade is like to be quicke by and by, customers come apace, make a privile search without a Constable, ile stay no longer with you, a rope rid you al. Now sie vpō thee slovenly knaue, whē didst thou wash thy sace? Heeres Sloath right in his kinde: the hat he weares all day, at evening becomes his night-cap: his frieze gowne sconce, wherein he intrenches himselfe, is at least thirtie thousand strong: Garter thy hose beast, garter thy hose, or will the pox indure no garters?

This fellowe I remember comming to a Fig-tree, beeing so extreame lazie that hee could not stretch his arme out to gather any, laide himselfe downe vppon his backe, and gaping cried:

Sweete

Sweete Figges drop downe in yeelding wife, For Lazie will not let me rife.

This is he that rifeth late, and goes earely to bed, vp to eate, and downe to fleepe: fcornes labour, for hee is as stiffe ioynted as the *Elaphant*, and rather then he would indure halfe an howers labour, hee would willingly chuse a whole howres hanging. I know no vse in the world for him, except to keep the Citie bread from moulding, and the townes liquor from fowring.

This is he, that lying at ease vpon his backe, where a cart was to passe, intreated the Carman to draw easie ouer him, for he could not rise yet til his lasse fit was past. this is he that could rather be lowse then endure to haue his shirt wash'd, and had rather goe to bed in hose and shooes, then stoope to pull them off, Hee's sitted with a wise euen pat of his owne humor, for tother day heating broth for her Husbands breakefast, the Cat cride mew in the porredge-pot, wise (said he) take out poore pusse, alas how came shee there? with that she tooke out the Cat by the eare, and stroking off the porredge from her into the pot, they two went louingly to breakefast with it.

A shame take them both for filthie companions, for their broth is abhominable: who! then we shall neuer haue done, heeres hell broke loose, swarming together. Derision, hee goes before, and scoffes euerie man hee meetes: dost laugh at my Lanthorne knaue, because I vse Candle-light by day? why villaine tis to seeke such as you'le neuer be, Honest men.

Violence he walkes with him, heele doe iniurie to his owne Father if he can, al that he weares on's back and all that he puts in's belly, is got by oppression, wrong, and crueltie, he cares not how he get it, so hee get it, nor from whence he rake it, so he haue it.

Ingratitude makes one in their confort, an inhu-

mane and vnciuill fauadge, if a man should doe him a thousand good turnes in a day, he would neuer giue a thousand good wordes in a yeare for them.

Impatience is another of their fraternity: a raging knaue, an vnquiet turbulent rogue: hée'le allow time for nothing, al's at a minutes warning that he cals for, or hée'le rage, rayle, cursse and swear, that a wise man would not for ten pound be within ten myles of him.

Who's the other? holde vp thy head knaue: Oh tis Dulnes, the most notorious block-head that euer pist, Instructe him till your tongue ake, he has no eares for you: theres nothing in him but the Asses vertue, thats dull melancholy: how lumpish a lookes? out rascalles out: Now a murraine take you all, I did neuer make a worse dayes worke in my life then I haue done to day: héere's a Cittie well blest, tis well prouided I warrant you. If a man should néed an honest mans help, where should he find him? Well farwel Athens, I and my Tubbe scorne thée and thy Cittizens.

# Diogines lost labour.

Put out thy Candle, get thée home againe, If company of honest men thou lacke, They are so scarce, thou must alone goe backe. But if thou please to take some knaues along, Giue but a becke, and store will slocke and throng. He that did vomit out his house and land, Euen with a wincke, will ready come to hand. And he of whome thou didst ten shillings craue, As thinking nere againe his almes to haue

Becaufe Becaufe

Because he was a prodigall, in waste, And to vndoe him-felfe made wondrous hafte. If thou hast roome to stooe him in thy Tunne, He will be ready both to goe and runne. Or those same drunken Fidlers, thou didst finde A tuning wood, when they them-felues were blinde. Whome thou didst with thy staffe belabour well: They'le fing about the Tub where thou dost dwell. All those that were presented to thy sight, When thou fought'st honest men by Candle-light, Make a step backe, they in the Cittie bee, With many hundreds which thou didst not sée. Houses of rascalles, shops even full of knaues, Tauerne and Ale-house fild with drunken slaues. Your Ordinaries and your common-Innes Are whole-fale ware-houses of common sinnes. Into a bawdy house thou didst not looke, Nor any notice of their caperings tooke. (ftraps Bawds with their Puncks, and Padners with their Whores with their feathers in their veluet caps. Those Sallamanders that doe bathe in fier, And make a trade of burning lusts desire. That doe falute them whome they entertaine, With A pox take you till we meete againe. Nor those which daily, Nouices entice, To lend them money vpon cheating Dice. And in the Bowling-alleys rooke with betting, By thrée, and foure to one, most basely getting. All these vnséene, appeare not to thy face. With many a Cut-pursse in the market place. That fearches pockets being filuer lynde. If Counterfets about men he can finde. And hath Commission for it so to deale ...

Vnder the hang-mans warrant, hand, & feale.

Innume-

Innumerable fuch I could repeat,
That vie the craft of Coney-catch and cheat,
The Citties vermin, worse then Rats and Mice,
But leaue the actors, to reward of vice:
He that reproues it, showes a detestation,
He that corrects it, workes a reformation.
Who doe more wrongs and iniuryes abide
Then honest men that are best qualliside?
They that doe offer least abuse to any,
Must be prepared for enduring many.
Buthéer's the comfort that the Vertuous sinde:
Their Hell is first, their Heauen is behinde.

# Diogines Morralls.

Cocke flood crowing proud, Fast by a riuer side: A Goose in water hyst at him And did him much deride: The Cocke in choler grew, vowing by him that made him, That he would fight with that base Goose Though all his Hennes disswade him. Come but ashore (quoth he) White lyuer, if thou dare, And thou shalt see a bloody day, Thy throat shall soone be bare. Base craven (said the Goose) I scorne to beare the minde To come ashore, amongst a crewe Of scraping donghill kinde: Thy Hennes will backe thée there, Come hether chaunting flaue:

2

And



And in the water hand to hand,
A Combat we will haue.
Héer's none to interprete,
I challenge thée come héere:
If there be valour in thy combe
Why let it now appéere.
Enter thy watery field,
Ile spoyle thy Crowing quite:
Why dost not come? oh now I sée
Thou hast no hart to fight.
With that the Cocke replide,
There was no want in him:
But sure the water was so bad,
It would not let him swim.

# Morrall.

I Thappens alwayes thus
When Cowards doe contend:
With wrangling wordes they doe begin
And with those weapons end.
Nothing but vaunts are vs.d,
Till tryall should be made:
And when they come to action
Each of other are affraide.
Then for to keep skinnes whole,
It is a common vse:
To enter in some drunken league,
Or make a cowards scuse.

A great

Great affembly met of Mice, Who with them-felues did take aduice What plot by policye to shape, How they the bloody Cats might scape. At length, a graue and auncient Mouse (Belike the wifest in the house) Gaue Counsaile (which they all lik'd well) That eu'ry Cat should weare a Bell: For fo (quoth he) we shall them heare, And flye the daunger which we feare. If we but heare a Bell to ting At eating Chéese, or any thing, When we are busie with the nippe, Into a hole we straite may skippe. This aboue all they lyked best: But quoth one Mouse vnto the rest, Which of vs all dare be so stout, To hang the Belles, Cats neckes about, If héere be any, let him speake: Then all reply'd, we are too weake. The stoutest Mouse, and tallest Rat, Do tremble at a grim-fac'd Cat.

# Morrall.

Hus fares it with the weake,
Whome mighty men doe wrong:
They by complaint may wish redresse,
But none of force so strong
To worke their owne content:
For every one doth feare,
Where cruelty doth make abode
To come in presence there.

The

THe Owle being weary of the night Would progresse in the Sunne, To fee the little Birds delight, And what by them was done. But comming to a stately groue, Adorn'd with gallant greene, Where yeares proud fea, Summer stroue Most beautious to be séene. He lights no fooner on a trée That Summers lyuerie weares: But all the little Birds that be Ware flock'd about his eares. Such wondring and fuch noyfe they kept, Such chirping, and fuch péeping: The Owle for anger could have wept, Had not shame hindred weeping. At length he made a folemne vow And thus vnto them fpake: You have your time of pleafure now An Owle of me to make, But ere to morowe light appéere In dawning of the East: Fiue hundreth of you that are héere I will dispatch at least: If that I crush you not most rare, Why then Ioue let me dye: A Tittimouse I will not spare, Nor the least Wren doth flye. And fo at night when all was hush, The Owle with furious minde, Did fearch and prye in eu'ry bush With fight when they were blinde. He rent their flesh and bones did breake, Their feathers flewe in th' aire:

23

And

And cruelly with bloody beake
Those little creatures teare.
Now am I well reueng'd (quoth he)
For that which you have done:
And quited all my wrongs by Moone,
Were offred in the Sunne.

# Morrall.

Ainst mightie one, the weake of strength May not them-selves oppose:
For if they doe, twill prove at length,
To wall the weakest goes.
The little shrubs must not contend
Against the taller Trees,
Nor meaner sorte seeke to offend
Their betters in degrees.
For though amongst their owne consorts,
Superiours they deride:
And wrong them much by false reports,
At length Time turnes the Tide.
There comes a change, the wils they wrought
In selfe conceit thought good:
May be in the nd too deerly bought
Even with the price of blood.

A Bird of basest kinde,
And paines inough he did bestowe
To worke her to his minde.
At length he taught her very well
To speake out very lowde:

God

God faue the King, and troth to tel, The Cobler then grew prowde. She was too good to hop about Vpon his Olde-shooe stall: But he vnto the Court would strout His Bird should put downe all Their paynted Parrats, So he went To Cæfar with Iacke-dawe, And faid to him, he did present Best Bird that ere he sawe. The Monarch gracious minde did showe For Coblers poore good will: And made a Courtier of the Crowe, Where he remaind, vntill He standing in a windowe, spy'd His fellowes flye along: And knew the language which they cry'd, Was his owne mother fong, Away goes he the way they went, And altogether flye, A poore dead Horse to teare and rent That in a ditch did lye. When they had shar'd him to the bone Not a Crowes mouthful left: To a Corne-field they flye each-one And there they fall to theft. This life the Coblers Crowe did chuse, Pick's liuing out of strawe: And Courtly dyet did refuse Euen like a foolish Dawe.

Morrall.



## Morrall

IEE that from basenes doth deriue, The roote of his discent: And by preferment chaunce to thrive The way that Iack-daw went: Whether in court or common wealth, In Cittie, or in towne, How ere he pledge good Fortunes health, Heele line and dye a Clowne, Dawes, will be dawes, though grad d in court Crowes will to carrion still, Like euer unto like resort, The bad embrace the ill, And though even from a Coblers stall, He purchase land, what then, With coblers heele converse with-all, Rather then better men.

The Lyon, in a humour once,
As with his pleasure stood,
Commaunded that on paine of death,
Horne beasts should voide the wood,
Not any one to tarry there,
That had an armed head,
This was no sooner publish'd forth
But many hundreds sled
The Hart, the Bucke, the \*Unicorne\*,
Ram, Bull, and Goate consent
With hast, post-hast to run away
Their daungers to preuent.

With

 $\mathbf{D}$ 

With this fame crew, of horned kinde That were perplexed fo A beaft conforts, vpon whose head, Only a Wenn did grow. The Fox met him, and faid thou foole, Why whether doest thou run? Marry (quoth he) to faue my life Hear'st thou not what is done? Horne creatures all haue banishment And must avoide the place, For they are charg'd vpon their liues, Euen by the Lyons grace. Trew (faid the Foxe) I know it well But what is that to thee? Thou hast no horne, thy wen is slesh, T'is euident to sée. I graunt (quoth he) t'is so indéede, Yet nere-thelesse, Ile fly, For if't be taken for a horne Pray in what cafe am I? Sure (faid the Fox) it's wifely done I blame thée not in this, For many wrongs are dayly wrought, By taking thinges amisse.

# Morrall

If e-men will euer doubt the worst,
In what they take in hand,
And seeke that free from all suspect,
They may securely stand,
Remouing euery least offence,
That may a daunger breed.

For

For when a man is in the pit,
It is to late take heede
If mighty men doe cenfure wrong,
How shall the weake refist?
It is in vaine contend with him
That can doe what he list,
The best and most reposed life,
That any man can finde,
Is this; to keepe his conscience free
From spotted guilty minde.

Sauage creature chaunc'd to come, Where ciuill peopled welt Whom they did kindely entertayne, And curteous with him delt. They fed him with their choycest fare To make his welcome knowne, And divers wayes, their humane love Was to the wilde man showne. At length (the weather being colde) One of them blew his nayles, The Sauage ask'd why he did so? And what his fingers ayles? Marry (quoth he) I make them warme, That are both colde and numme, And so they set them downe to boord, For supper time was come. The man that blew his nayles before, Vpon his broth did blow: Friend, fayes the Sauage what meanes this, I prée thee let me know? My broth (faid he) is ouer hot, And I doe coole it thus:

D 2

Fare-

Farewell (quoth he) this déede of thine
For euer parteth vs,
Hast thou a breath blowes hot and colde,
Euen at thy wish and will?
I am not for thy company,
Pray kéepe thy supper still
And heate thy hands, and coole thy broth
As I haue seene thée doo,
Such double dealers as thy felse,
I haue no minde vnto,
But will retire vnto the woods,
Where I to-fore haue bin,
Resoluing euery double tongue
Hath hollow hart within.

# Morrall.

Heedefull care wee ought to have,
When we doe frends elect
The pleafeing gesture and good wordes
Wee are not to respect,
For curteous cariage oftentimes
May have an ill intent:
And gratious wordes may gracelesse prove,
Without the harts consent.
Let all avoyde a double tongue
For in it ther's no trust,
And banish such the company,
Of honest men meane inst:
A counterfeits societie
Is never free from daunger
And that man lives most happy life,
Can live to such a straunger.

When

VHen winters rage, and cruell stormes, Of euery pleasant tree, Had made the boughs starke naked all, As bare, as bare might be, And not a flower left in field, Nor greene on bush or brier: But all was rob'd in pitteous plight, Of Sommers rich attire, The Graffe-hopper in great distresse, Vnto the Ant did come And faid déere friend I pine for foode, I prethée giue me some. Thou art not in extreames with me, I know thy euer care For winters want, and hard distresse In Sommer doth prepare, Know'st thou my care, replyd the Ant? And doeft thou like it well? Wherefore prouid's not thou the like? Pray thée Graffe-hopper tell? Marry (faid he) the Sommer time I pleasantly doe passe, And fing it ont most merily, In the delightfull graffe, I take no care for time to come, My minde is on my fong, I thinke the glorious funne-shine dayes Are euerlasting long. When thou art hording vp thy foode, Against these hungry dayes Inclined vnto prouidence, Pleasure I onely praise. This is the cause I come to thee, To help me with thy store.

D 3

Thou

Thou art deceiu'd friend faid the Ant, I labour'd not therefore.

T'was not for you I did prouide,
With tedious toyle-fome paynes:
But that my felfe of labours paft
Might haue the future gaynes.
Such idle ones must buy their wit,
T'is best when deerely bought:
And note this lesson to your shame,
Which by the Ant is taught,
If Sommer be your singing time,
When you doe merry mako:
Let Winter be your weeping time,
When you must pennance take.

## Morrall.

[Eglect not time, for pretious Time, Is not at thy commaund, But in thy youth and able strength. Give providence thy hand. Repose not trust in others helpe, For when misfortun's fall, Thou mayst complaine and pine in want, But friends will vanish all. They'le heape reproofes vpon thy head, And tell thy follies past: And all thy actes of negligence, Euen in thy teeth will cast: Thou might'st have got, thou might'st have gain'd, And lived like a man: Thus will they speake filling thy soule, With extreame passion than:

Pre-

Prevent this foolish after wit,
That comes when t'is to late:
And trust not ouermuch to frends,
To helpe thy hard estate.
Make youth the Sommer of thy life,
And therein loyter not:
And thinke the Winter of olde age,
Will spend what Sommer got.

A Lustie begger that was blind, But very strong of limbe: Agréed with one was lame of legges, That he would carry him. And tother was to guide the way, (For he had perfect fight:) Vpon condition, all they got, Should still be shar'd at night. So as they chaunc'd to passe along, The Cripple that had eyes, Sitting vpon the blind mans backe, On ground an Oyster spyes. Stoope take that Oyster vp (quoth he) Which at thy féete lyes there: And so he did, and put it in, The scripp which he did weare. But going on a little way, Sayes cripple, to the blinde: Giue me the Oyster thou tookst vp, I haue thereto a mynde. Not so faid tother by your leaue, In vaine you do intreate it: For fure I kéepe it for my selfe, And doe intend to eate-it,

Ile

Ile haue it fir the Cripple fwore, Who fpide it, thou or I? If that I had not feene, and spoke Thou wouldft have passed by. It is no matter faid the blind Thou know'st it might haue lyen, Had I not stoopt and tooke it vp Therefore it shall be mine. And fo they hotly fell to wordes, And out in choller brake With thou lame rogue, and thou blind knaue, Not caring what they spake. At length it happen'd one came by And heard them thus contend, And did entreat them, both that he, Might this their discord end. They yeild, and fay it shall be so, Then he Inquiring all, Did heare their league, and how about An Oyster they did brall. Said he, my maysters let me sée This Oyster makes such strife, The blindman forthwith gaue it him Who present drew his knife, And ope'ning it, eate vp the same, Giuing them each a shell And faid good fellowes now be freinds, I haue your fish, Farewell. The beggers both deluded thus, At their owne folly fmilde, And faid one fubtill crafty knaue, Had two poore fooles beguilde.

Morrall.

## Morrall.

 ${\it VV}$  Hen men for trifles will contend, And vainely disagree: That ofte for nothing friend and friend, At daggers drawing be. When no discretion there is vs'de, To qualifie offence: But reason is by will abus'd, And anger doth incense. When some in fury seeke their wish, And some in mallice swels: Perhaps some Lawyer takes the Fish, And leaves his clyent shels. Then when their folly once appeares, They ouer late complayne: And wish the wit of fore-gone yeares, Were now to buy againe.

Ithin a groue, a gallant groue,
That wore gréene Sommers fute,
An Oxe, an Asse, an Ape, a Fox,
Each other kinde salute.
And louingly like friends embrace,
And much good manners vse:
At length sayes th' Oxe, vnto the Asse,
I pray thée friend what newes?
The Asse look'd sad, and thus reply'd,
No newes at all quoth he:
But I grow euer discontent,
When I doe méete with thée.

E

The

The Oxe look'd strange, and stepping back, Quoth he déere neighbour Asse: Haue I wrong'd thée in all my life, Mouthfull of Hay or Graffe? Assure thy selfe if that I had, T'would gréeue me very much: No kinde bedfellow faid the Affe, My meaning is not fuch. On Jupiter I doe complayne, T'is he wrongs me alone: In arming thée with those large hornes, And I poore wretch haue none. Thou wearst two weapons on thy head, Thy body to defend: Against the stoutest dogge that barkes, Thou boldly dar'ft contend. When I have nothing but my skinne, With two long foolish eares, And not the basest Goose that lives, My hate or fury feares. This makes me fad and dull, and flow, And of a heavy pace: When eu'ry scuruy shepheards curr, Doth braue me to my face. Sure quoth the Ape, as thou art gréeu'd, So I hard dealing finde: Looke on the Fox, and looke on me, Pray view vs well behinde. And thou wilt fweare, I know thou wilt, Except thy eye-fight fayles: That Nature lack'd a payre of eyes, When she made both our tayles. I wonder what her reason was, To alter thus our shapes:

Ther,s

Ther's not a Fox, but hath a tayle, Would serue a dozen Apes. Yet we thou feeft goe bare-arfe all, For each man to deride: I tell thee brother Asse I blush. To see mine owne, backe-side. I must endure a thousand Iests. A thousand scoffes and scornes: Nature deales bad with me for tayle, And hard with thée for hornes. With this the ground began to stirr, And forth a little hole, A créeping foure legg'd creature came, A thing is call'd a Mole. Quoth he my maysters I have heard, What faults you two doe finde: B'out Tayle and Hornes, pray looke on me, By Nature formed blinde. You have no cause thus to complaine, Of your, and your defect, Nor vse dame Nature hard with wordes, If me doe you respect. The things for which you both complaine, Are vnto me deni'de: And that with patience I endure, And more, am blind beside.

# Morrall.

Le ought complaine, repine and grudge
At our dislike estate:
And deeme our selves, (our selves not pleas d)
To be unfortunate.

E 2

Now

None marck'd with more extreame then wee,
None plung'd in sorrow so:
When not by thousand parts of want,
Our neighbours griefes we know.
Most men that have sufficiencie,
To serve for natures neede:
Doe wrong the God of Nature,
And vngratefully proceede.
They looke on others greater giftes,
And enviously complaine:
When thousands wanting what they have,
Contended doe remaine.

'H' Astronomer by night did walke, (He and his Globe together:) Hauing great busines with the starres, About the next yeares weather He did examine all the fky, For tempests, winde, and raine: And what diseases were to come, The plannets told him plaine. The disposition of the Spring, The state of Sommer tide: The Haruest fruit, and Winters frost, Most plainely he espide. He did conferr with Iupiter, Saturne and all the Seauen: And grew exceeding busie, with Twelue houses of the heauen. But while with staring eyes he lookes, What newes the starres could tell: Vpan the fodaine downe he comes, Headlong into a well.

Help

Helpe helpe, he calls or elfe I drowne, Oh helpe, he still did cry: Vntill it chaunc'd fome passengers, Came very early by. And hearing him, did helpe him out, In a drown'd mouses case: Then question'd with him how he came, In that fame colde wet place. Marry (quoth he) I look'd on hie. Not thinking of the ground: And tumbled in this fcuruy Well, Where I had like bin drownd. Which when they heard and knew his art They imyling faid, friend straunger? Wilt thou fore-tell thinges are to come, And knowest not present daunger. Hast thou an eye for heaven, and For earth so little wit: That while thou gazest after starres, To tumble in a pit? Wilt thou tell (looking ore, thy head) What weather it will be? And deadly daunger at thy foote, Thou hast no eyes to see? We give no credit to thy Art, Nor doe estéeme thée wise: To tumble headlong in a Well, With gazing in the skyes.

# Morrall

M Any with this Astronomer, Great knowledge will pretend:

E 3

Those



Those giftes they have, their haughty pride, Will to the skyes commend.

Their lookes must be aspiring,
(For ambition aymes on hye)

Fortun's advancements make them dreame,
Of Castels in the sky.

But while bewitching vanity,
Deludes them with renowne:
A sodaine alteration, with
A vengeance pulles them downe.

And then the meanest sort of men,
Whom they doe abiest call:
Will stand in scorne, and point them out,
And censure of their fall.

Reat Alexander came to sée My mansion, being a Tun: And stood directly opposite, Betweene me, and the Sun. Morrow (quoth he) Philosopher, I yeild thee time of day: Marry (faid I) then Emperour, I preethee stand away. For thou depriuest me of that, Thy powre hath not to giue: Nor all thy mighty fellow Kings, That on earth's Foote-ball live. Stand backe I fay, and rob me not, To wrong me in my right: The Sunne would shine vpon me, But thou tak'st away his light. With this he stept aside from me, And fmiling did entreat:

That



That I would be a Courtier. For he liked my conceit. Ile haue thy house brought nie my Court, I like thy vaine fo well: A neighbour very néere to me, I meane to haue thée dwell. If thou bestow that paine (quoth I) Pray when the worke is don: Remoue thy Court, and carry that, A good way from my Tun. I care not for thy neighbour-hood, Thy treasure, trash I hold: I doe esteeme my Lanterne horne, Af much as all thy gold. The costlyest cheere that earth affords, (Take Sea and Ayre to boote) I make farre lesse account thereof, Then of a Carret-roote. For all the robes vpon thy backe, So costly, rich, and straunge: (weare This plaine poore gowne, thou féest me Thred-bare, I will not chaunge. For all the Pearle and pretious Stones, That is at thy command: I will not give this little Booke, That heere is in my hand. For all the citties, countries, townes, And Kingdomes thou hast got: I will not give this empty Tun, For I regard them not. Nay if thou would'dst exchaunge thy crowne For this fame Cap I weare: Or giue thy Scepter for my Staffe, I would not do't I fweare.

Doest

Doest fée this tubb? I tell thée man, It is my common wealth: Doest see you water? tis the Wine? Doth keepe me found in health. Doest see these rootes that grow about, The place of my abode? These are the dainties which I eate, My back'd, my roste, my sod. Doest sée my simple thrée-foote stoole? It is my chayre of state: Doest sée my poore plaine woodden dish? It is my filuer plate: Do'st sée my Wardrope? then beholde This patched feame-rent gowne: Doest see you mat and bull-rushes? Why th'are my bed of downe. Thou count'st me poore and beggerly, Alas good carefull King: When thou art often fighing fad, I chéerefull sit and sing. Content dwels not in Pallaces, And Courts of mighty men: For if it did, assure thy selfe, I would turne Courtier then. No Alexander th'art deceiu'd, To censure of me so: That I my swéet contented life, For troubles will forgo: Of a reposed life tis I, Can make a just report: That have more vertues in my Tun, Then is in all thy Court. For what yeilds that but vanitie, Ambition, Enuie, pride:

Oppression, wronges and cruelty, Nay euery thing beside. These are not for my company, Ile rather dwell thus odde: Who-euer walkes among ft sharp thornes, Had need to goe well shodde. On mighty men I cannot fawne, Let Flat'ry crouch and créep: The world is nought, and that man's wife Least League with it doth kéep. A Crowne is heavy wearing, King It makes thy head to ake: Great Alexander, great accounts Thy greatnes hath to make. Who féeketh rest, and for the same Doth to thy Court repayre: Is wife like him that in an Egge Doth féeke to finde a Hare. If thou hadft all the world thine owne, That world would not fuffice: Thou art an Eagle, mighty man, And Eagles catch no Flyes. I like thée for thy pacience well, Which thou doest showe, to heare me: Ile teach thée fomwhat for thy paynes, Drawe but a little neare me: Some honest Prouerbs that I have, Vpon thée Ile bestowe: Thou didst not come so wise to me As thou art like to goe.

He that performes not what he ought But doth the fame neglect:

Let him be fure not to receive

The thing he doth expect.

F

When

When oncy the tall and loftye Tree Vnto the ground doth fall: Why euery Peffant hath an Axe To hewe his boughes withall.

He that for vertue merrits well And yet doth nothing clayme: A double kinde of recompence Deserveth for the same.

Acquaint me but with whom thou goest And thy companions tell, I will resolue thee what thou doest, Whether ill done or well.

He knows enough that knoweth nought If he can filence keepe: The Tongue oft makes the Hart to figh, The Eyes to wayle and weepe.

He takes the best and choysest course Of any men doth liue: That takes good counsel, when his freind Doth that rich Iewell giue.

Good horse and bad, the Ryder sayes, Must both of them have Spurres: And he is sure to rise with Fleaes That lyes to sleepe with Curres.

He that more kindnes sheweth thee Then thou art vs'd vnto, Eyther already hath deceiu'd Or shortly meanes to do.

Birds

Birds of a feather and a kinde, Will still together flocke: He need be very straight him-felfe That doth the crooked mocke.

I have observed divers times Of all fortes Olde and Young: That he which hath the lesser hart Hath still the bigger tongue.

He that's a bad and wickedman Appearing good to th'eye: May doe thee many thousand wronges Which thou canst neuer spye.

In present want, deferre not him Which doth thy help require: The water that is farre off fetch'd Quencheth not neyghbours fire.

He that hath money at his will, Meate, Drincke, and leyfure takes, But he that lackes, must mend his pace, Neede a good foot-man makes.

He that the office of a friend Vprightly doth refpect: Must firmly loue his friend profest With faulte, and his desect.

He that enjoyes a white Horse, and A fayre and dainty wise:
Must needes finde often cause, by each Of discontent and strife.

Chuse

F 2

Chuse thy companyons of the good, Or else converse with none: Rather then ill accompaned, Farre better be alone.

Watch ouer wordes, for from the mouth There hath much euill fprunge:
T'is better ftumble with thy feet
Then ftumble with thy tongue.

Not outward habite, Vertue 'tis That doth aduaunce thy fame: The golden brydle betters not A Iade that weares the fame.

The greatest Ioyes that euer were, At length with sorowe meetes: Taste Hony with thy singers end And surfet not on sweetes.

A Lyer can doe more then much, Worke wonders by his lyes: Turne Mountaynes into Mole-hils And huge Elaphants to Flyes.

Children that are vnfortunate, Their Parents alwaies prayse: And attribute all thriftines Vnto their fore-gone dayes.

When Sicknes enters Healths strong hold And Life begins to yeild: Mans forte of Flesh to parley comes, And Death must winne the field.

The

The Flatterer before thy face With smiling lookes will stand: Presenting Hony in his mouth, A Razor in his hande.

The truly Noble-minded, loues, The base and seruile seares: Who-euer tels a soole a tale, Had need to finde him eares.

To medle much with idle thinges, Would vex a wife mans head: Tis labour, and a weary worke To make a Dog his bed.

The worst wheele euer of the Cart, Doth yeild the greatest noyce: Three women make a Market, for They haue sufficient voyce.

First lease all Fooles desire to learne With stedsast fixed eyes: Is this: *All other Idiots are*, And they exceeding wise.

When once the Lyon breathles lyes, Whome all the Forrest fear'd: The very Hares, presumptuously Will pull him by the beard.

Cease not to doe the good thou oughtst, Though inconvenience growe: A wise man will not Seed-time loose For searce of every Crowe.

F 3

On

One man can neuer doe so well But some man will him blame: Tis vayne to seeke please euery man, Ioue cannot doe the same.

To him that is in mifery
Do not affliction adde:
With forowe to load forowes backe,
Is most extreamly badde.

Showe me good fruit on euill trees, Or Rose that growes on Thistle: Ile vndertake at sight theros, To drincke to thee and whistle.

Censure what conscience rests in him, That sweares he Iustice loues: And yet doth pardon hurtfull Crowes, To punish simple Doues.

There's many, that to aske, might haue, By their ode filence croft: What charge is fpeech vnto thy tongue? By asking, pra'y whats loft?

He ferues for nothig, that is Iuft And faithfull in his place: Yet for his dutie well perform'd, Is not a whit in grace.

He makes him-felfe an others flaue, And feares doth vnder-goe: That vnto one being ignorant, Doth his owne fecrets show.

On

On Neptune wrongfull he complaynes That oft hath bene in daunger: And yet to his deuouring waves Doth not become a straunger.

Age is an honourable thing, And yet though yeares be fo, For one wife-man with hoary hayres, Three dozen fooles I knowe.

FFNIS.







# H V M O R S LOOKING Glasse.



LONDON.
Imprinted by Ed. Allde for VVilliam Ferebrand and are to be fold at his Shop in the popes-head Pallace, right ouer against the Tauerne-dore.

1608.



Į 



# To his verie Louing Friend Master George Lee.

E Steemed friend, I pray thee take it kinde,
That outward action beares an inward minde,
What obiects heere these papers do deliver,
Bestow the viewing of them for the giver.
I make thee a partaker of strange sights,
Drawne antique works of humours vaine delights.
A mirrour of the mad conceited shapes,
Of this our ages giddy-headed apes,
These fash on mongers, selfe besotted men
Of kindred to the fowle that wore my pen,
Are at an howers warning to appeare,
And muster in sixe sheetes of Paper heere.
And this is all at this time I bestow,
To evidence a greater love I owe.

Yours Samvel ROWLANDS.

A 2



### TO LEAVE WHEN WHEN WE WE WE WAS A STATE OF THE WAY A STATE OF THE WAY

#### Reader.

S many antique faces passe, AFrom Barbers chaire vnto his glasse, There to beholde their kinde of trim, And how they are reform'd by him, Or at Exchang where Marchants greete, Confusion of the tongues do meete, As English, French, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, and Scot'sh, with divers fuch. So from the Presse these papers come To flow the humorous shapes of some. Heere are fuch faces good and bad, As in a Barbers shop are had, And heere are tongues of divers kindes, According to the speakers mindes. Beholde their fashions, heare their voice, And let discretion make thy choice.

SAMVELL ROWLANDS.

Some





### Epigram.

Some man that to contention is inclin'de; With any thing he fees, a fault wil finde, As, that is not fo good, the fame's amisse, I have no great affection vnto this.

Now I protest I doe not like the fame, This must be mended, that deserveth blame, It were farre better such a thing were out, This is obscure, and that's as full of doubt. And much adoe, and many words are spent In finding out the path that humours went, And for direction to that Idle way. Onely a busie tongue bears all the sway. The dish that Aesope did commend for best; Is now a daies in wonderfull request, But if you finde fault on a certaine ground, Weele sall to mending when the fault is found,

A 3

Pra'y



### THE SECOND SECON

#### Epigram.

PRa'y by your leave, make modified humors roome. That oft hath walk'd about Duke Humphries And fat amongst the Knights to see a play, (tombe And gone in's suite of Sattin eu'ry day, And had his hat display a bushie plume, And's verie beard deliuer forth persume. But when was this? aske Frier Bacons head That answered Time is past, O time is sted! Sattin and silke was pawned long agoe, And now in canuase, no knight can him knowe. His sormer state, in dark obliuion sleepes, Onely Paules Gallarie, that walke he keepes.

#### Epigram.

Rosse not my humor, with an ill plac'd worde,
For if thou doest, behold my fatall sworde:
Do'st see my countenance begin looke red?
Let that fore-tell ther's surie in my hed.
A little discontent will quickely heate it.
Touch not my stake, thou wert as good to eate it,
These damned dice how cursed they deuoure:
I lost some halse score pound in halse an houre.

A bowle

### TO SELECT SELECTION OF THE SELECT SELECTION OF THE SELECT SELECT SELECTION OF THE SELECT SELECTION OF THE SELECT S

A bowle of wine, firha: you villaine, fill: Who drawes it Rascall? call me hether Will. You Rogue, what ha'st to Supper for my dyet? Tel'st me of Butchers meate? knaue I defie it. Ile haue a banquet to enuite an Earle, A Phanix boyld in broth distil'd in Pearle. Holde drie this lease, a candle quickly bring, Ile take one pipe to bed, none other thing. Thus with Tabacco he will sup to night: Flesh-meate is heauie, and his purse is light.

#### Epigram.

Two Gentlemen of hot and fierie sprite,
Tooke boate, and went vp Westward to goe fight
Imbarked both, for Wens-worth they set faile,
And there ariving with a happie gaile,
The Water-men discharged for their fare,
Then to be parted, thus their mindes declare.
Pray Ores (faid they) stay heere and come not nie,
We goe to fight a little, but heere by.
The Water-men with staues did follow then,
And cryd, oh holde your hands good Gentlemen,
You know the danger of the law, forbeare:
So they put weapons vp and fell to sweare.

One



### Epigram.

Ne of these Cuccold-making Queanes did graft her husbands head: who arm'd with anger, steele and horne would kill him stain'd his bed, And challeng'd him vnto the field, Vowing to have his life, Where being met, firha (quoth he,) I doe fuspect my Wife Is fcarce fo honest as she should, You make of her some vse: Indeed faid he I loue her well, Ile frame no false excuse. O! d'ye confesse? by heauens (quoth he) Had'st thou deni'de thy guilt, This blade had gone into thy guts, Euen to the verie Hilt.

Occasion.





#### Epigram.

Ccasion late was ministred for one to trie his friend, Ten pounds he did intreat him y'of all loue he would His case was an accursed case, no comfort to be found, (led Vnles he friendly drew his purse, & blest him with te poud He did protest he had it not, making a solemne vow, He wated means & money both, to do him pleasure now. The sir (quoth he) you know I have a Gelding I loue wel, Necessitie it hath no law, I must my Gelding sell, I have bin offered twelve for him, with ten ile be cotent, Well I will trie a friend (said he,) it was his chest he ment. So seetch'd the money presently, to ther sees Angels shine Now God amercy horse (quoth he) thy credit's more then (mine.

B Dice



### TO MANY WAS THE WAS THE WAS THE

### Epigram.

Dice diving deepe into a Ruffians purse,
Leaving it nothing worth but strings and leather:
He presently did fall to sweare and curse,
That's life and money he would loose together,
Tooke of his hat, and swore, let me but see
What Rogue dares say this same is blacke to me?

Another lost, and he did money lacke, And thus his furie in a heate reuiues: Where is that Rogue denies his hat is blacke? Ile fight with him, had he ten thousand liues. Oh fir (quoth he) in troth you come too late, Choller is past, my anger's out of date.

### Epigram.

A Kinde of London-walker in a boote,
(Not George a Horse-backe, but a Gerge a soote,)
On eu'ry day you meete him through the yeare,
For's bootes and spurs, a horse-man doth appeare.
Was met with, by an odde conceited stranger,
Who friendly told him that he walk'd in danger.

For



### TE THE THE THE THE THE

For Sir (in kindenes no way to offend you)
There is a warrant foorth to apprehend you.
Th'offence they fay, you riding through thee streete,
Haue kil'd a Childe, vnder your Horses feete.
Sir I protest (quoth he) they doe me wrong,
I haue not back'd a horse, God knows how long,
What slaues be these, they haue me false bely'd?
Ile prooue this twelue-month I did neuer ride.

### Epigram.

What feather'd fowle is this that doth approach As if it were an *Estredge* in a Coach? Three yards of feather round about her hat, And in her hand a bable like to that:
As full of Birdes attire, as Owle, or Goofe, And like vnto her gowne, her felfe feemes loofe. Cri'ye mercie Ladie, lewdnes are you there? Light feather'd stuffe besits you best to weare.

B 2 A Poore





### A deafe eare, in a iust cause.

(state,

A Poore man came vnto a Iudge & shew'd his wronged Entreating him for Iesus sake to be compassionate, Thewrogs were great he did sustaine, he had no help at al The Iudge sat still as if the man had spoken to the wall. With that came two rude sellows in, to haue a matter tride About an Asse, that one had let the other for to ride: (by, Which Asse the owner sound in field, as he by chance past And he that hired him a sleepe did in the shadow lye. For which he would be satisfied, his beast was but to ride: And for the shadow of his Asse, he would be paid beside. Great raging words, and damned othes,

these two asse-wrangles swore, (fore Whē presently the Iudge start vp, that seem'd a sleep be-And heard ye follies willingly of these two sottish men, But bad the poore man come againe, he had no leasure the.

A Iolly



### THE SHEET SHEET SHEET

#### Epigram.

A Iolly fellow Essex borne and bred, A Farmers Sonne, his Father being dead, T'expell his griese and melancholly passions, Had vowd himfelfe to trauell and fee fashions. His great mindes obiect was no trifling toy, But to put downe the wandring Prince of Troy. Londons discouerie first he doth decide, His man must be his Pilot and his guide. Three miles he had not past, there he must sit: He ask't if he were not neere London yet? His man replies good Sir your felfe besturre, For we have yet to goe fixe times as farre. Alas I had rather stay at home and digge, I had not thought the worlde was halfe fo bigge. Thus this great worthie comes backe (thoewith strife) He neuer was fo farre in all his life. None of the feauen worthies: on his behalfe. Say, was not he a worthie Essex Calse?

B 3 A Gentleman.



### THE SELECTION OF THE SE

#### The Humors that haunt a Wife.

Gentleman a verie friend of mine, AHath a young wife and she is monstrous fine, Shee's of the new fantastique humor right, In her attire an angell of the light. Is fhe an Angell? I: it may be well, Not of the light, she is a light Angell. Forfooth his doore must suffer alteration, To entertaine her mightie huge Bom-fashion, A hood's to base, a hat which she doth male, With brauest feathers in the Estridge tayle. She scornes to treade our former proud wives traces. That put their glory in their on faire faces, In her conceit it is not faire enough, She must reforme it with her painters stuffe, And she is neuer merry at the heart, Till she be got into her leatherne Cart. Some halfe amile the Coach-man guides the raynes, Then home againe, birladie she takes paines. My friend feeing what humours haunt a wife, If he were loofe would lead a fingle life.

Next





### THE STREET STREET

#### A poore Mans pollicy.

N Ext I will tell you of a poore mans tricke, Which he did practife with a polliticke, This poore man had a Cow twas all his stocke, Which on the Commons fed: where Catell flocke, The other had a steere a wanton Beast, Which he did turne to feede amongst the rest. Which in processe although I know not how, The rich mans Oxe did gore the poore mans Cow. The poore man heereat vexed waxed fad, For it is all the liuing that he had, And he must loose his living for a song, Alas he knew not how to right his wrong. He knew his enemie had pointes of law, To faue his purse, fill his deuouring mawe, Yet thought the poore man how so it betide, Ile make him giue right sentence on my side. Without delay vnto the Man he goes, And vnto him this fayned tale doth gloze, (Quoth he) my Cow which with your Oxe did feede, Hath kild your Oxe and I make knowne the deede. Why (quoth my Politique) thou shouldst have helpt it Thou shalt pay for him if thow wert my father. (rather,

### THE SETT SETTING THE SETTING

The course of law in no wise must be stayde, Least I an euill president be made.

O Sir (quoth he) I cry you mercy now,
I did mistake, your Oxe hath gorde my Cow:
Conuict by reason he began to brawle,
But was content to let his action fall.
As why? (quoth he) thou lookst vnto her well,
Could I preuent the mischiese that befell?
I haue more weightie causes now to trie,
Might orecomes right without a reason why.

#### Epigram.

Ne of the damned crew that lives by drinke, And by Tobacco's stillified stink, Met with a Country man that dwelt at Hull: Thought he this pefant's fit to be my Gull. His first salute like to the French-mans wipe, Wordes of encounter, please you take a pipe? The Countrie man amazed at this rabble, Knewe not his minde yet would be conformable. Well, in a petty Ale-house they ensconce His Gull must learne to drinke Tobacco once.



### THE SHIP SHIP SHIP SHIP

Indeede his purpose was to make a iest. How with Tobacco he the peasant drest. Hee takes a whiffe, with arte into his head, The other standeth still astonished. Till all his fences he doth backe reuoake, Sees it ascend much like Saint Katherins smoake. But this indeede made him the more admire, He saw the smoke: thought he his head's a fier, And to increase his feare he thought poore soule, His scarlet nose had been a firie cole. Which circled round with fmoak, feemed to him Like to some rotten brand that burneth dim. But to fhew wisdome in a desperat case, He threw a Can of beere into his face, And like a man some furie did inspire, Ran out of doores for helpe to quench the fire. The Ruffin throwes away his Trinidado, Out comes huge oathes and then his short poynado, But then the Beere fo troubled his eyes, The countrieman was gone ere he could rife, A fier to drie him, he doth now require, Rather than water for to quench his fire.

Come





#### Epigram.

Ome my braue gallant come, vncase, vncase, Nere shall obliuion your great actes deface. He has been there where neuer man came yet, An vnknowne countrie, I, ile warrant it, Whence he could Ballace a good ship in holde, With Rubies, Saphiers, Diamonds and golde, Great Orient Pearles esteem'd no more then moates, Sould by the pecke as chandlers mefure oates, I meruaile then we have no trade from thence: O tis too farre it will not beare expence. T'were far indeede, a good way from our mayne, If charges eate vp fuch excessive gaine, Well he can shew you some of Lybian grauell, O that there were another world to trauell, I heard him sweare that hee (twas in his mirth) Had been in all the corners of the earth.

Let





Let all his wonders be together stitcht, He threw the barre that great Alcides pitcht: But he that faw the Oceans farthest strands, You pose him if you aske where Douer stands. He has been vnder ground and hell did fee, Aeneas nere durst goe so farre as hee. For he has gone through Plutas Regiment, Saw how the Fiendes doe Lyers there torment. And how they did in helles damnation frye, But who would thinke the Traueller would lye? To dine with Pluto he was made to tarrie, As kindly vs'd as at his Ordinarie. Hogsheades of wine drawne out into a Tub, Where he did drinke hand-smooth with Belsebub, And Proferpine gaue him a goulden bow, Tis in his cheft he cannot shew it now.

C 2 One toulde

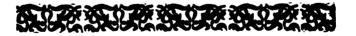


### TE SELECTIVE SELECTION

### Of one that cousned the Cut-purse.

Ne toulde a Drouer that beleeu'd it not, What booties at the playes the Cut-purse got, But if t'were fo my Drouers wit was quicke, He vow'd to serue the Cut-purse a new tricke. Next day vnto the play, pollicy hy'd, A bag of fortie shillings by his side. Which houlding fast he taketh vp his stand, If stringes be cut his purse is in his hand. A fine conceited Cut-purse spying this, Lookt for no more, the for shillings his, Whilst my fine Politique gazed about, The Cut-purse feately tooke the bottom out. And cuts the strings, good foole goe make a iest, This Dismall day thy purse was fairely bleft. Houlde fast good Noddy tis good to dreade the worfe, Your monie's gone, I pray you keepe your purfe. The play is done and foorth the foole doth goe, Being glad that he cousned the Cut-purse soe. He thought to iybe how he the Cut-purse drest, And memorize it for a famous iest. But putting in his hand it ran quite throw Dash't the conceite, heele neuer speake on't now, You that to playes have fuch delight to goe, The Cut-purse cares not, still deceive him so.

Dicke



## THE SELECTION SELECTION

### A drunken fray.

Dicke met with Tom in faith it was their lot, Two honest Drunkars must goe drinke a pot, Twas but a pot, or fay a little more, Or fay a pot that's filled eight times ore. But being drunke, and met well with the leefe, They drinke to healthes deuoutly on their knees, Dicke drinks to Hall, to pledge him Tom reiects, And scornes to doe it for some odde respects Wilt thou not pledge him thar't a gill, a Scab, Wert with my man-hood thou deseruest a stab, But tis no matter drinke another bout, Weele intot'h field and there weele trie it out. Lets goe (faies Tom) no longer by this hand, Nay stay (quoth Dicke( lets see if we can stand. Then forth they goe after the drunken pace, Which God he knowes was with a reeling grace, Tom made his bargaine, thus with bonnie Dicke If it should chance my foote or fo should slip, How wouldst thou vse me or after what Size, Wouldst bare me shorter or wouldst let me rise. Nay God forbid our quarrells not fo great, To kill thee on advantage in my heat.

C 3

Tush





Tush we'le not fight for any hate or soe, But for meere loue that each to other owe. And for thy learning loe Ile shew a tricke, No fooner spoke the worde but downe comes Dicke, Well now (quoth Tom) thy life hangs on my fworde, If I were downe how wouldst thou keepe thy worde? Why with these hilts I'de braine thee at a blow, Faith in my humor cut thy throate, or foe, But Tom he scorne to kill his conquered soe, Lets Dicke arise, and too't againe they goe. Dicke throwes downe Tom, or rather Tom did fall, My hilts (quoth Dicke) shall braine thee like a maull, Is't fo (quoth Tom) good faith what remedie. The Tower of Babell's fallen and fo am I. But Dicke proceedes to give the fatall wound, It mist his throate, but run into the ground. But he supposing that the man was slaine, Straight fled his contrie, ship himselfe for Spaine, Whilst valiant Thomas dyed dronken deepe, Forgot his danger and fell fast a sleepe.

What's

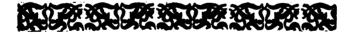


### TE STILL STILL STILL STILL

#### Epigram.

VHat's he that stares as if he were as fright;
The sellowe sure hath seene some dreadfull Masse rightly guest, why sure I did diuine, (fpright Hee's haunted with a Spirit feminine. In plaine termes thus, the Spirit that I meane, His martiall wife that notable curst queane, No other weapons but her nailes or fift, Poore patient Idiot he dares not refift, His neighbor once would borrow but his knife, Good neighbor stay (quoth he) ile aske my wife: Once came he home inspired in the head, He found his neighbor and his wife a bed, Yet durst not sturre, but hide him in a hole, He feared to displease his wife poore soule. But why should he fo dreade and seare her hate, Since she had given him armor for his pate? Next day forfooth he doth his neighbor meete, Whome with sterne rage thus furiously doth greete, Villaine ile flit thy nose, out comes his knife, Sirra (quoth he) goe to Ile tell your wife. Apaled at which terror, meekely faide Retire good knife my furie is allaide.

Time





#### Proteus.

Ime feruing humour thou wrie-faced Ape, ■ That canst transforme thy selfe to any shape: Come good Proteus come away a pace, We long to fee thy mumping Antique face. This is the fellow that lives by his wit, A cogging knaue and fawning Parrasit, He has behaviour for the greatest porte, And hee has humors for the rafcall forte, He has beene great with Lordes and high estates, They could not liue without his rare conceites, He was affociat for the brauest spirits, His galland carriage fuch fauour merrits. Yet to a Ruffiin humor for the stewes, A right graund Captaine of the damned crewes, With whome his humor alwayes is vnftable Mad, melancholly, drunke and variable.

Hat





Hat without band like cutting Dicke he goe's, Renowned for his new invented oathes. Sometimes like a Ciuilian, tis strange At twelue a clocke he must vnto the Change, Where being thought a Marchant to the eye, He tels strange newes his humor is to lie. Some Damaske coate the effect thereof must heare, Inuites him home and there he gets good cheare. But how is't now fuch braue renowned wits, Weare ragged robes with fuch huge gastly slits, Faith thus a ragged humour he hath got Whole garments for the Summer are too hot. Thus you may censure gently if you please, He weares such garments onely for his eafe. Or thus his credit will no longer wave. For all men know him for a prating knaue.

### Epigram.

A Scholer newly entred marriage life
Following his studdie did offend his wife,
Because when she his company expected,
By bookish busines she was still neglected:
Comming vnto his studdy, Lord (quoth she)
Can papers cause you love them more than mee:

D I would





#### Epigram.

I would I were transform'd into a Booke
That your affection might vpon me looke,
But in my wish, withall be it decreed,
I would be such a Booke you loue to reede,
Husband (quoth she) which books form should I take,
Marry (said hee) t'were best an Almanacke,
The reason wherefore I doe wish thee so,
Is, every yeare wee have a new you knowe.

#### Epigram.

Sira, come hether boy, take view of mee,
My Lady I am purpord to goe fee:
What doth my feather flourish with a grace,
And this same dooble fette become my face,
How descent doth this doublets forme appeare
(I would I had my sute in houns-ditch heere)
Do not my spurs pronounce a filuer sounde?
Do's not my hose circumference prosounde?
Sir these are well, but there is one thing ill,
Your Tailour with a sheete of paper bill,
Vowes heel'e be paid, and Serieants he had feed,
Which wayte your comming forth to do thy deede:
Boy god-amercy let my Lady stay,
Ile see no counter for her sake to day.

A





### Much a doe about chusing a wife.

A Widdower would have a wife were old,
Past charge of children to prevent expense
Her chests and bagges cram'd till they crake with gold,
And she vnto her grave post quickly hence,
But if all this were fitting to his minde,
Where is his lease of life to stay behinde?

A Batcheler would haue wife were wife,
Faire, Rich and Younge, a maiden for his bed,
Not proude, nor churlish but of fautles size,
A country housewise, in the Citty bred.
But hees a soole and longe in vaine hath staide,
He shoulde bespeake her, there's none ready made

D 2 The





### The taming of a wilde Youth.

F late a deare and louing friend of mine,
That all his time a Gallant youth had bene,
From mirth to melancholy did decline,
Looking exceeding pale, leane, poore, and thin,
I ask'd the cause he brought me through the streete,
Vnto his house, and there hee let me see,
A woman proper, faire, wise and discreete
And said behould, heer's that hath tamed mee,
Hath this (quoth I,) can such a wise do so?
Lord how is he tam'd then, that hath a shrow:

A straunge





### A straunge sighted Traueller.

N honest Country foole being gentle bred, AWas by an odde conceited humor led, To trauell and some English fashions see, With fuch strange fights as heere at London be. Stuffing his purse with a good golden some, This wandring knight did to the Cittie come, And there a feruingman he entertaines, An honester in Newgate not remaines. He shew'd his Maister sights to him most strange, Great tall Pauls Steeple and the royall-Exchange: The Bosse at Billings-gate and London-stone And at White-Hall the monstrous great Whales bone, Brought him to the banck-fide where Beares do dwell And vnto Shor-ditch where the whores keepe hell, Shew'd him the Lyons, Gyants in Guild-Hall, King Lud at Lud-gate, the Babounes and all, At length his man, on all he had did pray, Shew'd him a theeuish trick and ran away, The Traueller turnd home exceeding civill. And fwore in London he had feene the Deuill.

D<sub>3</sub> Three





### Three kinde of Couckoldes,

One, And None.

First there's a Cuckolde called One and None,
Which foole, from fortune hath receiv'd such
He hath a wife for beutie stands alone, (fauour
Grac'd with good carriage, and most sweete behaviour
Nature so bounteous hath her gifts extended.
From head to soote ther's nothing to be mended.

Besides, she is as perfect chast, as faire,
But being married to a lealous asse,
He vowes she hornes him, for he seeles a paire
Haue bin a growing euer since last grasse,
No contrary perswasions hee'l indure,
But's wife is faire and hee's a Cuckolde sure.





### The second.

None, and One.

The fecond hath a wife that loues the game, And playes the fecret cunnig whore at plaifure. But in her husbands fight shees wondrous tame, Which makes him vow, he hath Vlisses treasure. Sheele wish al whores were hang'd, with weeping teares Yet she her selfe a whores cloathes dayly weares.

Her husbāds friends report how's wife doth gull him With false deceitfull and dissembling showe And that by both his hornes a man may pull him, To such a goodly length they daylie growe, He sayes they wrong her, and he sweares they lye, His wife is chaste, and in that minde hee'le dye.

The





### The Third,

One, and One.

The third is he that knowes women are weake, And therefore they are dayly apt to fall, Words of vnkindnesse their kind hearts may breake, They are but slesh and therefore sinners all, His wise is not the first hath trod a wry, Amongst his neighbours he as bad can spye.

What can he helpe it if his wife do ill,
But take it as his crosse and be content,
For quietnesse he lets her haue her will,
When shee is old perhaps she will repent,
Let euery one amend their one bad life,
Th'are knaues and queans that medle with his wife.

FINIS.







NON-CIRCULATING

